THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ben Ames Williams—F. Britten Austin
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Henry Milner Rideout—Kenneth L. Roberts
Wythe Williams—Marjory Stoneman Douglas—William Hazlett Upson

When eating away from home, special care should be taken to maintain a wise diet. You can have your morning Cream of Wheat anywhere—it is served in all hotels, restaurants and dining cars

"Not one man in ten thousand feeds himself properly"
says Samuel G. Blythe

Every man at fifty is a problem. In his entertaining book, "Keeping Fit at Fifty", Samuel G. Blythe, well known writer, tells what he did in his own case and gives some sound advice to other men.

When Mr. Blythe reached his fiftieth birthday, he took an inventory of himself and other men his age. And he deduced these two general facts:

"The most important function of a man's life is the way he feeds himself". But more important still, "*Not one man in ten thousand feeds himself properly!*"

An "overstoked furnace", he calls the average man of sedentary habits. Too much food, too rich, heavy food—this is why he starts slowing down!

If you work at a desk you cannot handle the same kind or the same amount of food as if you worked with your hands outdoors.

The time to start eating right is with the first meal of the day. You do not need a big, heavy breakfast. It only puts an undue burden upon digestion.

Your first and greatest morning need is energy. Energy to get you started on the day's run.

This is just what Cream of Wheat supplies. It is one of the very finest energy foods because it is exceptionally rich in carbohydrates or energy units.

Cream of Wheat not only *supplies* energy but it *saves* energy because it uses so little in digestive work. It is in such simple form it is digested quickly, with a minimum of work.

With a Cream of Wheat breakfast you get *all* you need and just *what* you need—vital energy! And you get it without burdening digestion as heavier foods do.

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Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota

In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

Try this 3 mornings for a better day's work

Tomorrow morning start the simple breakfast habit—with Cream of Wheat. Thousands of men find in its energy a new efficiency for the morning job.

Try it for just 3 mornings and see the difference. New energy, new keenness, new endurance! Here are 3 model breakfast menus suggested by noted nutrition authorities:

First morning

Oranges
Cream of Wheat
Sugar—Milk
Buttered Toast
Coffee or Cocoa

Second morning

Cream of Wheat with Dates
Milk
Omelet or Bacon
Toast—Butter
Coffee or Cocoa

Third morning

Cream of Wheat with Baked Apple
Milk
Buttered Toast
Bacon
Coffee or Cocoa

Send for Free Sample
and Book of 50 Recipes

We have a sample box of Cream of Wheat for this breakfast test, which we will send you free. We will also send our recipe book which gives 50 delightful ways to serve this famous energy food not only as a morning cereal but in desserts, meat, vegetable and cheese dishes for luncheon and supper. Fill out the coupon and mail today; get started on this help to "keeping fit".

Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 110, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me a free sample box of Cream of Wheat.

Name.....

Address.....

Men are wearing a new type hose

extremely smart—a unique feature gives them 3 to 4 times ordinary wear

We are now offering the new feature — Ex Toe — in a smart new line of plain colors. In New York and other large cities these have met with instant popularity. The Holeproof low prices remain unchanged.

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A new way of knitting has solved the problem of socks that wear out at the toe. Rich, webby silks afford exclusive smartness and trim fit. Look like Fifth Avenue. Wear like Main Street

AT LAST every man can afford to wear smart socks. A new way has been found to increase their wear 3 to 4 times.

You pay only the price of ordinary kinds, but you get sheer, lustrous silks. All are faultlessly correct. All fit around the ankles with extraordinary trimness.

And you may have your choice of eleven new colors that have become immensely popular in the cities that dictate styles.

No extra cost. Still seventy-five cents and a dollar for the silks.

No wonder there are millions wearing them today. Where else can equal value be obtained?

You have seen smart socks. You have seen long wearing socks. But never have you seen such a combination before. They follow a discovery made by men who know the science of fine knitting. They are the result of an entirely different principle.

The new way of knitting

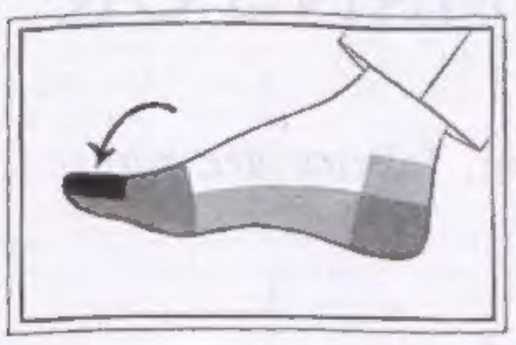
The new feature, Ex Toe, is more than ordinary reinforcing. All other hose are reinforced, yet nine out of ten wear out the toe first.

Ex Toe is a new and entirely different way of knitting. That's why it's an achievement.

The extra protection at the toe is hidden. Not several thicknesses, but specially woven thread of extraordinary strength. No bunching. No discomfort. Extra wear is gained by scientific means.

See these rich silks today. Choose from the smart new colors. If you prefer other materials you will find them at still lower prices. Be sure to ask for Ex Toe. If you can't get them at your store write direct.

All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part the world sees is superlatively sheer and webby.



Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

College men will wear a double breasted suit this fall ⁄ two or three buttons wide shoulders, easy drape

This is the new dinner jacket that is being worn by college men; full trousers; wide shoulders, soft, easy drape

THESE SUITS HAVE THE COLLEGE MAN'S OK FOR FALL

They're just the way the style leaders in the universities want them; fabrics are right; details are right; colors are right; prices are right

In the center is the new 2-button single breasted coat

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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A MAN OF PLOTS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

NEWT DUNNACK, returning to Fraternity after a ten years' absence, traveled by boat from Boston to East Harbor; and this in spite of the fact that he was extremely subject to seasickness and dreaded the possible discomfort of the voyage. His reason for choosing the steamer was that it was somewhat cheaper than the train, and he saved a further sum by sleeping in an upper bunk in the men's cabin instead of paying for a stateroom. Not that Newt was in financial straits; but it was his old habit to live frugally, and needless expenditure of money was always painful to him.

The trip from Boston was made, as it happened, over a placid sea; and the decks of the steamer heaved hardly more than the floor of a hotel room. The only mishap in connection with the voyage occurred at Rockland in the morning, where Newt chanced to drop a ten-cent piece in such a way that it rolled across the deck and fell into the waters of the harbor, quite beyond recovery. The incident caused him a good deal of chagrin, for he hated losing money; he reminded himself that dimes were consistently unlucky for him. So long as he had one in his pocket, matters consistently went amiss; either he lost the coin itself or some more burdensome mischance befell him. He was inclined to be superstitious, and if he had been less stubborn he might have taken pains to avoid this persistent ill luck; but Newt was willing to risk the misfortune if he could have the dime.

As the steamer glided north along the beautiful and rugged coast line above Rockland, he forgot his mishap in anticipation of his approaching return to the home of his youth. The familiar contours of the Camden hills held his eye; and he knew that beyond them a dozen miles or so lay Fraternity. An occasional letter from his mother, or from Sam, had told him of the process of decay and disintegration which had, since his departure, taken scores of families away from the town. He thought grimly that there was probably not much left but a crossroads. But the Mudie mill must still be a good property, and the old Mudie house and farm were worth something. Now that his father was dead, he had every reason to expect that it would be profitable for him to come home and take a look at things. He had waited till after his father's funeral, thus avoiding the fair probability that he might have been called upon for a share of the expenses of that ceremony. Sam Dunnack had never done anything for him, Newt reflected; he was under no obligation to do anything for his father, not even bury him.

Newt Greeted Her With a Smile and a Cheerful Word. "Glad to Make Your Acquaintance. Sam's Been Telling Me a Lot About You Ever Since This Morning"

He found even East Harbor much changed. There were more summer folk about than there had been ten years before. Their cottages fringed the shore for two or three miles below East Harbor, and here and there someone came out to wave at the boat as she went by, greeting arriving guests who waved back again from the upper decks. At one particularly vociferous welcome from a colony of a score or so of cottages two miles below the town, the steamer responded by blowing three blasts on her whistle, and bells on the cottage verandas returned the salute. Newt thought critically that it took coal to brew the steam thus wasted; that a part of the fare he had paid went to pay for that coal. But there was nothing he could do about it, and it was, after all, a matter of small account.

Then the boat whistled again, a long hoarse blast, to announce to the stevedores and wharf hands her arrival; and Newt thought this whistle, on a calm cool summer morning when they had been in sight from the wharf for ten minutes past, was totally unnecessary.

"All right to blow in a fog," he told himself. "Safe thing to do, then. But no sense in blowing away all that steam when they can see her without."

Before the process of making a landing was well begun he went below and got his bag. Instead of leaving it in the check room, where a ten-cent fee was expected, he had bestowed it under a seat in the upper saloon. On the lower deck, waiting to disembark, he watched with a critical eye the number of other passengers who were redeeming checked bags and parcels.

"As if a bag was going to jump off the boat and swim ashore," he thought scornfully. "You'd think them folks was made of money."

Then the gangplank came aboard, and he gave up his ticket and went ashore, repulsing the porter who offered to carry his bag. With this in his hand he set out to walk up the steep hill into the center of town. He was a chubby, round man, carrying, in spite of his abstemious habits at the table, a fair load of flesh; his face was small, and it was beginning to pucker, as the face of a jockey, forever training to keep down his weight,

As He Turned Toward the House the Mill Caught His Eye Once More; and Again He Had That Curious Impression of a Conscious and Whimsically Malignant Intelligence Looking Out at Him From the Blank Windows

sometimes puckers. Thus he looked curiously like a person who has just sucked a lump of alum; as though he suffered from a faint, easily bearable but griping pain. His small eyes peered out from a nest of tiny wrinkles. This walk up the hill made him pant a little and he went more slowly, thinking that some of the passing automobiles might offer him a lift, but none did so.

"That's state of Maine for you," he told himself harshly. "Won't even give a man a ride when they're going his way."

He found East Harbor changed, in some ways almost beyond his recognition. In stores where he remembered elderly men, young fellows now greeted his entrance; young men who had been boys when he went away, who had succeeded to the ownership of the establishments through a long apprenticeship of work and saving. Here and there he met people he had known; but they returned his greetings doubtfully, and even when he had told them who he was they evinced no particular delight at seeing him. He tried to discover something about the affairs of his father, but few even knew Dunnack was dead, and those who did know seemed not particularly interested.

He was in no hurry to get out to Fraternity. There was a furtive instinct in the man which made him desire to make his entrance rather toward the end of the day, when dusk was falling, when his coming would not be so generally remarked. There was no particular reason why he should be secret, but Newt had a curious liking for making a mystery of simple things. He meant to walk in upon his mother at suppertime.

Toward mid-afternoon he began to investigate possible means of transportation. The drivers of public automobiles in East Harbor had, he presently decided, an agreement among themselves as to the price they would charge for going ten miles into the country. He found an irritating unanimity in their answers to his inquiries, and an exasperating disinclination to bargain with him.

He exploded at last to one of them: "Ain't there a driver in town that's reasonable?"

"Maybe you can dicker with Uncle Jasper," the other replied. And to Newt's question, he explained: "You'll probably see him in Post Office Square about this time o'day."

Newt found in Uncle Jasper an oldster with a long tobacco-stained beard, sitting in a sagging two-seated carriage behind a decrepit horse. Newt would have preferred to travel by automobile; but he was willing to sacrifice speed to economy, so he approached the old man. Uncle Jasper proved to be decidedly hard of hearing, so that their negotiations were carried on, by Newt in a shout, by the other in the patiently hushed tones of the deaf. Newt asked how much the other would charge to drive him to Fraternity; and the old man shook his head and said he guessed he did not want to go so far that night.

"Old hoss don't git over the ground way he used to," he explained apologetically. "Wouldn't git me back here till way dark." He added as an afterthought, his tone faintly querulous: "Will Bissell's truck went out just a little spell ago. You could have got you a ride with Andy Wattles."

Newt said in exasperated undertone, "Fine time to tell a man that!"

The old man leaned toward him and asked, "What say?"

Newt raised his voice. "I said we ought to be able to get together," he urged. "You're in the business. You haven't any right to refuse to take a passenger. How much would you charge, anyway?"

"I dunno as I want to go," the other repeated. "But I ain't had a fare today," he added in a dispirited tone, and after a moment said tentatively, "Two dollars and a half."

"I don't want to buy your outfit!" Newt shouted.

And Uncle Jasper asked uncertainly, "Eh?"

"Be reasonable, old man," Newt urged. "Be reasonable."

"Well, I want to be fair with a man," the other protested unhappily. "Whatever do you reckon's right?"

"Dollar and a half," Newt suggested. "And I'll see you get some supper before you start back. Cup of coffee, anyway."

The old man clucked to his horse and the animal roused from its doze. "Won't hardly pay for my gasoline," he said whimsically. "But I ain't had a fare all day," he repeated. "You might as well get in."

So Newt got in, stowing his bag under the rear seat, himself taking the place by the driver; and the ancient horse wearily plodded up the steep hill by the post office, striking along the Fraternity road. From the top of the hill Newt saw the road unrolling across the fairly level high ground before him. Behind, the blue waters of the bay were far outspread, ending in the paler blue of the Castine shore. It was late afternoon and the sun streamed in their faces gloriously, while a little easterly wind from behind them came like a cooling touch across their cheeks. The dust of a passing automobile clouded around their heads, for a little kept pace with their slow progress, and then, as though impatient, drifted ahead and left them plodding along behind.

II

EVEN though he had thus secured transportation at a low rate, Newt was irked by the thought that with a little luck he might have begged a ride of Andy Wattles, on Bissell's big truck. For a while he sat in silence, weighing this small mischance, feeling behind it some suggestion of an intangible malignity in nature which he at times thought pursued him. Little things like that were forever happening to him; inconsiderable incidents, which nevertheless cost him money or disturbed his well-laid plans. Newt was a man full of plans and projects; he had forever some furtive enterprise afoot; his thoughts were habitually busy with schemes and stratagems. The fact that few of them came to fruition did not ordinarily disturb him; but he had at times, like another man, his hours of fretting at fate. This was one of those hours. The quiet of the late afternoon and the silence of the ancient driver of this vehicle in which he rode combined to produce in him a contemplative mood. His eyes fixed themselves upon the road in front of him and he submitted his body with slack muscles to the irregular and jolting progress of the weak-springed carriage.

Now and then something along the road caught his attention and held it for a space; and thus, some two or three miles from East Harbor, his eye was attracted by a patch of what had been wooded land, cut off some years before, and now surrendering to the springing young birch and poplar, while pine and hemlock seedlings were appearing under the cover of these ephemeral growths. The sight of this cut-over land wakened a gleam of something like satisfaction in Newt's eye. It brought back vividly to his memory the occasion of his leaving home. His father's mother had owned that land. The old woman was now, he thought with satisfaction, dead a round half dozen years. But she had owned this land, part of her small inheritance, until Newt, then just turned twenty-one, heard in East Harbor one day that the East Harbor Water Company wanted to buy it to protect a portion of the watershed.

The knowledge had presented to Newt an opportunity which he was quick to seize. He had by small thriftinesses saved a sum of a few hundred dollars; had saved, in fact, almost every dollar that had ever come into his possession; and he went to his grandmother and said he was willing to take the land off her hands. This without the knowledge of her son, his father. Newt told her the land was of little value. The old woman had wearied of paying taxes on it, and she had a good opinion of Newt, who had taken care to cultivate her. She sold the land to him for six hundred dollars.

When Newt's father heard of this transaction he exploded into mild anger, insisting that the land was worth more. But Mrs. Dunnack, who had been 'Tilda Mudie—and the Mudies were notorious for thrift, even in a frugal countryside—said approvingly that the transaction showed that Newt was going to be a shrewd business man, and Newt's father permitted himself to be silenced. But when later the water company sought to buy the land, and Newt asked a price of a thousand dollars, the elder Dunnack was irritated; and when at the condemnation proceedings, Newt testified that the land was worth more than a thousand, his father went into one of his rare hours of towering wrath. The fact that the appraisers agreed with Newt, so that the young man made a four-hundred-dollar profit on the transaction, fed this anger; and the incident resulted in an altercation between father and son, as a result of which the elder Dunnack resorted, for the better expression of his exasperation, to physical violence. Overruling his wife, he banished Newt; and Newt went away from home

not uncontentedly. He had prospered in Fraternity; he saw no reason why he should not prosper equally in more fruitful surroundings. The fact that the rupture with his father proved permanent did not disturb his peace of mind. Newt was a Mudie, he was fond of saying that he knew the value of money, while Dunnack was notoriously a Dunnack and careless in matters financial. There had never been any sympathy between the two.

Newt heard at irregular intervals from his mother, and now and then he had a letter from his brother Sam. The fact that these letters from his mother had become irregular had not disturbed him; so long as the elder Dunnack lived the young man saw no profit to himself in reëntering the family circle. But now that Dunnack was dead, there was the mill, a good property; and there was the farm, worth something; and there was beyond any doubt a fair amount of money put thriftily away. So he had come home. Contemplation of these events from the past comforted Newt this evening; his mood became more expansive, and when about half the ride to Fraternity was done he roused himself from his abstraction and directed his attention to the oldster at his side. The old man, his beard wagging with the listless movement of his ruminating jaws, drove in silence, leaning forward in his seat, now and then clucking weakly to the strolling horse, as though he had lapsed into a hypnotic state and were unconscious of his passing surroundings.

Newt looked at him more attentively, and said at last, remembering to raise his voice, "I been away for about ten years. Don't seem to rec'lect you around East Harbor."

The old man nodded. "I moved to the city f'om Harmony 'bout six years ago, when the old woman died. Figured I could make a little driving folks around, and I don't need a pile."

"Live there alone, do you?" Newt asked.

The other shook his head. "Put up with my daughter," he explained. "She married Tom Dower, works down to the coal wharf."

"Looks to me you're old enough to take it easy," Newt suggested.

The other displayed an aggressive independence, straightening for a moment in his seat. "I pay board regular," he declared. "Allus did say I wouldn't be a burden to nobody."

"I used to live out here in Fraternity," Newt explained. "I'm Newt Dunnack. Guess you've heard the name."

"Knew a man by that name, back in Harmony," the oldster replied indifferently. "Or else it was Hummock. He related to you?"

"Dunnack," Newt repeated good-naturedly. "Not Hummock."

"I don't hear as good as I used to," Uncle Jasper confessed. "Don't know anybody of that name though."

"Mudie's mill, out above the village," Newt explained. "My grandfather built that. Old Abel Mudie."

"Never knowed him myself," the driver confessed. "But my brother did. I've heard him tell how Abel Mudie was so close he grudged a cow her dry time."

Newt chuckled. "Guess he was a good business man all right," he agreed without malice. "He died before I was born. Yes, sir, he was the biggest man around here in his day. I take after him, my ma always said."

"Didn't know him myself," the old man assented; "but I've heard tell of him."

"Got a brother lives out here," Newt continued. "But he's a farmer. Won't ever get anywhere. Sam Dunnack."

"Oh?" The other looked at him curiously. "Oh, Sam Dunnack. I didn't get the name before. I know Sam. See him drive his apples to town last fall."

"Where'd he get him any apples?" Newt demanded jealously.

"He's got an orchard, over this side the village," Uncle Jasper explained. "Doing pretty good with it, they say."

Newt considered this. He remembered that his father had had a young orchard, one of which he expected great things. No doubt Sam now handled that property. "Doing well with it, is he?"

"Everybody with an orchard had a good year last year," the old man replied, and launched into an explanation. While he talked, Newt remained silent, busy with his own thoughts. He had not taken this orchard into account in his consideration of possible profits from his homecoming. If the orchard were indeed a valuable property he was glad he had returned.

"Cider apples was a dollar ten," the old man concluded. "Delivered at the cars. Yes, I guess Sam done pretty good with his orchard last fall."

"Be a thin year this year then," Newt suggested, finding some satisfaction in the thought. Hard times were, he knew, the wise man's opportunity, and he was quite conscious of his own business wisdom.

They were within two or three miles of the village and he knew the orchard would presently be visible, upon a southward cant of land to the right of the road. By and by he pointed it out and asked, "That Sam's, ain't it?"

"Dunno," the old man said. "I don't know this country, to speak of. It might be."

He relapsed into passive silence, hunching forward over his reins, while the cautious old horse inched its way down the long hill; and Newt became absorbed in his own thoughts once more. The drive had been long, the sun was low, the hills ahead of them were putting on their purple garments against the night, and this deep and regal color clothed them with a fine beauty and dignity as they stood in silhouette against the splendid background of the coloring sky.

A little way beyond the orchard his eye was drawn by a farmhouse which stood by the road. As they passed the place a girl was at the iron pump in the yard, drawing water, her body swaying gracefully as she manipulated the long iron handle, one arm reaching down to steady the bucket which depended from the spout. She looked up at their passing, and Newt, who had an eye that way, touched his hat in the embracing friendliness of country people and warmed to her answering nod. When they were past the place he asked the old man who she was; but the ancient of days professed ignorance, wagging his stained old beard.

"Told you I didn't know the folks out this way," he reminded Newt in mild impatience. "I don't figure to come this far, but business ain't been so good."

They crossed the bridge over the brook that flowed out of Maple Meadow, and climbed the last hill; and from its crest Newt saw the clustering white houses of the village, and the white church spire rising above the trees, and in silhouette against the western light the high, bare rear end of the structure which housed Will Bissell's store. This was Fraternity, and he had come home.

As they passed through the village the usual little group of men watched them from the steps of the store, but they seemed not to recognize Newt, and he made no sign to them. He pointed out to Uncle Jasper the turning that led to the old Mudie place, half a mile or so beyond the village; and his eyes began to cast ahead along the dusty road for sight of the remembered scenes of his boyhood.

"Be past dark 'fore I git back to town," the old man said complainingly; and Newt knew the other was thinking of the promised supper, so he made no reply.

III

MUDIE'S mill is on the river, half a mile or so beyond the village. Above it on a little rising ground, separated from the road by the mill yard, littered with bits of

(Continued on Page 138)

The Ancient Horse Wearily Plodded Up the Steep Hill by the Post Office, Striking Along the Fraternity Road

RIDING THE CIRCLE ON HANGING WOMAN—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES J. BELDEN, PITCHFORK, WYOMING

The Ways of the West are Still the Same. On the Few Remaining Big Ranches of the More Remote Range Country the Methods of Handling Cattle are Much the Same as They Were Twenty Years Ago

I WAS wearing my chaps the other day, those beloved shabby old chaps of dingy gray leather, with scallops of nail heads down the wings and a large steel R at the lower corner, which I wear only for photographs and long horseback journeys. And a new "dude" man at the corral asked me if I got them through a mail-order house!

When I told him that they came from the man in Sheridan whose business it is to make them, he seemed extremely surprised. But it came to me then, almost as a blow, that a good many people believe that the cowboy now exists only in fiction and the rodeos; that the mail-order cowboy, a term jocularly originated by the cowboy himself to refer to the dandies of his profession, has been taken seriously by the East; that it is convinced that all the old cow country now raises is either wheat or dudes, that the beef animals of the country are collected for the packing houses by ones and twos from the milk herds of small farmers, and that the former cattle ranges are all now cut up into suburban lots, neatly fenced in and smelling strongly of cabbages after a rain.

The Same Old Cowboy Life

BUT, as it happens, the cowboy is still with us. Discouraged he may be, but not extinct. Still on circle he wakens to the call of "Roll out" at 3:30, sits up in his tarp bed, puts on his hat and is dressed; still as nighthawk he drives the bed wagon all day and stands guard all night over the "cavvy"; still as night guard he circles the beef herds through the hours of darkness, singing to the cattle to quiet them; and still he drives his nervous snuffy animals incredible miles to the railroad and points them to the pens only to have, as of yore, the switch engine come along, whistle, and stampede them wildly to the four corners of the earth.

True, his herds are smaller today. The old days of bunches of 25,000 cattle and upward are practically over. But save in this one particular, his life and his methods are unchanged. On the range he makes and implicitly obeys his own laws; his apparently loose and haphazard organization on the round-up is actually compact and fitted together like the pieces of a scroll-saw puzzle; from the folding of the blankets in his round-up bed to the place for the nighthawk's saddle, he follows certain arbitrary rules based on experience and custom, and thus eliminates friction. He is, as always, his own doctor, surgeon, blacksmith, cook, carpenter, hunter, wrangler, packer, herder and mechanic. He works in season eighteen hours a day and often twenty. And he has about as much time to think how picturesque he is as a one-armed man with the hives.

About two weeks ago, Domo's nephews rode over from Birney to ask me to go with them "on circle." It was during some riding, and just about that time Bruce's horse came out of the bucking chute with a roar, "broke in two" as they say out here, leaped, whirled, reared and finally fell. When he got up again there was Bruce stretched out on the ground and not moving.

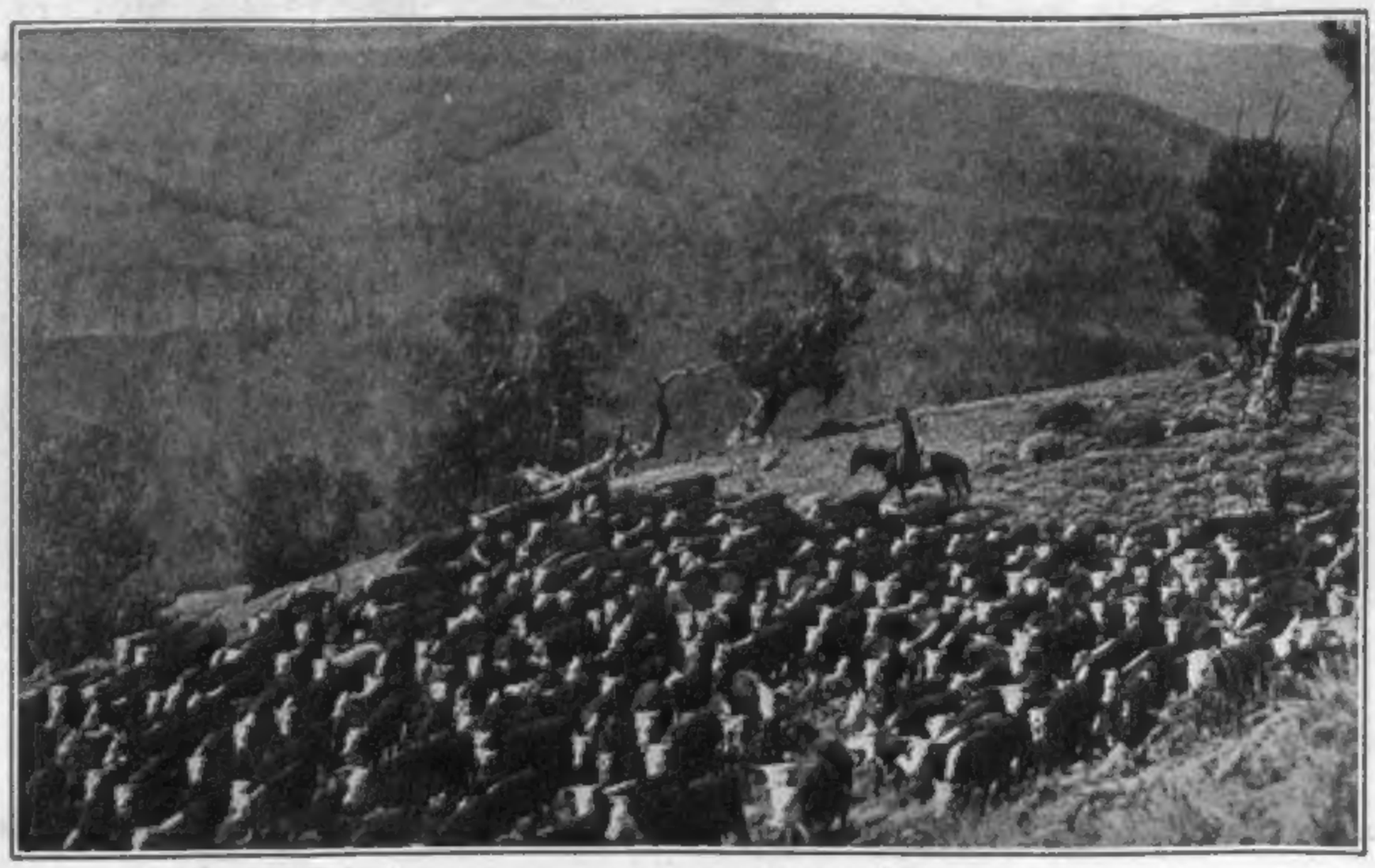
There was one of those horrified silences, then people ran. But he lay still for a long time, and when they finally carried him off we knew that he had a badly broken leg, and would never ride a bucking horse again. He was conscious, when they put him in a car to take him to Sheridan, and he waved an indomitable good-by as he left. But whenever I get a letter from somebody protesting against the cruelty to the horse in this riding, I think about Bruce. And about Jack, too, only that is much, much worse.

And I wonder if these people know anything about these outlaw horses who will not be broken, and remain potential killers to the end. And I wonder, too, if they think this sort of riding is all show stuff. If they do, let them ride the circle with me; let them see wicked old Alizan standing quiet, apparently watching the cattle, and then watch him, as I did, suddenly and without warning rear up straight in the air and fall over backward! How Irving escaped that attempt at murder, I do not know; for an attempt at murder it clearly was.

Bluebeard's Return to the Wild

AND let them watch Burton and his buckskin; warily approaching it, finally a foot in the stirrup and easing himself into the saddle, and then, as regularly as he is mounted, use every trick in its little buckskin brain; bucking, rearing, stamping, squealing and bolting. It takes about ten acres of ground for Burton to mount that buckskin, and he can have it for all of me. It bucked into a mud-hole once and I hoped it would stick there and die, but it only threw up its head and knocked one of Burton's nice front teeth back against the roof of his mouth and came out unharmed.

Let them, to come right back home, watch my own Bluebeard the day they put a packsaddle on him. I was standing by when I saw this child of my heart rush out of the corral, kick, buck, roar and finally bolt to parts unknown. The thought that some fine day he might mistake me for a packsaddle was too much for me, and I am now riding a tall bay named Prince. Aside from the fact that I should have a stepladder to mount him, he seems safe enough. But who can tell? Some day a wasp may sting him, or something may touch his right ear—he is mighty peculiar about his right ear—and then "one



Where the Whiteface Reigns Supreme. Driving Hereford Beef Cattle Into the High Mountains Far From the Encroachments of Civilization

toot and I'll be oot" as the sexton said in church to the old lady with the ear trumpet.

But, as I was saying, the Bones boys had asked me to ride the circle with them.

Not that their name is Bones at all. They have a perfectly good Southern name, but they began working with cattle outfits when they were so small that they had to chin themselves onto their horses, and some wag christened them Big and Little Bones. So the Bones brothers they remain today, and their ranch over on Hanging Woman Creek is the Bones Brothers' Ranch.

It is four years now since they first came over here from Hanging Woman. The cattle business was at its worst then, and so one evening they saddled up and started for this ranch. They rode eighty-five miles that night, each leading an extra horse, and the next morning they arrived at the corral.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES J. BELDEN, PITCHFORK, WYOMING

Tails to the Storm. Bringing Cattle in to Feed During a Bad Blizzard on the Range

A junior Rinehart was on duty there, his first day as corral dog at a salary of thirty-five dollars a month, a horse and saddle and his keep, and he rose from his bench and greeted them with his best Harvard manner.

"May I take your horses?" he said politely.

Only Sixty-Five Miles From the Rails

NOTHING of the sort, they say, had ever happened to them before. In a sort of daze they got down—they were perhaps eighteen and twenty then—but they recovered enough to state that they could unsaddle their own animals and that they had come to work.

And work they did and ride too, until, a year or so ago, with the hope that cattle would come into their own again, they went back to Hanging Woman Creek, to Percy and Daisy Bell, his little Southern wife, to Uncle Taylor and Aunt Mamie, and to the herd of cattle in the foothills under Poker Jim Butte.

Back to Southern Montana, where the open range is still the cow range, where some of the long-horned survivors of the old Texas and Mexican herds still roam the hills, where the Indians still slip out from the reservation at night and raid the cattle, and where the winter temperature sometimes falls to fifty below zero. Back, in a word, to the old life and the old game, only now with a handful of dudes in the summer to tide over slim years, and with the railroad only sixty-five miles away at Sheridan, instead of its former hundred to Miles City.

Yes, the nearest town used to be Miles City. And when Domo's husband was kicked by a horse and fatally hurt, Dad—the boys' father—rode that hundred miles in one night to Miles City for a doctor. And got one, too, although it was no use after all. The road was "slick" that night, as they say out here, and there wasn't a house along the way. So for fear the horse would slip and throw him and get away, Dad tied a rope to the horn of his saddle and then around his waist. He was taking no chances that night.

Yes, it is better now. There are doctors at Sheridan, only sixty-five miles away, and a fair-to-middling road, and the mail comes three times a week by stage to Birney, three miles from the ranch. Only don't be fooled by Birney; it has three or four houses, a store, a school and a church, but there is nobody to serve the church; its wheezy little old parlor organ has long been silent, its pulpit empty. The straggling street is just a dusty road, down which herds of cattle come to drink long thirsty draughts in the Tongue River.

The Birney Store

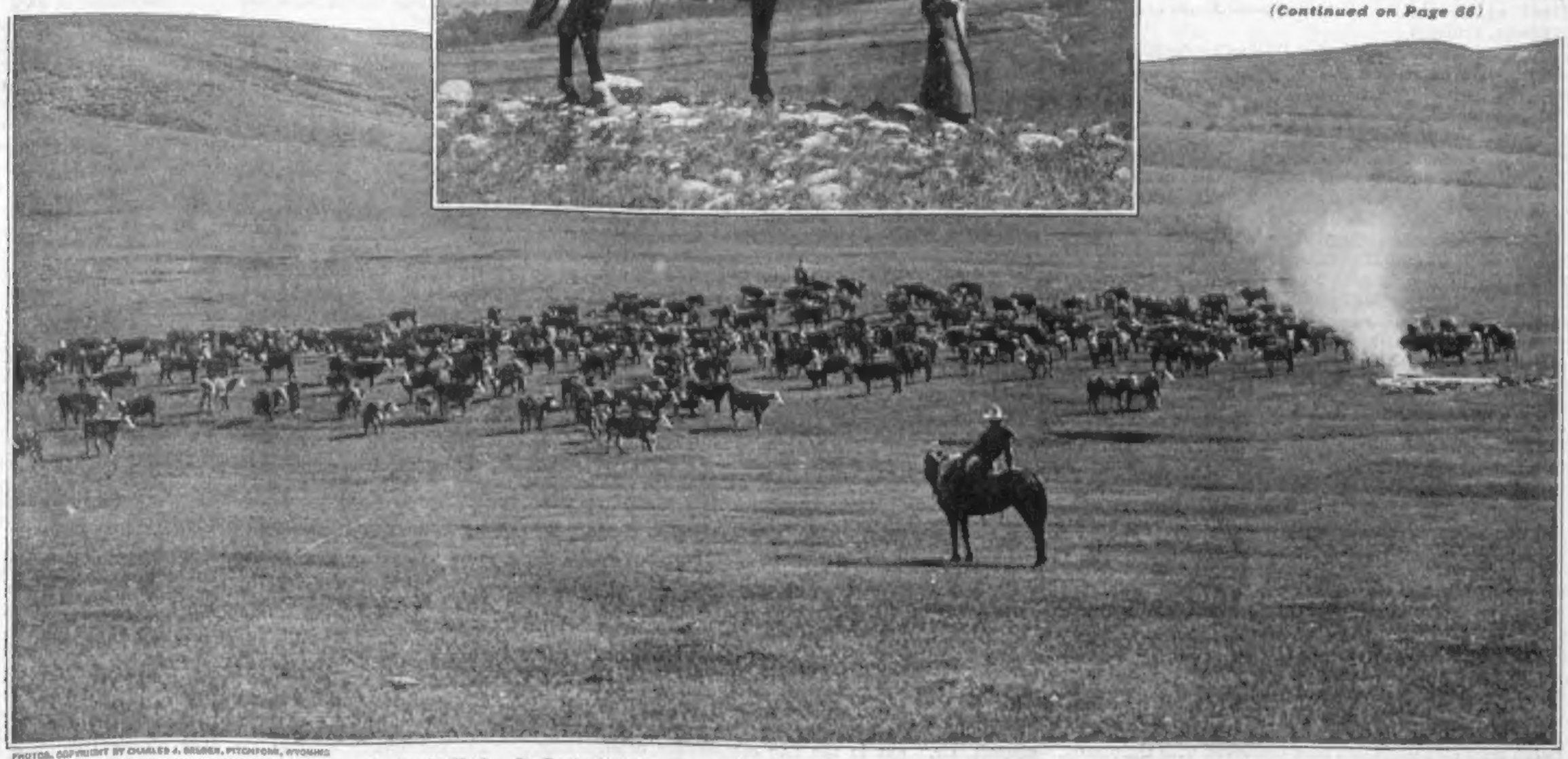
YOU see, Birney is really the store, kept by the boys' Aunt Mamie and Uncle Taylor. It has everything, has that store, even to an ancient and unused soda fountain at the rear. Usually there is an Indian pony hitched outside and a buck inside with long braids, buying. They can have credit, too, if they are good Indians, up to ten dollars. But:

"If they get to owing more than that," says Uncle Taylor, "they go somewhere else."

But where they are to go in this empty country is beyond my comprehension.

The store is a sort of social center in Birney. On mail days in summer, Aunt Mamie makes a big freezer of ice cream, and all sorts of people with soft Southern voices drop in and sit about and chat. Odd, how many Southerners one finds in this part of the world. Aunt Mamie and Uncle Taylor came out thirty-eight years ago, bringing with them the old silver which had been buried in a pond all through the Civil War and was to be buried over and over again against Indian raids. And the great early herds driven up from Texas and New Mexico brought with them Southern cowboys who have lost nothing in the transplanting. Direct children of the South, hot-tempered, soft-spoken and gallant, they still use the Texas drawl or the comprehensive

(Continued on Page 66)



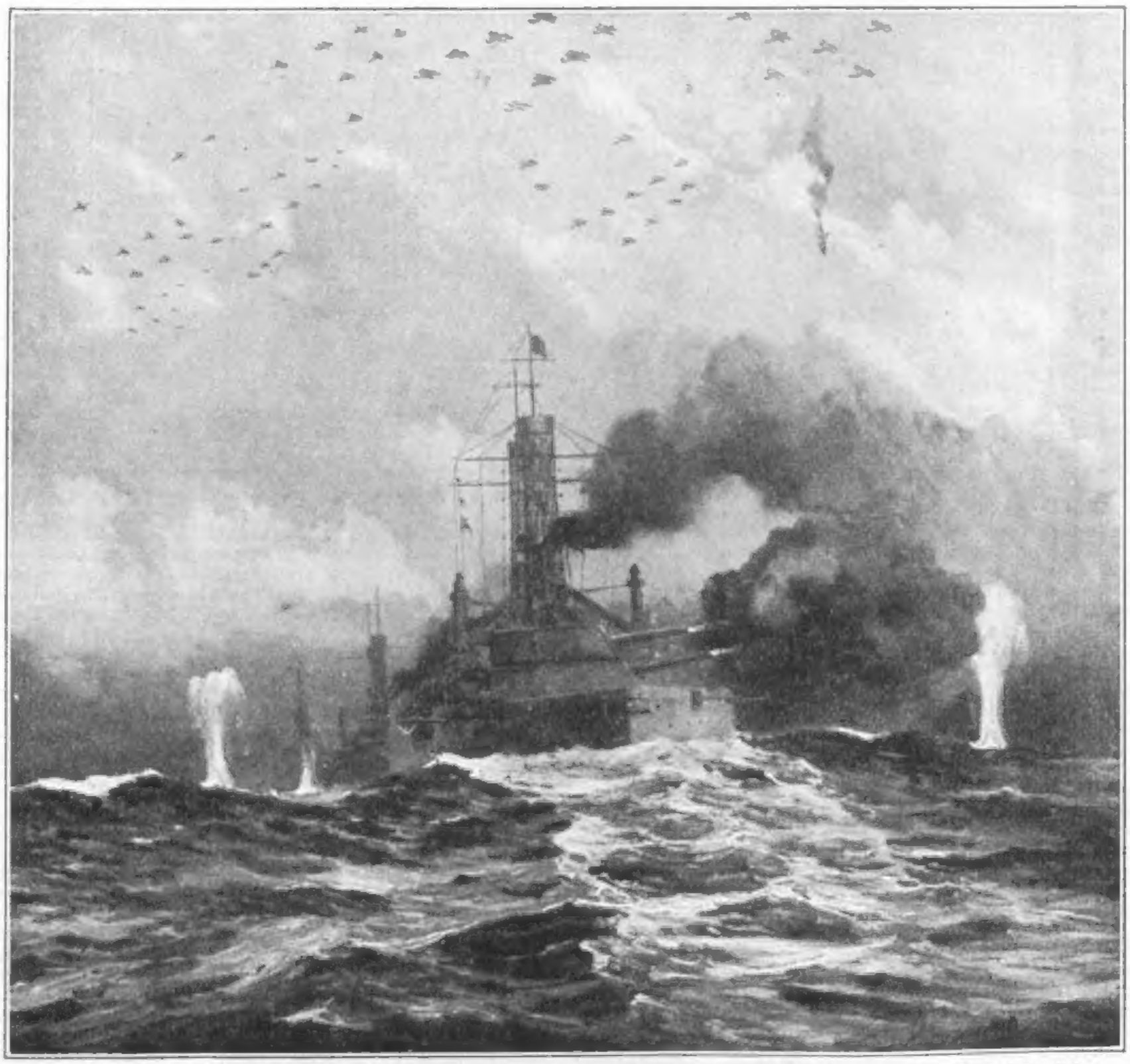
PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES J. BELDEN, PITCHFORK, WYOMING

Ready for the Day's Work. An Early Morning Round-Up on the Rolling Ranges of the West During Calf-Branding Time.
Above—Mrs. Rinehart Wearing the Chaps Which Did Not Come From a Mail-Order House

GOLIATH

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



Like a Great Flight of Sea Birds, They Grew Larger, Revealed Themselves as in a Succession of Squadrons, One Behind the Other

THE electric desk lamp threw into relief the virile intellectual modeling of the admiral's head as he bent over the outspread chart, his gray eyebrows contracted into an accentuation of their tufted bushiness, his thin lips compressed into a line. He straightened himself, glanced at his chief of staff, who sat tapping a pencil point on a block of signal forms, spoke in a tone of grim unemotional satisfaction:

"We're going to make it very neatly, I think."

"Just about dawn, sir." The chief of staff's blue eyes smiled at him. "And we'll have him nicely silhouetted against the eastern horizon. A very pretty bit of work."

The admiral turned to take from his flag commander a signal that had just come by pneumatic tube from the decoding room. It was another of the long succession of wireless messages received every few minutes from another fleet a hundred and fifty miles away—a fleet of battle cruisers, cruisers and destroyers that had, just at thickening dusk, lifted the entire enemy battle fleet above the horizon. It had turned and fled for its life in the interchange of the first salvos, was racing now towards them in a spasmodic illumination of waving searchlight beams and spitting gunfire as it beat off incessant torpedo attacks. And the enemy fleet was racing after them, likewise blazing into sheaves and corusations of fierce light as it also was harried by black destroyers foaming up out of the night in rear-guard action.

Here in this quiet chart room where the half dozen officers of the admiral's staff sat or stood in deferential silence, and the only sound was the whir of an electric fan and the occasional slash of a heavier sea than usual against the ship, vibrating with the energy of her forced drive through the night, that distant drama translated itself into clusters of tiny flags grouped upon the outspread chart. For three hours a tense excitement, professionally restrained to a minimum of word and gesture, had gripped every one of those officers. There had been intricate computations of speeds and courses and ocean currents, a succession of curtly definite orders sent to be ciphered into the cryptic symbols of the war code and transmitted by short-range wireless. Those orders were now completed, and those who had collaborated in them glanced at one another with an anticipatory thrill of magnificent event.

They had reason to believe that the presence in these seas of their squadron of four immensely powerful battleships, together with its attendant aircraft carrier, scouting light cruisers and destroyers, was utterly unsuspected by the enemy. Their rôle was one of strategic surprise, prepared with the extreme of skill and secrecy. Their long-range wireless was silent, answering not at all the incessant communications from the battle-cruiser fleet, retiring on a prearranged course. Even the short-distance wireless between their own units had been employed with the utmost brevity, would not again be used. And presently—less than three hours ahead of them—just as the eastern sky detached itself in its first low irradiation from the heaving black sea, the enemy ships following the battle cruisers would appear like dark dots upon its horizon band of chrysolite green while they themselves, coming up from the southwestward, would still be hidden in the murk of night. They would effect not merely a strategical, but also a tactical surprise. The enemy, hopelessly inferior to their combined strength, would be annihilated. A very pretty bit of work—the admiral's staff unanimously but silently indorsed the chief's succinct summary of the situation, looked with almost affectionate admiration at the man who had achieved it.

The admiral cogitated for a moment over the message in his hand, then passed it without comment to his chief of staff. The information it contained was already discounted. Every conceivable eventuality had been provided for; they could proceed according to schedule. The admiral lit himself a cigar in the satisfaction of it, smiled sardonically at his chief of staff over the first long puffs of blue-gray smoke.

"We oughtn't to hear any more about played-out battleships after this," he said. "This'll silence the cranks once for all. Couldn't have been better arranged. All our battle cruisers can do is to run away from an enemy force that includes two battleships. We come up with four battleships and blot 'em off the map, and by this time tomorrow every enemy ship that isn't at the bottom will be skedaddling for their nearest fortified port. It's as neat as a staff demonstration."

"Quite, sir," agreed the pleasant-faced chief of staff, with the proper appreciation of the wisdom of one's hierarchical superior. "There's nothing can beat the battleship—except, as you say, a superior force of battleships."

"I can't help wondering what's happened to the enemy's aircraft, sir," put in the flag commander deferentially. "From what the battle cruisers say, it looks decidedly as if his carriers weren't with him."

The chief of staff glanced up at the admiral.

"Yes, it is certainly odd, don't you think, sir?" he supplemented. "Aircraft were supposed to be his long suit. His carriers must be somewhere—the whole five of them."

The admiral assured himself of the even burning of his cigar and shrugged his shoulders disdainfully as he sat down on the edge of the desk. His intellectual effort at an end, he was not disinclined for the condescension of light conversation.

"They don't worry me," he said. "If his carriers are not with him, they won't dare to come out after we've disposed of his battleships. And if they are with him, the whole five of them won't prevent my sending his battleships to the bottom. I don't say a battleship at anchor can't be sunk by a bomb attack, but it's altogether a different matter to bomb successfully a squadron of battleships maneuvering at high speed in action, particularly when they have such a powerful anti-aircraft armament as ours. I hope they try it. It'd be another little object lesson to the newspaper know-alls. After we have sunk their battleships and battle cruisers, we sink their carriers—and the poor birds won't have a nest to fly to." He smiled with grim pleasantness. "That's about the size of it, isn't it? These cheap-and-easy methods always turn out cheap and nasty for the people who try 'em, and if they'll only give us a chance we'll make the people at home realize it."

Another message cylinder fell with a plop into the wire cage under the pneumatic tube. The flag commander retrieved it, took out the message form, glanced at it, handed it to the admiral.

"More intercepted enemy wireless, sir," he remarked. "Can't make head or tail of it. Pity we haven't got their code."

The admiral tossed that undecipherable message on his desk, shrugged his shoulders.

"It couldn't tell us anything that matters," he said. "We've got him whatever he does." He stood up from the desk. "I'm going to turn in for a short spell. What's the time?"

"Nought-twenty, sir," replied the flag commander. "Sunrise is 3:47."

"Call me at 2:30. Wireless silence till further orders."

The admiral went to the door of the chart room. As he opened it to the black night outside, the lights within were automatically extinguished. They jumped into brilliance again as the door closed behind him.

The chief of staff rose also, turned with his pleasant smile to the flag commander.

"Let's get a breath of fresh air while things are quiet. It's like a Turkish bath in here."

The two officers went to the door, plunged the chart room once more into a sudden blot-out of all illumination, emerged into a blast of damp warm wind that smote them

from a darkness which seemed physically dense in its complete opacity. They stood for a moment bracing themselves instinctively to the wallowing lift and fall of the ship, orienting themselves to near obstructions of solid steel known to be there only from long experience, groped forward past just-escaped collision with a shadowy figure standing immobile by a searchlight whose inward-burning intensity of brilliance was completely occluded. Only as they reached the rail of the signal platform whereon they stood did their eyes obtain relief from this baffling sightlessness.

Down below them, and three hundred feet ahead, the bows of the ship became faintly visible in recurrent smothers of dimly white foam that was bluishly phosphorescent as it rushed along the deck, lifting sharply in the interval before it dipped to another crash and temporary submergence. Against that glimmering turmoil of briefly trapped cascading water, the four great sixteen-inch guns, protruding their immense tubes in pairs from the forward A and B turrets, one behind and above the other, were every now and then just discernibly silhouetted, and in the surrounding blackness the incessant flickering leap of white-frothing waves rebuffed in tumult from the ship's flanks hinted at the massive widening of her bulk.

Above and behind them, the immense pyramidal mast structure towered invisibly into a sky devoid of stars. The ship seemed inclosed within velvet-black curtains, alone upon the ocean. But the unshuttering of a lamp trained to the specific quarter from that signal bridge would instantly have elicited, precisely where expected, an answering spark from the three consort battleships away to port, or, more distant, from the advance screen of light cruisers and destroyers similarly threshing in showers of spray through the rayless night.

The two officers stared into that obscurity without the interchange of a word. Fresh from that eager-brained plotting of battle, this quiet normality of nocturnal progress was queerly incongruous to them, evoked an indefinable feeling of awe. Save for the thud and slash of the sea, the quick whipping of a signal halyard, the eerie harplike note of steel stays thrumming in the wind, the silence was absolute. Yet unconcerned though they of the admiral's staff were with the internal working of this individual ship, they knew well enough that action stations had long ago been sounded. One clash on the gongs and in an instant the ship would be vomiting flame and thunder. The contrast of that concealed colossal potentiality of earsplitting, luridly flaring violence with this dark silence was strangely impressive to the imagination. The flag commander found himself caught by an involuntary visualization of it, spoke to break the spell. He prided himself on being utterly unromantic.

"It'll be hard luck if we miss 'em, sir," he said.

"We shan't miss 'em. Listen!"

From far, far away came a muttering as of distant thunder. Both men strained their eyes into the blank darkness to the northward. Not a flicker was visible. But the sound was unmistakable. The battle-cruiser fleet was still in action; therefore, the enemy fleet was still following it, ignorantly pressing forward on that prearranged course which would lead him to destruction. Probably the enemy admiral, cautious before the haphazards of a night action, was not trying to do more than maintain contact, confident of annihilating his weaker adversary at the dawn. In the meantime, both sides were utilizing the darkness for reciprocal torpedo attacks that might luckily eliminate some of the bigger ships before the final trial of strength. The wireless messages from the battle cruisers had stated the fact with curt explicitness. That distant muttering continued, broadened into a spasmodic tiny roll on a louder wave of sound.

"In less than half an hour we ought to see their flashes clearly," remarked the chief of staff.

There was again a silence between them as both men listened. The flag commander broke it, under the impulse of a suddenly occurring idea.

"I wonder if that enemy wireless was making a rendezvous with his aircraft carriers for the morning, sir. He'd naturally concentrate everything he's got for a knock-out blow at the battle cruisers. If for any reason he'd sent them into his southern base and ordered 'em out again at dusk last night, they'd just about cut across us from the northwestward at dawn."

"Quite likely," agreed the chief of staff. "I hope they do. We'll settle the whole thing in one go. The admiral's absolutely right. A modern well-protected battleship is a Goliath that has nothing to fear from any puny little Davids, whether they fly or dive ——"

"Look, sir!" interrupted the flag commander. "Wasn't that a flash? Yes, there's another!"

Far, far away, low down at the indistinguishable junction of black sky and equally black sea, there was a faint brief flicker.

At that moment, in a chart room totally distinct from that sacred to the admiral and his staff, the captain commanding the ship terminated a technical conference with his chief subordinates, the engineer captain, the commander, who was the executive officer of the ship, the navigating officer, the gunnery officer, the torpedo officer, and that officer responsible for all means of communication who was succinctly known as Flags. Between them, they represented every function of this mighty organism of steel that was rushing through the night, an organism, the artificial product of unnumbered and unknown scientists and craftsmen, that had acquired an immense Frankenstein-like personality of its own, but a personality they served with an almost mystically sublimated affection, sinking, with an ardent loyalty, their separate individualities in her transcendently greater being.

Divorced here from all remote domesticities, the ship was the one all-dominating regent of their lives, a superhuman entity to whom they were enthusiastically dedicated, body and soul. Grouped in that chart room, those subordinate officers, diversely characterized of visage from the gray-headed, taciturn engineer captain to the ingenuously boyish-looking gunnery officer, were alike in their deeply exultant identification with her. They were alike proud in her pride of colossal latent might, potent to annihilate even beyond the horizon, of magnificent immunity from the perils deadly to lesser craft, all but invulnerable as she was in her external armor of ponderously thick steel; her intricate subdivision within. Even the quiet-faced, efficient-eyed captain, for whose single volition to direct all her infinite complexity of mechanism was brought to a focus point, betrayed a note of pride in his voice as he spoke his final word.

"That'll do then, gentlemen. You understand your orders. And I know nothing can beat the ship in fair fight."

The group of officers saluted, turned to disperse, emerged from the chart house in a sudden blackness of the interior

(Continued on Page 151)

Suddenly, Without Warning, Independent of Their Volition, There Was a Stunning Crash, a Violent Shock. The Guns Had Fired

MY STUPID DOGS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

With a Few Deft Strokes of His Right Hind Leg, Slosh a Little Brandy Into the Traveler's Mouth

THE dogs of literature, starting with those mentioned on the cuneiform tablets of ancient Egypt and progressing to the sophisticated canines of McGuffey's Fifth Reader and even more pretentious modern publications, have apparently possessed intellects that made them seem like a blend of Marcus Aurelius, Sherlock Holmes and the old colored family retainer that steadfastly refused to leave Miss Jinny and Marse Tom after Marse Tom had lost his shirt, to say nothing of Miss Jinny's step-ins, betting on hoss races.

For quick and accurate thinking, ability to be in the right place at the right time, and general industry and *savoir-faire*, these dogs are infinitely superior to the average prominent European or American politician. There are the dogs of the monks of St. Bernard, for example. They were wont, as is widely known, to go out on stormy nights with little kegs of brandy attached to their collars and hunt for unfortunate travelers who had bogged down in the snow.

If a traveler, when discovered, was too chilled to go forward under his own steam, the dogs of the monks of St. Bernard would pant heavily and warmly against his face, chest and limbs until he was able to sit up and apply his lips to the bunghole of the brandy keg.

If he was so far gone that he could not respond to this canine heating system, then every good and intelligent St. Bernard dog could be relied on—unless the tales of their prowess have been misinterpreted and misunderstood—to scratch out the bung of the brandy keg with a few deft strokes of his right hind leg, slosh a little brandy into the traveler's mouth, and reslosh at intervals until a faint flutter of the traveler's eyelids or a violent hiccup showed the astute animal that his patient would soon be able to attend to his own drinking.

The Dogs of Literature

LITERATURE is full of Rovers, Neros, Tigers and Snaps that have accomplished the romantic and the impossible; that have saved little golden-haired Genevieve from drowning by dragging her ashore by her luxuriant back hair; that have sprung at the throat of the vile miscreant who was planning to rob the beloved master of his moss-agate cuff links; that have carried information concerning injured friends or passers-by by loud whimperings or by casting backward looks; that have bounded off to their mistresses with messages tied to their collars, stating that Jim is lying up on the mountain with a bullet through his suspenders; that have been carried 2600 miles by train and automobile, and then found their way home through a heavy fog in seventy-two hours; that have awakened all the occupants of a burning building and at the same time called the fire department by barking like a fire alarm.

And before I forget it, I would like to remark that the days are about over when Rover can break into print by seizing Genevieve by her long golden tresses or by a conveniently loose bit of her bathing suit and dragging her ashore. Confront Rover with a drowning lady wearing bobbed hair and a one-piece bathing suit, and the chances are ten to one that the problem would give him hydrophobia. But it would probably have bothered even such mental giants as Napoleon Bonaparte and Alexander the Great if they had been equipped with four paws, instead of with two hands and two feet; so that Rover's inability to meet the situation should not count against him.

At any rate, the dogs of literature never fall down in a pinch. When Jeremy Daingerfield, the handsome young attorney, lies wounded by a moonshiner on Little Big-Nose Creek, his faithful collie Gyp is not perplexed by the situation. He doesn't sit stupidly in front of him and look at him anxiously, with his head cocked first on one side and then on the other side, while Jeremy clearly enunciates, "Go down to the drug store and get me a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia." Immediately on receipt of Jeremy's instructions, the faithful collie emits an intelligent bark, sets off at once for the drug store and comes back either with the ammonia or with the druggist.

That is one of the things that make me so discontented with my dogs. I am passionately addicted to dogs, and have had several of them during the past quarter century; but I am morally certain that if I had fallen down and broken a leg while far from the haunts of men, and had urged any one of my dogs, in clear urgent tones, to go home and bring help, he would either have stared at me with a highly intelligent look and done nothing at all, or dashed madly from tree to tree in the belief that I wished him to locate a red squirrel or a chipmunk and frighten it into hysterics.

This business of ceaselessly chasing defenseless little animals like squirrels, mice and chipmunks is apparently a vice that never enmeshes the superintelligent dogs of literature in its toils; but all of my dogs have been subject to it. As far as I know, none of them ever succeeded in catching a squirrel or a chipmunk; but whenever one of these creatures chippered or chattered or whistled, or otherwise expressed himself within hearing distance of my dogs, they would invariably hasten to the spot where they imagined the chippering or chattering or whistling had originated, and snuffle around hopefully for an hour or two at a time. They would do this day after day and month after month and year after year, without seeming to realize that their chances of capturing the objects of their chase were considerably slimmer than those of a gorilla to become the governor of Tennessee.

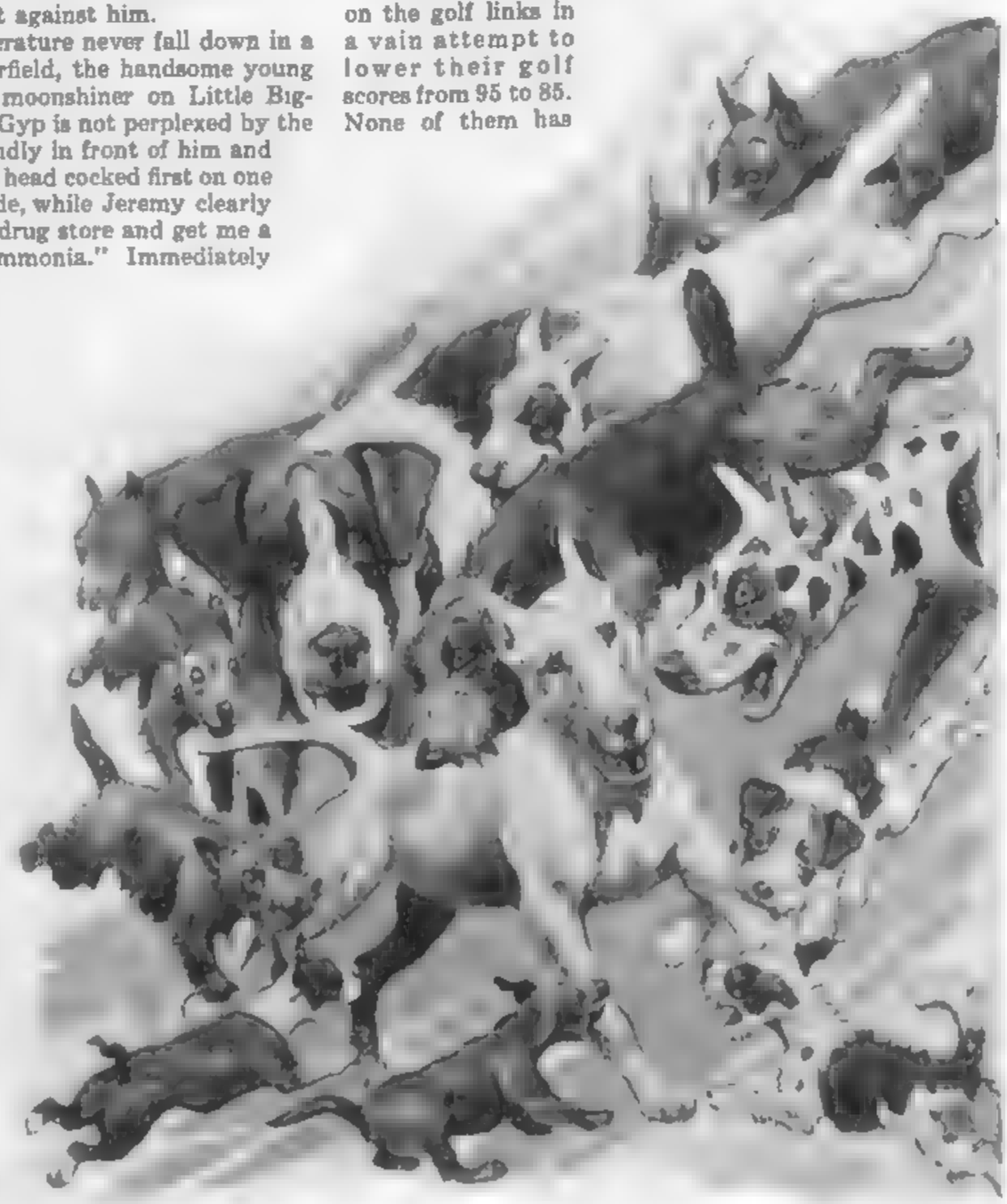
The Chipmunk Chasers

ONE of my dogs developed such eagerness to get out and hunt noncatchable chipmunks that he would break windows and leap through copper screening whenever he heard one give tongue.

For a long time I thought that this peculiar trait indicated that my dogs were weak in the head; but eventually I discovered that a friend of mine owned an unusually intelligent dog named Ranger who was able to get boxes of cigarettes that his master had left on the seat of his automobile, and make himself generally as useful as many of the present-day servants who coarsely demand—and receive—twelve and fifteen dollars a week, and that the dog Ranger, when not engaged in running errands for his master, would press his nose ardently against a pile of lumber or a bit of wainscoting behind which he suspected a mouse of lurking, and stubbornly remain there for hours at a time.

My friend assured me that no mouse had ever emerged from behind the lumber or the wainscoting during the vigils of the dog Ranger, and that Ranger, so far as he knew, had never been given cause to think that a mouse would ever emerge; but that his chief joy in life appeared to lie in this unrewarded and apparently hopeless endeavor.

It then occurred to me that a great many men who are seemingly intelligent and useful members of society are addicted to spending hour after hour and day after day and week after week on the golf links in a vain attempt to lower their golf scores from 95 to 85. None of them has



At That Moment Twenty-Eight Other Dogs Popped Out From

ever done it, and most of them will never do it; but still they continue, figuratively speaking, to chase chipmunks and keep their noses pressed against the lumber pile.

The fact that man does certain things, however, is no sign that dogs should be encouraged to do the same things. A dog, for example, that lapped up three or four drinks of homemade gin and then indulged in a lot of loud and important—but slightly addled—conversation dealing with his ability to get the better of all the dogs of his acquaintance, would probably be shot with tremendous enthusiasm by his infuriated master. For that reason I shall never feel ashamed of my hopeless effort to break 90; but I shall always resent the stupidity of my dogs in not remaining quietly by the fire when they hear a chipmunk burst into song, instead of attempting to tear down the side of the house and make a magnificent but wholly unproductive gesture of pursuit for the ten thousandth time.

Barking in Several Languages

IT HAS been my observation that the dogs of literature succeed in acquiring a complete knowledge of the spoken word at a comparatively tender age. Some of them are even able to master two or three languages in a short time.

A distinguished American novelist, for example, once wrote a book about an intelligent Irish terrier that became highly proficient in the English language, and then picked up such a commodious smattering of South Sea Island talk that he was able to communicate his ideas to a blind South Sea Island chief by an intricate combination of snuffles, grumbles and growls.

Instantly the Air is Shattered by a Wild Scream of Anguish

Behind Houses and Trees and Hedges and Simultaneously Fell on Him

My dogs, I regret to say, have never become expert in their own or any other language, and I have always been able to speak with perfect freedom in their presence, except on a very few subjects. One of my dogs—the one that displayed such zeal in the pursuit of chipmunks—was a candy addict; and the word "candy" could not be pronounced in his presence without causing him to display a distressing activity in his search for the confections which he—usually erroneously—thought were concealed somewhere in the vicinity.

Another dog—the present recipient of my favors—has a thorough knowledge of the meaning of the words "something to eat," and shows his recognition of them by laying his ears well back and racing feverishly around the room in such a way as to disarrange every rug in a highly annoying manner.

His understanding of the words "lie down," "sit up," "get into the automobile," "go home" and a few other phrases, however, can never be depended on. Sometimes he understands them and behaves accordingly; but at other times one can see that though he has heard them and recognizes them as words, he cannot for the life of him locate their meaning.

There are, of course, methods of jogging the memory of my dog. If, for example, he is pondering deeply and heavily over the meaning of the words "lie down," and is looking wistfully and sheepishly at me as though to say, "You know, there's something familiar about those words, and I suppose I ought to know what they mean, but I just can't remember," I find that his memory is jolted into sudden activity if I make a slight motion as though a brisk slap were about to be administered to his short ribs. At the very beginning of the gesture his mind clears as if by magic, and he hastily lies down.

He is not one of the dogs, however, that understand every word you say and can do everything but talk. A great many of my friends and acquaintances claim to have dogs that understand every word you say. One of my friends has a dissolute-looking terrier of Scotch-Levantine or Scotch-Eskimo or Scotch-African ancestry. This dog is said to be unusually intelligent, and conversations of a strictly private nature have to be spelled out in his presence. Yet I have noticed that when his owner is absent this peculiar-looking terrier is greatly given to protracted spells of barking; and during the spells the neighbors walk right up to the porch on which he is tied and look directly into his wild-looking, unkempt face, and venomously hiss or ejaculate, "Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" Although his owner continues to claim that this dog understands every word that you say, he never seems able to understand the words "shut up!" The neighbors can—and frequently do—shut off his bark by throwing a pailful of water on him, but they cannot quiet him in the least by the most violent admonitions to shut up.

A Prodigy at Three Months

CONSEQUENTLY I have become somewhat skeptical concerning the mental powers of the many dogs that theoretically understand every word you say; but I am also free to admit that by comparison with the master minds of dogdom with which the pages of the world's best literature are plentifully speckled, all my dogs, including the present incumbent, have been almost as slow on the uptake as those prominent American society leaders who thrill Palm Beach social circles each winter by throwing large and expensive dinners for the small, adenoidish dogs that prevail in the more rarefied portions of American society.

This has been a source of great disappointment to me, especially in the case of the present incumbent, who is a wire-haired fox terrier with a set of beautiful whiskers faintly reminiscent of those that adorn the face of a recent and very distinguished Secretary of State.

My first meeting with this dog, which took place in the city of Munich, led me to believe that he would probably be at least as intelligent as the dogs that achieve distinction by acting as walking barkeepers for foolish travelers in the Swiss Alps. He had reached the advanced age of three months at the time of our meeting, and was lying on a small, round stomach, with his whiskers bristling ferociously, barking furiously and recklessly at a moth. His then mistress, disturbed by his barking, came out on a balcony, looked at him sternly, and hurled the single German expletive "Pfui!" in his general direction. The dog immediately ceased his barking, rolled over on his back and fell asleep. Fascinated at the thought that a three-months-old dog had been able to absorb the inner meaning of the mystic German word "Pfui!" I at once negotiated for him with his master.

His master explained that he didn't wish to sell him, as he had a fine head and particularly fine ears and fine spots all over him and beautiful whiskers—in short, a *wunderschön*, or wonder-beautiful, dog—and that he wished to retain him for breeding purposes. If, however, he could get a very large price for him, his determination might collapse.

It further developed that his grandfather had been a French messenger dog that had been stunned by shell fire and picked up by a top sergeant in a Bavarian regiment early in the war. The Bavarian sergeant named the dog J'ai Trouvé, sent him back to Munich and had won more than eighty first prizes with him when I was introduced to his grandson.

(Continued on Page 101)

Goodness Gracious, Agnes

In That Lovely Hush, She Said in a Loud Definite Voice, "Can Anybody Here Milk a Cow?"

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT WOULD never in the world have happened if Brother and I had even dreamed that New England could turn out like that. Like Agnes, I mean. But with all this conversation about lovely faded gentlewomen and Puritanism and elm trees and repressed desires and Browning societies and the refining influence of beautiful old mahogany and Sandwich glass, how in the world could we?

If it hadn't been for Great-Uncle William's legacy we would have gone on forever expecting gentleness and a low voice and a retiring disposition if we had wanted to, although we didn't without it, or wouldn't have. I mean we didn't think of it even then until we heard that she shared a third of the same estate. Then Brother had one of his wonderful flashes of creative imagination. I mean it came to him, just like that. Ultramoderns as we are, we had already decided that the time had come for us to sell the New York shop and plan to marry money, for the sake of each of our careers. We could get along without any money, but some money wasn't enough. With this we could almost manage a season in Florida.

And Brother's thought was that Cousin Agnes was exactly what we wanted for background. Besides, she could pay a third of the expenses. We both felt that background was so important. I mean we are both so subtle and so sensitive to our environment, our creative temperaments are so finely strung that the least thing affects us. Of course neither of us could dream of running the establishment or directing servants or any sort of drudgery. It would be a simply wonderful privilege for Cousin Agnes to do that. It would take her away from that depressing teaching and give her the joy of helping our careers as well as the stimulus of the contact with Brother. It would simply make her life over. And if she had been what we felt we had every right to expect she was, it would have. That is the terribly unsettling thing about it. Because now it seems to me that as far as I am concerned, I mean as far as I can think clearly about it yet, considering the confusing things that have happened to me and the extraordinary person Cousin Agnes turned out to be—well, what I mean to say is, it seems to be just the other way around.

But, of course, I never dreamed of that then. When her letter came, with its neat handwriting, accepting our invitation, everything seemed quite as it should be. We were too busy disposing of the shop to think about Agnes. In one way it was a sacrifice to give it up. It was so adorable, with its three stone steps leading down to the vermilion door and the low orange ceiling and the bright blue and canary and scarlet of the painted brass boxes and the cigarette holders and the Jugo-Slav posters, with the Burmese brasses gleaming in the shadows and the fire in our studio behind with a wisp of incense going and some wonderful modernist poet or musician helping me make tea.

Of course, as Brother always insists, being ultramodern people, we are absolutely adaptable. We can keep a shop in Greenwich Village and express ourselves in painted lamp shades and tissue-paper dancing dolls with charm and distinction, if we have to, or we can be the most complete aristocrats. Really, I think aristocracy is like that. I mean, Brother feels we have the right to demand the best of everything if we can get it. That is why, when we received our legacy money, he saw at once that it was our opportunity. The feeling we had about it was that it was positively our duty to give to wealth the advantage of our exquisite taste and sense of aristocracy. As Brother said, for us to marry and form some simple uncultivated rich people to the tone and smartness of our sophistication, while allowing them to help with our careers, would be a great benefit to society.

Because really, Brother is marvelously sophisticated, and, of course, so am I. I think sophistication is simply wonderful. Brother is absolutely never shocked at anything, and at the same time he is terribly fastidious. Women rave about his pale skin and his silky Van Dyke beard and his grace and his pale hands and his eyes, the color of milky jade. They rave about the way he has sacrificed himself for his art. I mean, he is really a sculptor, but he insists that he will not degrade his art by working in anything but marble, and, of course, we have never been able to afford marble yet. But everyone says his tissue-paper dancing dolls are too amusing.

Brother always reminds people of Lorenzo de Medici, an aristocrat to his finger tips. You could just see him being fabulously wealthy in some Florentine rose garden, and patronizing scholars and artists, and collecting bronzes and being cold to beautiful women. Brother always insists that if he has the soul of a de Medici, I am like one of those intellectual Renaissance girls, esthetic and wistful and aloof, and very, very stimulating. I mean, I'm slight and the color of warm ivory, and several painters have told me that my mouth is redly, innocently sensuous, and my eyes are a blue green with long black lashes and, of course, I'm intensely high-strung. Everyone says I'm awfully psychic. I feel things so terribly.

I have a wonderful feeling for design and I have done a number of sonnets without the ordinary sonnet restrictions, which the editor of the Literary Era would like to print if his readers were advanced enough, and I have a marvelous feeling for interior decoration. Sometimes just doing a lamp shade I am gripped with the most tremendous sensations. My genius is really the sort of thing which wealth could best bring out. Well, anyway, that is all why we felt we must take the step we did.

The very first moment I saw Agnes I had a feeling. I am like that. I can always tell, just by looking at a person.

Brother and I were just having our tea by the firelight in the studio, with everything packed, when someone came through the shop, tramped across the floor, stooped under the studio doorway and straightened up to look at us out of the smoke in the ceiling. She was the tallest thing I ever saw in my life, much taller than Brother, and yet thinner. Heavens, she was thin! Her shoulders seemed unnecessarily square. She had on a brown tweed suit and a plain collar and tie, and a felt hat with a cock's feather in it, and she had bright black eyes and a pointed nose. When she pointed her nose down at me and snapped her eyes, I found myself staring at her with my mouth open, quivering like a hypnotized rabbit. As soon as she took her eyes from me to look at my brother, I thought she was only a tourist from Boston come to look at the Village.

But then she looked back at me and said in a blunt contralto, "Is this Vivian Page? How-de-do, Vivian. I'm your Cousin Agnes. And who is this?"

Well, if brother and I hadn't been marvelously adaptable the shock would have shown. But Brother was instantly suave and graceful with her so that presently she was taking her tea quietly and he was explaining everything to her. She pushed her hat to the back of her head and had her tea and stared into the fire. When she pushed off her hat completely her hair was black, pulled back from her forehead and done in a bun in the back, with one white lock running straight back in it. There was something about her that made me forget my first feeling, and that she was expected to be gentle and little and white-haired. Brother rippled on brilliantly, as he does when he is pleased with his audience, simply scintillating with sophisticated wit. I saw her watching him with eyes that fairly glittered and I began to feel that after all she couldn't be better for our purpose. The Back Bay of Boston was simply written all over her. You just knew she always had seats at Symphony and wore flat-heeled shoes and masticated her food, and probably had on black wool jersey tights at that very moment. And yet if—when she was sitting there quietly drinking her tea—if I had only guessed! If I had dreamed! But then, it's too late now anyway—and then she was too quiet. Even when things began to happen on the train it wasn't anything you could exactly put your finger on.

I was awfully car-sick, as I always am. Quite like a child. Unless someone reads out loud to me and waits on me constantly I almost die. I could scream. I'm like that. So high-strung. And, of course, Brother can't be expected to do anything, because unless he simply withdraws himself from contact with everyone, the common uncouth people one has to meet on trains drive him simply frantic. He is so fastidious and sensitive. So that you would have thought that Agnes had enough to do without the curious thing she did do. Really, I think I would have spoken to her about making us conspicuous if I had not been so ill.

There was an old lady in our Pullman who had two dogs in the baggage car, and it seemed to me that every moment the train stopped anywhere Agnes was exercising those dogs up and down the platform. The first time Brother saw her he groaned and shut his eyes and I looked out, and there was Agnes, as tall as a bean pole, with an insignificant white poodle and a terrible little black-and-tan thing simply winding themselves around her ankles. It was the most undignified performance. It wasn't at all as if the old lady had been interesting or distinguished or the dogs picturesque. Running around her like that, darting here and there among the baggage and tripping people up, they simply made Agnes look grotesque. I told Agnes when she came in that I couldn't imagine why she did it. She said she liked animals, which seemed a curious reason. I mean, of course, one likes animals. I think sometimes animals are so interesting and psychic. But one doesn't have to go hunting up poodle dogs in baggage cars. I hear the baggage people are quite nice to dogs nowadays.

Besides, I wanted Agnes to read to me. She read very well. I suppose being a school-teacher regulated the voice. I had her read to me Baudelaire's The Flowers of Evil, which is so wonderfully sophisticated, until I happened to think it might shock her, and after all, one has to cultivate one's background. She was very quiet about it and only said that Petronius had done it better, but, of course, I knew she was shocked. I mean, really, you know, she should have been. So I asked her to read something she liked. And can you imagine it? She insisted on reading Horace in the original Latin. Of course I've heard of Horace, but imagine! Brother said she was just trying to impress us and he told her immediately that he didn't understand a word of it and that Latin is very old-fashioned anyway. But, really, after she had read a while I began to like the sound of it. It put me so nicely to sleep.

It was her quietness, really, which kept us unsuspecting. She never interrupted Brother when he felt like talking. She just sat and looked out the window with her big white hands folded or read Latin books to herself. Brother was quite irritated by it, because he said it made us conspicuous and because he said a thing loses its effect if you do it too much. But then and while we were getting settled in the house she was perfectly docile, busy and helpful and efficient. She could really do a lot of work and took directions from Brother very well. I mean, in a way, she was still being quite what we had expected she would be.

Even after we were settled in the house and getting to know just the sort of people Brother and I cared to know, I did not notice anything about her out of the way except that she had rather curious tastes in friends. Brother and I had decided from the first to know just the worthwhile type of people with money. What would be the use of knowing anyone else? So many people of the adventurer type come to places like Miami that one cannot be too careful. There were all sorts of people we liked in New York even, whom we decided to exclude in Florida. People would not have understood them. Brother said wisely that the thing we must insist upon was that all our new friends must be smart and rich and thoroughly established. Of course I did not dream of emphasizing that point with Agnes. I never gave it a thought when she went off and made friends with the Latin teacher at the local high school, because I didn't really think it mattered who Agnes' friends were. But when she began to meet a number of the townspeople and actually did committee work with the local humane society, Brother told her quite emphatically

(Continued on Page 201)

There Was a Dead Quiet. Then a Man's Voice Cried Suddenly Over the Heads of the Crowd, "Take That Gun Away From Her"

THE FIRES OF ISLAM

By Wythe Williams

AT THIS moment of writing, the Moslem leader of the mountain tribe of North Morocco, known as the Riff, whose complete name is Sidi Mohammed Abd el Krim el Khattab, is struggling valiantly with an army comparatively insignificant in numbers, to bring the day nearer to hand when Islam will dominate Northern Africa. Two marshals of France, more than twenty of her major generals, and nearly two hundred thousand picked troops have been engaged actively in subjugating him if possible, or pacifying him at almost any cost. With such superior forces against him, and taking into account his many victories over the armies of Spain, this "bandit," as he is called in France, can scarcely be considered a mere incident in contemporaneous history, for he has been writing some important chapters of it. The Riffian leader, his father and his brother have all three the same name. To distinguish them, the brother, who acts as general of the army, is called Si Mohammed. The chieftain is just plain Abd-el-Krim.

In Europe both Germany and Russia watch for their chance of political and military renaissance. Italy is fecund and clamorous; both France and England embarrassed, wary and uneasy; Spain almost completely beneath consideration.

In Africa Abd-el-Krim has publicly proclaimed that one Moslem is equal to three Christians and that one Riffian is equal to any ten Algerian, Tunisian or Senegalese soldiers that France has mustered against him.

The Rainy Season Coming

THE rainy season will soon begin, which will make active warfare impossible in North Africa. Before then undoubtedly the French official communiques will announce either a smashing military achievement or some sort of truce. Time now for the French means everything, in the realization of either eventuality. But time to the Arab means nothing. If it is the will of Allah, Abd-el-Krim will accept either defeat or truce, and wait for tomorrow or day after tomorrow. With impassible visage, masking an enigmatic soul, the salient characteristic of the Moslem is patience. He knows far better than the European how to wait. So the French officers in Morocco, who do not bother much about official communiques, realize that, for this year at least, time may avail them little; that whatever their successes in the next few weeks, the great Moroccan problem, instead of being solved, will have been simply adjourned.

The Riff country, a bleak mountain range fringing the Mediterranean from Tetuan to Melilla, has never been conquered. The Riffians—now called Berbers, to distinguish them from the Arabs of purer blood—are descendants of an ancient tribe known as the Ruafi. According to some historians, the Ruafi first came to North Africa from the borders of Russia. They were then a white race and have turned brown through centuries under hot African suns. Then they are supposed to have been Christians. Islam is six centuries younger than Christianity. During the backsliding era of the Dark Ages, many Christian tribes in North Africa warred intermittently with idol worshipers, until the prophet Mohammed united them under his own star. But whatever the Riff may have been, or wherever from, their occupation, after raising sufficient to live on frugally, has always been war. The Phœnicians tried to conquer them. They failed. The Romans tried

Colonel Charles Sweeney, Commanding the American Air Squadron in Morocco, With Commandant Happe, the French Ace. Above—Native Troops of the French Army in Ouergha Valley, Morocco, Where They Have Been Fighting

with the same lack of success. In the Moorish conquest of Spain the Ruafi performed a leading and an ardent rôle. The French army when this was written was not fighting in the real Riff country. It was merely getting back its own, that part of the French zone of the Protectorate that was conquered by the Riff last spring. The French commander has been peering through his powerful field glasses at the distant peaks, and communing with himself, "It is perhaps easy for the great military power of France to drive this bandit from our fertile plain. But when the eagle retires to his crag—what then?"

The Moroccan question harassed Europe long before the World War. Coupled with the hardy annual "War Clouds" that hovered over the Balkans, the "New Crisis in Morocco" was a headline in the world's press. The Algeciras Conference squelched temporarily German plans for African colonial expansion, but it only just so happened that the Sabbath afternoon murder of the Austrian archduke rather than the appearance of the German gunboat Panther off the French Moroccan port, Agadir, actually caused the struggle to begin. Indeed, the Agadir incident was a far more logical reason than the Balkan assassination as an excuse for the war drums to roll.

Today, although the German danger has diminished, the Moroccan question continues to present all the necessary elements for an international imbroglio. The balance of European power has shifted, but Morocco remains a danger to European peace, almost as great as in the years preceding 1914.

Spain's Loss

SPAIN'S history in Morocco is that of utter failure. It ends now, practically, with her disastrous war against the Riff.

The Spanish death roll alone, in the African campaigns of the past few years, has been over 60,000. She has lost immense stores, and has paid millions of pesetas into the coffers of Abd-el-Krim, all of which has enabled him to carry on with little buying and no borrowing. Before the French were attacked, and toward the end of her own campaigns, Spain bought her way out of her African forts and blockhouses in order to retire to the seaboard of her zone without further slaughter. The usual price in the preliminary negotiations was 50,000 pesetas per blockhouse. But when the Spanish soldiers got ready to march out with their arms another Riff emissary would often appear to demand another 50,000 pesetas. Otherwise they would march out without arms. This dealing, however necessary, was described in the Spanish press as "clever political maneuvers." But it reduced Spain to a state where she would have completely evacuated Africa, leaving behind the remaining munitions and stores, had she been permitted so to do by other European powers, and but for the remnants of dignity to which she still proudly, and often foolishly, clings.

Eye witnesses report that Spanish officers, when their blockhouses were attacked, often declaimed grandly that "soldiers of Spain must fight standing," even though they could then be mowed down mercilessly by Riffian fire. A British official on a visit to Tangier once tried tactfully to explain to a Spanish official the British frontier methods in Australia and India. The Spaniard replied that the British were a race of shopkeepers and such methods were only to be expected, but that the noble descendants of the grandees of Spain—purest aristocracy on earth—had military traditions to maintain. The Britisher, still smiling, remarked dryly that he could only judge the methods by the results. To this the Spaniard replied, "Oh, my dear sir, what can results matter so long as the dignity of Spain is preserved?"

General Primo de Rivera, Marquis of Estrella and head of the Spanish Directory, while not a great man—not a Mussolini in any way—probably has more common sense than the majority of his compatriots, and is a better general than the others of his army. But his authority is in delicate balance. Spain was neutral during the World War. It was often such a curious neutrality that once British guns at Gibraltar dropped shells into the city of Algeciras as a hint that German submarines must leave. Nevertheless, neutrality was beneficial and Spain waxed comparatively rich. The African campaigns bled her riches both in men and money. To the applause of the public and in face of pig-headed army opposition, Primo de Rivera was able to get Spain as far out of Africa as she is—that is, to the narrow edges of her former territory. But to get

out entirely, to abandon officially the Spanish Protectorate in Morocco, might mean that both the Directory and the King would fall. So for her own, as well as for outside reasons, Spain, now bolstered up by a military convention with France, hangs on.

The key, however, to the Moroccan situation lies in the Strait of Gibraltar, which likewise continues to be the gateway between the Western and Eastern seas, in peace as well as in war. The Rock of Gibraltar, held by Great Britain for centuries, is no longer the impregnable fortress of past days. It is now vulnerable both from the sea and the air. It comprises only two square miles. There is no room for an air base of its own, and to refortify the rock with guns to equalize the long range of a modern battle fleet is regarded as practically impossible. Directly across the Strait is another rock, called Ceuta. The lessons of the World War teach that this rock is a far stronger natural position than Gibraltar. It has a large hinterland that would permit better placing of modern guns as well as providing an aviation center. But Ceuta, to both British annoyance and content, belongs to Spain.

A Mountain Battery in Action

Tangier, the International Port

IN TANGIER—facing the Atlantic side of the Strait, and, largely through British insistence, rendered international, and thus neutral and hopelessly second-rate—you hear all sides of the matter, the pros and cons attaching to each and every difficulty. Tangier is the shouting rather than the whispering gallery for all that pertains to Morocco. A city governed by many laws, the result is that almost no laws are rigidly observed. Tangier has two British judges, two Spanish judges, two French judges, a Belgian chief of police, an American Minister who sits quite outside the internationalization game, but who under our old treaty with the Sultan of Morocco protects Americans and their interests. In Tangier one thinks, says and does about as one pleases. Cafés and gambling rooms are open all night. Riff agents sit openly at sidewalk tables, sipping absinth—still the popular drink of North Africa. British officers, across from "Gib," smile a bit superciliously at the aspirations of the French to give their army a "little exercise in Morocco." Idle British mining experts are waiting the moment the war is over, to dash into the Riff, to prospect iron and copper and other rumored potentialities of the promised land. Solemn Spanish officers en route from Algeciras to the front. Spanish soldiers on leave, loafing in port cafés, and rubbing shoulders with their enemies, the Riffians, who go back through the lines—only twenty miles distant—that night, to resume their work of potshotting Spaniards. Arabs spilling from everywhere. Beggars, cripples, blind—blind from smallpox and from the savage cruelty of the ex-sultan. Holy men—those determined faithful who have made the long trail to Mecca, sitting outside the mosques. The muezzins, with slow, musical voices proclaiming the oneness of Allah. Fluttering lady tourists, swaying on mules, up and down narrow streets, with English-speaking Arab guides, haggling noisily with leather and rug venders from Marrakesh and Fez. The Café Central on the single wide street, now called the Place d'Ajdir, because there comes Haddou el Rifi, gigantic, good-looking personal representative of Abd-el-Krim, to sip steaming coffee and to meditate upon his next message to Primo de Rivera, or perhaps to the French. There also, daily from ten o'clock until noon, comes Walter Harris, famous correspondent of the London Times, sage of Morocco, who has lived there forty years, speaks Arabic fluently, was once a prisoner of the famous bandit chief, Raisuli. Harris lives in a palace on the near-by hill, is gracious, entertaining, erudite on all subjects, knows everyone, including Abd-el-Krim, and ardently promotes the British hopes for peace. All in all, a fat and merry company, forever interesting, set in a medley of European and Oriental color, beside a sparkling blue sea.

In Tangier, the British admit their aspirations and their woes. Gibraltar they would now give back to Spain. In talk, it is often as good as done, so complacent is the British manner of rearranging the earth. It is suggested, as an afterthought, that, of course, that always-campaigning-against-something-or-other newspaper, the London Daily Mail, might arouse the nation to protest against this romantic bit of Britain changing hands. Naturally, Spain would be glad to have it back, not as a fortress—of course not but to have her territory again intact. The docks might interfere commercially with those at Cadiz, but no matter. Ceuta in exchange would be the bargain. Arises the specter of the Algeciras Conference, when Britain agreed not to thwart France in Morocco, then openly checkmating Germany and Italy. The latter now again dreams of Mediterranean power and African empire. France would protest certainly at Ceuta changing hands, and her Latin sister, for once, would be in political agreement. But if Spain should clear out of Africa in case she is not pushed out? She might evacuate Ceuta, which in her hands remains unfortified and unmenacing. Who gets it then? Better, perhaps, let Spain keep it so long as possible, with the Riff as a second buffer state against France. Peace at almost any cost is the best thing. Or even the Riff on the coast, if peace fails. Anything, anybody, rather than France. Gibraltar may be something of a myth nowadays, but it still remains a stronger fortress than anything else about. Gibraltar would be neutralized within six months, once France got to the Strait. England is a nation organized for trade and peace. France is a nation organized for war. Her engineers, at Ceuta, would probably create one of the military marvels of all time.

The French Stand on the Riff

WHY the recent French agreement with Spain? is the English question. Why do marshals of France trouble to call at Algeciras and Tetuan, rather than await Spanish grandees traveling to the torrid ovens of Rabat and Fez? Do they expect real military cooperation from the beaten Spanish army? What is it all about? Is it a bluff on the part of France, this sudden warm friendship, to enter eventually the Spanish zone with troops, to be forced for "strategic reasons" in her operations against the Riff to reach the sea?

The French argument comes not from Tangier—the French delve but little into that field of fertile imaginings; their argument comes from their battle front, also from Paris, and is even more complicated.

First, if the Spanish army will fight, France asks nothing better than that it do so. Thus the Riff will be hemmed in on many sides, and France will not stand guard alone. On the other hand, now having an active military convention with Spain, France admits that in their mutual interests she really ought to enter the Riff country, which is entirely in the Spanish zone. France does not mention either Ceuta or the Mediterranean. In matters so delicate, France prefers to wait. Certainly the French have no desire to quarrel with England over Gibraltar or anything else—no more desire than has England to quarrel with France. In the rôle of Britain's ally, and Spain's, and earnest defenders of civilization, the French might like to take over Ceuta on any legitimate excuse.

What concerns France far more is to preserve her work of thirteen years in Morocco, upon which depends the preservation of her entire colonial possessions in North Africa. If Morocco goes, then Algeria—a real colony,

(Continued on Page 213)

The American Air Squadron in Morocco

Dirty Work in the Argonne

He Bent Over and Started to Write on the Shell

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

IT WAS the end of September. The battery was in position near the town of Septsarges. And early that morning me and Henry, who was privates in the battery, woke up and found that a heavy rain had started during the night. Our pup tent was gently but steadily leaking and soaking us to the skin.

We sat up, which was possible because our pup tent was pitched over a hole we had dug in the ground for protection from shell fragments. We put on our raincoats, which was not any too good but kept some of the water out, and we looked out through the flaps of the tent. The rain was coming down straight and steady out of a dull cloudy sky. All around was the soggy tents of the cannoneers. And in front of us were the four guns of the battery—155 howitzers—pointed north, and covered over with paulins which glistened in the wet. In front of the guns was the Septsarges-Dannevoux road, full of ruts and shell holes, and the ruts and shell holes full of rain water. Across the road was an old German cemetery, and beyond that, the wooded hills of the Bois de Septsarges, held by our infantry front lines. And a mile or so farther on was the German Army, sitting tight in a bunch of dugouts and trenches which was called the Kriemhilde Stellung, part of the Hindenburg Line.

For two days—ever since we had brought the battery into position—we had been sending over shell and the Germans had been sending back shell. Some of them had hit pretty close—one right in front of the second gun—but nobody had got hurt. The night before, we had fired until one o'clock; and the last thing me and Henry had heard as we went to sleep was the whistle of German 77's going by overhead, and the crash as they burst in the woods behind us.

And this morning, besides the pattering of the rain, we could hear the noise of a pretty brisk barrage that the Germans were laying down off to our right.

Henry said we better wait till the rain let up a bit before we chased along to the kitchen for breakfast. So we looked over to the next tent, and there was Snipe Hennessey and his brother, Porky, looking out at the rain. They was flapping their elbows up and down and saying "Quack, quack!" as loud as they could, and pretending they was ducks and having the time of their lives. Then we seen Porky whispering to Snipe, and Snipe picked up a big hunk of mud and threw it over at us. It hit Henry in the neck and splashed on me, and if anybody except Snipe or Porky had thrown it, we would have gone over and walked on their face. But they was such a likable pair—especially Porky—that we had to laugh in spite of ourselves.

Porky was just a kid, only eighteen years old, rather short and stocky built, blue eyes, black hair and a real smile. He was about the gentlest, nicest guy in the whole battery. Not one of these softies that are nice because they are scared to be anything else; Porky was gentle and nice because he wanted to be, because he was a good-natured Irishman and because he liked everybody in the battery and everybody in the battery liked him.

Snipe was tall and thin, and when he was drunk he was the funniest Irishman I ever seen. Young Porky thought the world of him; the two of them was always together, and always up to some foolishness.

We seen Porky laughing and whispering to his brother Snipe, and Snipe grinned and picked up another hunk of mud. And then the German barrage that had been falling away off to our right shifted over, and with a long howl and a bang! bang! bang! three shells came down right in the battery position. Then three more, and after them still others in a burst of rapid fire that lasted five minutes, churning up the ground, throwing tons of mud around and filling the air with black smoke and buzzing fragments.

Me and Henry flattened out in the bottom of our hole. Two fragments zipped through the tent cloth, and one big clod of dirt came sailing in the open tent flap and hit my leg.

The noise quit as suddenly as it had begun and left that funny ringing and clanging noise that always comes inside a feller's head when his eardrums have been pretty near busted by noise. And through this dizzy ringing I heard far off a little voice calling, "First aid! First aid!"

I grabbed ahold of Henry and we listened. And again we heard it, "First aid!" It sounded like Porky.

We stumbled out through the thin smoke that was hanging around, and we walked around a big fresh shell hole in the sod and went in the direction of the voice. Porky's pup tent was half torn to pieces, and inside was Snipe, lying very still, and the back of his blouse all torn and red and smeary where a big shell fragment had got him. Porky was opening his first-aid package and calling for help.

I ran to the battalion aid station, which was in a little dugout at the edge of the woods, and the battalion doctor came right over with two orderlies and a stretcher. By this time Lieutenant Baird and a lot of the cannoneers had gathered around. Henry and Porky were trying to tie up the wound in Snipe's back. The doctor knelt down, turned Snipe over and took a look at him.

"No use," he said. "He never knew what hit him." Then he listened to his heart and felt of his wrist and one thing and another to make sure, and said again, "No use. Killed instantly."

None of us knew just what to do, but the doctor was quite brisk and businesslike.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Bury him here?"

"I don't know," said Lieutenant Baird.

"You'd better," said the doctor. "Now that he's dead, the ambulance men won't touch him. If you don't bury him, he'll just lie around till the grave-digging details get here. That may be a week or two."

I looked at Porky to see what he thought about it and he was just standing there, sort of dazed, not saying a word.

"All right," Lieutenant Baird spoke up. "How many of you men will volunteer to dig the grave?"

Me and Henry and Porky and three others stepped out, and the lieutenant said that would be enough. The doctor took off one of Snipe's identification tags and made some notes in a little book he had, and then we wrapped Snipe

up in a blanket and laid him on the stretcher and covered him with one of the gun paulins. It was raining slow and steady and dismal.

We got picks and shovels from the limber. We marked off a place six feet by two feet in the field beside the gun position. And we cut the sod in little squares, which we took out and piled carefully so we could put them back later.

Underneath, the clay was wet and cold and pretty hard. There was room for only one man to work at a time. One of us would loosen the clay with a pick, then he would step aside and another of us would shovel. That meant that while one man was working, the five others would be just standing around in the chilly rain. The waiting was worse than the working.

After my first turn at digging I stood next to Henry, but neither of us seemed to have much to say. I looked at Porky and he still seemed to be sort of dazed. There was a clattering noise over in the woods; breakfast was being ladled out.

"Say," I said, "I had forgotten all about breakfast. Come on, Porky, let's get some."

"Breakfast?" said Porky, looking at me sort of stupid.

"Yes," I said. "Come on. We can take turns eating, and the digging can go on."

"I don't want any breakfast," said Porky, and he turned away.

I went over to the kitchen, and Henry followed along, but we didn't eat much. When we got back, the others went over, all except Porky, who wouldn't leave.

When the hole was about a foot deep, we came to very dense hard clay that took lots of work with the pick. Nobody talked much. Porky said nothing at all. He took his turn at digging, and in between times stood around with his hands in his pockets and a vacant look on his face.

Digging a grave is a long hard job. A person who has never tried it can have no idea of the amount of labor and the length of time it takes to make a hole six feet long by two feet wide by six feet deep.

While some of the other fellers were working, Henry came and stood beside me and said, "Somehow this reminds me of back home in America once a long time ago when I was a kid. I had a little dog called Snappy. He was a little black dog with white feet, and I used to think he was the finest mutt in the world. I used to brush him off every day with a little brush."

"Sometimes," I said, "a feller will get awful fond of a dog."

"Yes," said Henry, "and one day Snappy got run over by a milk wagon. I dug a grave for him out in the back yard, and it was a long, long job. I was such a little kid that it was harder for me to dig that small grave than it is for us to dig this large one. And I still remember how I cried about that pup. I cried all the time I was digging the grave, and half the night afterwards—couldn't go to sleep. But when I had finally cried myself out, I felt better."

We both looked at Porky.

"Porky feels pretty bad," I said. "He thought his brother was just about the only man on earth."

"If he could only cry a little," said Henry, "it would maybe be better for him "

But Porky didn't cry. When it was his turn to work, he would shovel like mad, and in between times he would stand around silently. And gradually his face began to take on a hard, mean look.

The grave kept going down—two feet—three feet. The rain slackened to a misty drizzle, but the clouds were as low and dark as ever. The ground around the grave had been tramped into a mess of soft sticky mud. All the time we could hear the rumbling and booming of distant shell fire, and once in a while a screech and a bang as a shell came down closer. But nothing hit near enough to bother us. From time to time big trucks would go roaring along the road, and occasionally little groups of walking wounded would pass by on their way to the rear.

Several men from the battery came lounging over to see how we were getting along. There was a young boob from Iowa that we called Sloppy. He watched us dig for a while and then went over where Snipe was laid out on the stretcher. He lifted the corner of the paulin that covered Snipe and looked underneath. Porky dropped his shovel.

"You get away from there!" he yelled. "Don't you dare touch your dirty hands to my brother!" And he let loose a string of profanity like nothing we had ever heard out of Porky before. He was just crazy mad.

Sloppy backed off and got away as fast as he could, and Porky gradually calmed down and went back to digging.

Then all of a sudden he said, "I'm sorry I bawled out Sloppy like I did. He didn't mean no harm. I guess I don't just know what I'm doing."

He went over to the guns, looking for Sloppy, and I heard afterward that he gave him a whole pack of cigarettes and apologized to him. Then he came back and started to dig again.

At four feet we struck several big roots and it took a lot of chopping to get through them. The first sergeant came by, stopped and watched Porky wielding the ax fast and furious on a root

"Here, Porky," he called to him, "come out of there and get some rest. You got enough to worry you without killing yourself working that way " Porky flared up again.

"You go to hell," he said, "and leave me be! Can't I help bury my own brother?"

The first sergeant looked surprised. Nobody had ever tried such back talk on him before and got by with it. But this seemed like a special case.

"All right," he said, kind of quiet. "If you want to work, go ahead." And Porky kept on working and never even answered him.

At five feet we struck a big rock. We had intended to go six feet, but the rock was too big for us, so we let it go at five.

Lieutenant Baird arrived, and behind him a little putty-faced man that turned out to be the chaplain. The chaplain was busy and bustling.

"How about the personal effects of the deceased?" he asked. "Any valuables in his pockets?"

Porky gave him a mean look.

Continued on Page 117

So the Chaplain Reached in His Pocket and Brought Out a Book and Read Out of It

OWN YOUR OWN FLAT

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

THE housing problem for the city dweller presents the aspects of a genuine dilemma, in that neither of the two apparent solutions is completely satisfactory in all cases. The choice between paying rent for an apartment and owning a home has been complicated, since the end of the war, by the rise in rents on the one hand and the increase in land values and taxes on the other. About five years ago city folk all over the United States began to discover, however, that the dilemma had a third horn.

This is the coöperative apartment house. Though its most ardent advocates do not contend that ownership of a coöperative apartment offers the final and perfect solution of the housing problem in every instance, the spread of the movement has at least converted the dilemma into a trilemma; and the experience of those who have seized upon this third horn, so far, seems to indicate that for certain classes of people it provides as satisfactory a refuge as either of the other two.

"The Towers," the Cooperatively Owned Garden Apartments in a New York Suburb

Buying a Slice of Air

THE vogue of the coöperative apartment has spread literally from coast to coast. The National Association of Real Estate Boards last year found it necessary to establish a coöperative section in response to a nation-wide demand from its members for information and comparative statistics relating to the financing, building, sale and operation of such properties.

"Coöperative apartment building organizations are springing up all over the country," said Albert W. Swayne, of Chicago, chairman of that section, at the real-estate dealers' national convention. "Curiously, the movement seems to have started independently in each of a dozen cities, but almost identical methods have been worked out in each of these centers. It is as if the whole country had suddenly realized that the coöperative apartment house offers one solution to the problem of how to build up the percentage of home owners in our larger cities, which is gradually being reduced by the replacement of individual homes by apartment buildings and business blocks."

It is not alone a large-city development, however. While New York, naturally, had more coöperative apartment houses than any other community, Champaign, Illinois, with fewer than 20,000 population, is housing a larger percentage of its people in the six such buildings that have been erected there in the past three years. In Chicago more than 200 apartment houses are coöperatively owned by their occupants. In St. Paul a million-dollar coöperative house was recently promoted. There are coöperative apartment houses in Detroit and in Flint, Michigan, in Atlanta, Norfolk, Yonkers and St. Louis. In Long Beach, California, they call them Own-Your-Owns and have built more than twenty of them, three costing more than $1,000,000 each. Atlantic City built one last year. In Washington, D. C., there are more than twenty. In Baltimore three experiments have opened the door for further development of the coöperative apartment idea, which is also in its tentative stage in Philadelphia. In San Francisco the coöperative apartment house has become decidedly popular. Broadly, the movement has taken root wherever the supply of desirable home sites is limited.

What the buyer of a coöperative apartment purchases is, in the last analysis, a slice of air, situated a given number of feet above the street level and a specific distance from the building line, inclosed and equipped for habitation. He owns this slice of air absolutely: He can partition it off into as many or as few rooms as may suit his tastes and needs, tear down those partitions, shift them about, as freely as he pleases. He can finish the interior of the rooms in any way that strikes his fancy. There is no landlord to veto his desire to drive nails into the plaster, for it is his own plaster.

Of equal importance, however, to the buyer of a coöperative apartment is the measure of control it gives him over his neighbors in the same building. He chooses his company, with the reasonable assurance that nobody whose manners differ materially from those of his own family is going to live in such close proximity to him as to cause annoyance by reason of a different code of social ethics.

I have before me a dozen advertisements of coöperative apartments for sale in as many sections of New York. Each contains some such line as, "Social and business references required," or "A list of owners who have already bought will be furnished on request." The prospective buyer can decide for himself whether he wants to associate with the sort of persons who have already bought in; they, in turn, can determine whether, after looking up his references, they want him to live in the next apartment or above or below them.

And the references are no mere matter of form. They are followed up and run down, at least in the more expensive coöperative developments, until every fact which has a bearing on the desirability of the applicant as a neighbor has been revealed. The efforts of obviously unqualified families to buy into some of the more exclusive apartment houses are sometimes humorous, often almost pathetic.

PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.

One of the Many New York Coöperative Apartment Houses

Hand-Picked Neighbors

INTO one house of exclusive standards a very rich business man decided he would like to buy. There was but one unsold apartment left when he approached the agent. The price was $80,000. He was told that he could not have it. Thinking that it was a matter of price, he raised his offer to $130,000. The agent was obdurate. Six of the rich man's business acquaintances or associates were among the earlier purchasers of slices of air in this particular building. For reasons satisfactory to themselves, none of them had ever had any social relations with him. He went to each in turn, asking them to use their influence to get him admitted. Each took refuge behind the fact that the agent was the sole arbiter, and it fell to the lot of the unfortunate real-estate operator to explain to an infuriated multimillionaire that his wife's public manners were such that her presence in the house would depreciate the value of the property!

This man and his family would not have been happy in the enforced neighborliness of a coöperative apartment where the rest of the group have a standard of manners and an outlook on life differing materially from his own, nor would the others. But so widespread is the coöperative apartment movement, in New York and elsewhere, that it is possible for almost any family to find a coöperative apartment within its means and with the assurance of congenial neighbors. If not found ready to hand, it is a perfectly simple procedure, and

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

one which has been adopted scores of times in Manhattan alone, for the seeker to find enough like-minded associates to buy an apartment house or have one built for their own use. Any intelligent real-estate dealer can show how that is done.

Permanency

DEFINITE social values then are part of what the purchaser of a coöperative apartment buys, and these social values have a definite and readily transmutable cash value. And for tangible evidence of his ownership, the purchaser of a slice of air gets a certificate of stock in a corporation and a lease running from that corporation to himself.

The corporation has no property or assets other than the apartment building. It was formed, usually, for the sole purpose of owning the building and often is limited in its charter to the ownership and operation of that particular piece of property. If not so limited, it should be, in the view of many students of the subject, if for no other reason than to curb possible speculation with corporate funds when a surplus shall have been accumulated. In Illinois, where the legislature recently amended the ancient statute forbidding any corporation to own real estate beyond its own business buildings, the law enforces the strict limitation just indicated.

The individual tenant-owner's shares are proportioned to the total share capital of the corporation in precisely the relation which the rental value of his apartment bears to the total rental value of the building. This computation is readily made by experts. His lease runs to himself, his heirs or assigns, for a term which, in New York, is usually ninety-nine years, with the provision for an indefinite number of renewals for the same term. In Washington, the life of the corporation being limited to fifty years, a shorter lease is necessary, but ways have been found to insure perpetuity. In California, Illinois and elsewhere the term of the lease is often stated as "forever," and sometimes as "until the end of the world."

Lease and stock are loosely tied together. The particular slice of air of which the lease gives possession cannot be rented to anybody except for the benefit of the owner of the particular block of stock issued to the original lessee. Ownership of the stock, however, does not *per se* carry the right to demand a lease, should the original owner sell the stock. The new owner must pass the same scrutiny as did the original buyer, and if he does not qualify he may provide a tenant who does, or the corporation will find one for him. The original buyer binds himself by contract not to transfer his lease or sublet his apartment without the consent of the corporation, both as to the act and the individuals. And he further binds himself to pay, in monthly installments for the term of his lease, whatever his share may be of the total cost of maintaining and operating the house. That share is proportioned to the whole just as his stockholdings are.

The coöperative apartment owner's annual charge for maintenance and operation therefore—his rent—bears a definite percentage relation to his stock investment. Many coöperative buildings operate at a cost of from 8 to 10 per cent. Few run above 12 per cent. The range is between these percentages whether the individual investment is as low as $2000 or as high as $150,000, which are the extremes between which one can buy a coöperative apartment in New York City. The variation depends somewhat upon the standards of management required by the tenant-owners and somewhat upon the percentage to be set aside annually out of the tenant-owners' payments for the amortization of the first mortgage, and the size and interest rate of that mortgage. For the capital stock seldom if ever represents the total value of the land and building; merely the corporation's equity, which may be anywhere from 40 to 60 per cent of the whole.

The amortization of the mortgage is one of the guaranties of the tenant-owner that his investment is not going to depreciate. Another is the interesting fact, discovered simultaneously in several cities, that a coöperative apartment house desirably located results in an increase in the land value, not alone of the ground on which the building itself stands, but of the adjacent property. The fact of the building's existence makes the neighborhood at once desirable to everyone who would like to live on the same street or in the same locality with families of the social grade to which its tenant-owners conform.

The man of moderate means hasn't the proverbial Chinaman's chance of owning a house on Fifth Avenue. Vincent Astor sold his not long ago, announcing that he could no longer afford to maintain it, with the increase in land values and rising taxes. It is to be torn down to make way for an apartment house, probably coöperative. The Vanderbilts have sold two or three of their Fifth Avenue mansions, and their kin and kind are buying coöperative apartments, where they can retain all that makes a Fifth Avenue address desirable at a tithe of the expense of keeping up a town house.

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Three Coöperative Apartment Houses Located in New York City

An Apartment on the Avenue

A MAN of quite moderate means, however, as such things go in New York, can own a slice of air on Fifth Avenue. Twenty-four thousand dollars will buy a space big enough to be properly termed a home in one apartment house, which, by the way, was completely sold out, from the plans, months before it was completed. That is not the highest price, nor the lowest. The twelve-room-and-five-baths apartments sold for from $34,000 to $75,000. Ten-room spaces with four baths brought from $24,000 to $50,000, and the nine-room apartments with three baths, from $20,000 to $45,000. Since the fifth floor is more desirable than the second, I have chosen as an illustration of a $24,000 coöperative apartment a nine-room suite on the fifth floor, whence the tenant-owner can look out upon the lakes and trees of Central Park's square mile, rather than a ten-room apartment lower down at the same figure, but closer to the street noises and gasoline fumes.

For his $24,000 the purchaser got, first, 240 shares of stock, out of a total of 14,770, in a corporation which owns a corner lot, facing about 150 feet on Fifth Avenue and running back about 100 feet, improved with a fourteen-story fireproof building. The land cost, roughly, about seventy-five dollars a square foot. The erection of this coöperative house and two or three others near by, however, has already increased the land value, although the house is not finished as this is written. The building cost about seventy-five cents a cubic foot. Many good fireproof houses are built in New York today for as low as sixty-five cents. This one is of distinctly high quality, calculated for a life of 100 years or more. Its field cost was in the neighborhood of

(Continued on Page 54)

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THE OLD FIGHTER'S CHILDREN

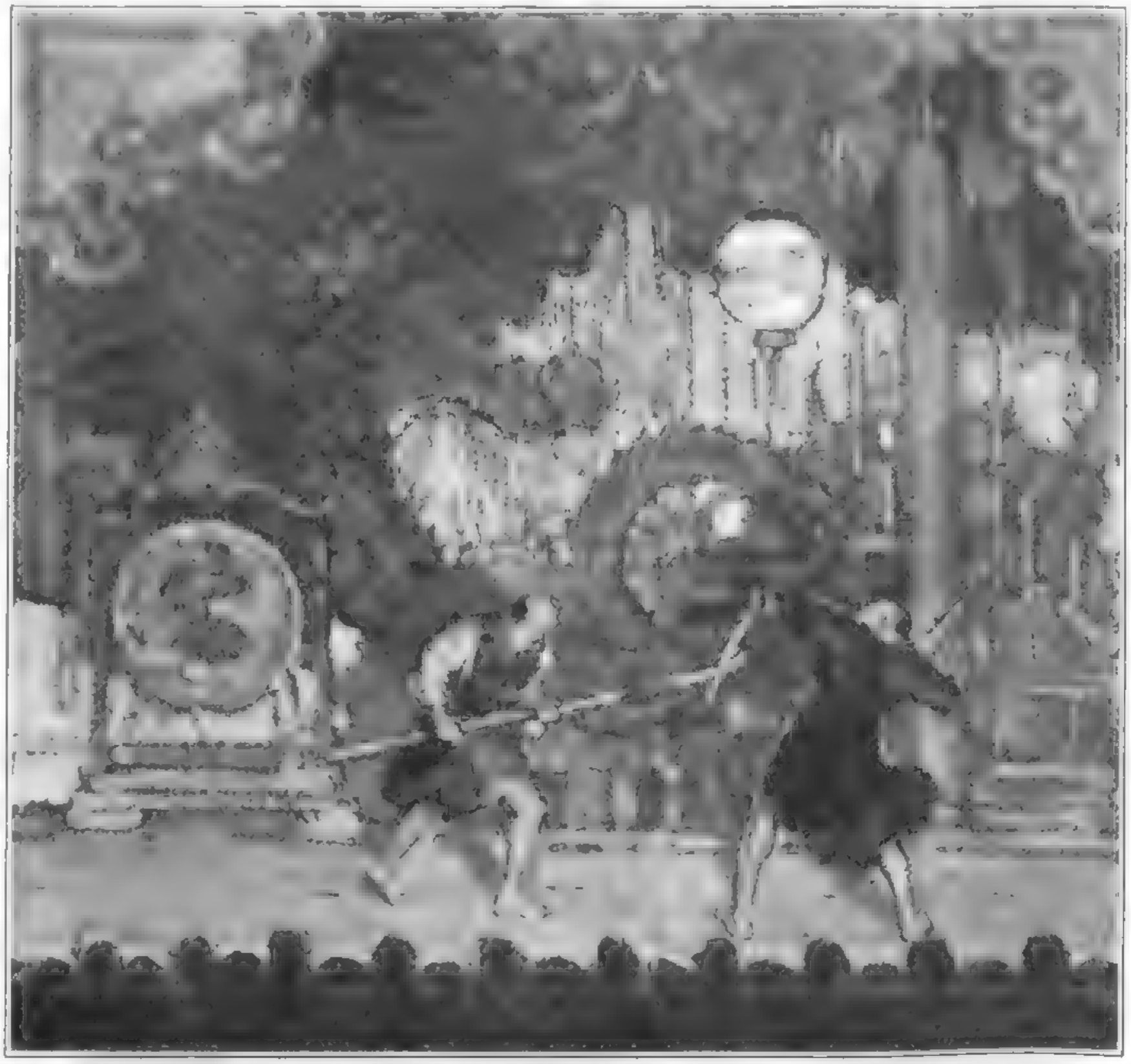
By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

NOON of a clear autumn day glowed above the street, but the lamps of the theater made evening as our throng poured in and quietly found chairs. It was a most good-humored crowd, all Chinamen, peace-loving sons of Han or of T'ong, their wives, their friends and their children, who overhung the balcony like a row of impish dolls or cherubs goggling down upon solemnity

"Firs' tam, you look-see." Yi Tao bent across three or four intervening laps to murmur. "Firs' tam, they playing Can You Fight? Welly nice, I t'ink so, you likee."

Beyond the footlights gleamed a rack of weapons, their steel burnished like silver, their heads or hafts gay with tassels. Battle-ax, pike, sword, spear, partisan, curved bill that had the inner edge of its hook sharpened keener than a spokeshave, all stood mated in pairs right and left, ready for use. Two Chinamen in loose black garments made their bow and fell to work—slight, sinewy, quick as a pair of leopards. They began gently enough. The Drunkard and his Full Glass to show the nine-and-forty ways of falling, the Monkey on a Pole frolicking through the marvels which underlie quarterstaff play, the Man with the Heart who holds it shaped invisibly between his finger tips and by graceful undulation of body and limb performs each guard for each vital organ—these pantomimes, and more, Jau Kai Ming and his pupil enacted all in the way of theory, with deliberate ease.



Nothing But the Unearthly Skill of Master and Man Prevented Bloodshed Again and Again by a Hairbreadth

Then, swift and furious, came practice. They boxed with hands and feet—a lightning interchange of eightfold blows that never came home, while bone and muscle, fist and shoe meeting, smacked like hardwood. They wrestled, one throwing another headlong, high off the floor, only to have the other in going down trip him, upset him with a foot lock tighter than tongs, magically neat, so that both fell, somersaulted and rose in a bounce together. Choosing weapons from the rack, they fought on—swords against bare hands, two knives against bare hands, a long partisan to a kind of triple flail, a ten-foot lance to the deadly shining chain that can fly supple as a snake or rigid as a bar. There was no pretense or trickery, no hitting to one side, or mere acrobatics, or combat of the stage. Nothing but the unearthly skill of master and man prevented bloodshed again and again by a hairbreadth, while for ninety minutes, gone like five, this pair of agile black demons contended in a whirl of flashing steel.

When for the last time they toweled their heads, nodded and smiled good afternoon, a great sigh rose from all who had watched.

"How you likee? Pooty nice, mos' olo kine." Yi Tao beamed with joy, hospitality and vicarious pride. "You see, *Gi Sŏt*, hart to do, begin welly yong, lartchee study long tam. Yeah, I tink so, you likee him."

No man, having viewed such a wonder, could fail to praise. Argument, indeed, began, as we shuffled out through an alley, whether one mode of fighting ought rather to be called Lion Behind Gold Mountain than Two Tigers Come to Szechuen. This fine point—fine, because every mode bore a name of classic tradition—was comfortably waived by an old gentleman who turned his benevolent face to remark that in English it all nowadays would mean the same thing. As for that other conflict, named Three Sworn Brethren, after the celebrated Red Face, Black Face and White Face, the emperor's uncle, whose long arms reached below his knees, why, there you had history to guide you, seventeen hundred years or more.

"Yeah, shu," agreed Tao. "Pooty olo."

By night in the kitchen therefore his talk ran upon this ancient art of fighting, and modern masters. Does not he who taught Jau Kai Ming still live, an honorable gentleman about seventy-five years of age, active as a youth? Did not he, this grand old champion, Lao Chun Nam, not so long ago slay Iron Head, a ferocious brawler who had no right ever to have learned the mystery? It is well known. The surly Iron Head picked a quarrel, ran at Mr. Lao to deal him that butt over the heart which had never failed to kill—and was met by a quiet reply swifter than the snap of a thumb. He flew twenty feet backward, stone dead.

"He's neck blokem," said Tao. "He's blains bus' out. Dissee way, so! One-two-th'ee, kick! Callem Tigu Wash Face."

The trick is not imparted to children, fools or persons of bad character. For reasons general, nothing personal, it will be enough here to say that Tiger Wash Face is executed in three counts, three nearly simultaneous motions of knee, hands and foot. The brotherhood of the Shansi Heung Ma used it, but only when they were in dire need.

"Who?"

"Shansi Heung Ma. You neffer hear 'bout?" cried Tao, in surprise. "Ho! I tole you. One tam, norf part, one olo man he welly good fighting —— No, I fo'get. Stoly begin diffun, mo far back firs', nodda way. One man farmu he all tam wuk outsi' de field, nen one day he wоss diggee hole, he catch one piecee waze ——"

The farmer had been digging with a wooden hoe, which could not harm anything it struck. Metal rang hollow, earth cracked away in shards like pattern mold from casting, and down the hole poured sunlight on a black pot belly. The farmer wiped his eyes. After a breathing, he took the dark lump out carefully, to scrub in the nearest water. It then showed not black but smooth black-green, a jar of encrusted bronze with two ear-shaped handles and two colored zones of cloisonné where the enamel, faint blue, white, summer leaf, iron red, was pitted here and there as if worm-eaten through mystical design.

"Old." The farmer hid it beneath his coat on the ground and went back to digging. "A wine jar of ceremony. Perhaps our great-great-grandfather, when we had substance, poured libation to our family in the temple. Who knows? Not I. Only the man who buried it."

Before bedtime he showed the jar to a few neighbors in the village, elderly cousins whom he could trust.

"It is of high value," they decided. "You are lucky, Siu Ching. But who will buy it? We are all poor hereabouts. Of course, there is Wong Tai Kwong."

"Then," said the farmer, "to him I will go."

The oldest cousin wagged his gray head in doubt.

"I would not if it were mine."

Early next morning, however, Siu Ching wrapped his jar in a mat and trudged off across country to the rich man's, a great house of which the old-rose tiles glimmered under branches in a walled garden. Mr. Wong welcomed him with sleek habitual courtesy. A powerful creature, active in body, broad, sly and genial in face, Wong Tai Kwong just then sat taking his ease, enjoying the coolness of a room, or hall, where shadow fell pleasantly among rare things. Wainscot and beam sheathing were of sandalwood.

"You found this, did you?" A hard light woke in the merchant's eyes, but swiftly died. Placing the jar on his table, he viewed it with apathy. "Where?"

"In my own field, sir."

"How much are you asking?"

The farmer summoned all his courage.

"Three hundred dollars."

Mr. Wong smiled, not because the jar might sell for ten times as much, but because he had another plan.

"Half that, perhaps, would be nearer." He yawned. "I rather like it. Leave the thing here while I make up my mind, won't you, and come back tomorrow?"

This began well, thought the farmer, who returned to his digging and moiled away like a new man. Here perhaps came the start, the rebirth of the family fortune. Hope kept him awake half that night and roused him cheerfully next day to complete the bargain.

"Remember, take no browbeating!" cried his wife, a game little woman who had struggled with him through better and worse. "You are too gentle, too good. Stand by your price, don't weaken; for it may mean that our son will become a scholar and a famous man."

They parted happily, scolding and laughing and nodding. The day seemed of good omen, bright in their lives. An hour later Siu Ching, warm with walking, entered the great country house and made his bow.

"Ah, well," sighed Mr. Wong, after exchange of formality, "what can I do for you?"

The table near him stood empty. Otherwise no more change appeared in the long room than if he had sat there unmoved since yesterday.

"About the jar, sir. You wish to buy?"

Wong Tai Kwong frowned as at a puzzle.

"What jar? You have brought something for sale?"

It was the farmer's turn to look puzzled.

"My old wine jar of sacrifice, which I hope has found favor with one, sir, who knows the value of good work." Siu paused. This rich man, he considered, must have a short memory. "According to your kind wish, I left it here on the table. Overnight, at your leisure ——"

Wong shook his massive head gravely.

"I don't know what you mean," said he. "You left nothing here."

The farmer grew rigid, opened his mouth, remained for a moment dumb, then cried aloud, "Why, here on this table! Yesterday morning! I saw it! You saw it!"

"Lower your voice," commanded the master of the house. "Have you been smoking opium? What you may have seen on my table your own half-wits may know. Look about you. This room is glutted with curios. If you left one, you will have a receipt or a witness?"

Mild though his wife called him, the poor Ching was neither fool nor coward. He looked right through a genial smiling mask, saw baseness hidden within, and attacked.

"You—you dishonorable person! Give me my wine jar or my three hundred dollars! Where is it? You—you—give it back!"

The merchant turned his head with a lazy air and called aloud. Half a dozen men came running in.

"Remove this brawler," said Wong Tai Kwong. "He grows noisy and threatens. I believe he came to rob my collection."

It is true the farmer was being noisy, but not for long. The menservants fell upon him, threw him out-of-doors, and there in sunlight fell upon him again with hand, foot and bamboo. He crawled home on all-fours about nightfall to his bed, where, after a week of clutching broken pieces of life together with torment, he let them go in a breath and died.

His wife went round like a mad woman. She drove the clan to their wits' end before they could quiet her.

"True, we are many," argued the chief cousin, whenever she would hear him. "Yes, yes, I know. In and round this village we are a large old family, but how poor! He is rich, the power of wealth surrounds him like a fort. What can we do? Hush! If the twigs are brittle, a thousand of them together do not make a log. Oh, peace, woman! It is a great danger to talk so of Wong Tai Kwong!"

At last, worn out, she surrendered.

"You are all alike. Men have no spirit. Why drag farther? Why go on?"

Two months afterward the widow lay dying. Her son, their only child, a brown work-hardened youth, took care of her, though she refused all care. What they said together at the end is not known; but Siu Leong Yook, who had always been as meek and boyish as his father, came out from that room with a stern face and his mother's look in his eyes

"Uncle," said he, "I am going to kill him."

The eldest cousin groaned.

Here came all this perilous chatter of words again, to be silenced.

"Young child, we can do nothing for you."

"Of course not. I do for myself."

"Hear words of reason," begged his uncle. "Can the duck's egg break the stone pillar? You are fifteen years old. He's a grown man, with a houseful more at his back to help him. A devil, yes, who has murdered two. Will you give him a third to eat up? Why, what know you about fighting? To fight against odds and win—or, no, even to come out alive—a man must practice the art for years, learn, perfect himself, train his body. Who in our village can teach you, where we are all men of peace? My grandfather knew a master of the art, who had to begin younger than you, by running and leaping in great iron shoes, month after month, till he could jump like a fly, jump from the ground to the roof and land without moving a tile."

The orphan heard him out, bowed gravely and turned away.

"Good! Our cousin Lai is a blacksmith."

Outside the village, beyond the dreary dun fields, past the grave mounds, above terraces of aged rock work that climbed like an infinitely serpentine stairway, rose the barren hills. A road or ledge of rubble disappeared high among them. Elsewhere along their crest nothing, not even a ruinous temple, marked any place whither for any reason man should go. Yet farmers who worked under the morning star, who followed the end of daylight home, began to see more than once by the early dusk or the late a small human figure move against a background, far aloft, of crag, ridge or bowlder. It might be a fox, they reported, that had clawed up an old skull, and so, balancing a dead man's head upon his own while preying northerly toward the Seven Stars, taken this form of mankind.

"A portent," said the neighborhood, "of change and uneasiness."

Meantime Wong the merchant lived well, drove hard bargains and flourished like a willow tree by a brook. Only one thing annoyed him, which was that of late his trading in furs had come to a stand. Over the hills, over the mountains, and beyond even to the borders of wild Russia, he went or had men go yearly to traffic with the barbarians. This part of his many affairs had brought in profit. Now it brought none, for thieves had sprung up, a tribe of bandits lurking in the higher wilderness, who stopped carts, murdered carters and looted the silver going or the furs coming down. So long as they despoiled his rivals it was fair and well.

"But last time they carried off my silver," complained Wong. "Mine! These earth-born evil ones, they grow continually worse."

"Your foot will stamp them back into the ground," declared a sycophant. "Yet why endanger your precious person? Why not hire fighting men?"

"I have hired dozens. They are no good."

"How if you applied to the Shansi Heung Ma? There is a great master of the art, Chin Fong by name, a champion."

At the moment, Wong Tai Kwong belittled this wisdom; but afterward, slyly adopting it as a portion of his own, acted, and sent a message to the fighter. In those days not long ago, before Western firearms corrupted the country, Shansi Heung Ma, or Shang Ma—the brotherhood of the horse guards, the guild of the pony tax that made a road safe anywhere for merchandise—was a name to conjure with. Ill-doers, mountain thieves, outlaws, highwaymen all feared it. Mr. Wong, therefore expecting a brawny ruffian whiskered like the tiger, almost thought himself cheated when one day there called at his house an elderly gentleman with perfect manner, sedate garb and a clever, candid, youthful face. Except for good humor and for bodily movement rippling free as liquid, tougher than silk, the champion was quite commonplace.

"You are Chin Fong? The best, I believe, in your profession?"

Smiling politely, Chin Fong shook his head.

"I am of the mystery. But no, sir, there are three better now, with eight, nine, eleven perhaps coming on as good."

"Your modesty is charming."

"Not at all, sir. A matter of fact. We keep our score, and know when a brother is passing his prime or learning still."

(Continued on Page 174)

A Young Girl in Apricot Color Swayed and Spun, Flinging Overhead Two Swords That Revolved as Dizzily But as True as Wheels

WIND-BLOWN

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IT WAS in San Sebastian, toward the end of May, that Richard Ballantine received his brother's letter. Returning leisurely northward along the coast of Europe in his schooner-yacht Wanderer, after a winter spent cruising about the Mediterranean, he had put into the Spanish watering place for mail, and had found Charles' letter, with its extraordinary news, awaiting him.

He was at first amused, then tremendously curious. And because nothing was more important to him than the satisfaction of his own wonder about life, he decided at once to give up his plans for the summer and go home. The intervening ocean was only a detail in his thought. He had sailed too often into the blue haze that hovers over the horizon to believe, as landsmen believe, in its solemnity.

Having reached his decision, he delayed only long enough to make a certain purchase—he wasn't long ashore, because he knew just what he wanted and where to go for it—and to send a cable home. Within a few hours after his arrival in port the wealthy young rover was again at sea.

Some two weeks later, on a sultry June afternoon, the Wanderer dropped anchor off Great Cove, Long Island. Standing on the after deck of the yacht, which lay motionless in the leaden waters of the Sound, Richard could see, beyond a discreet guard of oaks, the vast blue-gray roof of Ballanton, the house in one of whose rooms he had been born; in another of which his father, the chief of all the Ballantines and the greatest banker of his day, had died. Richard remembered that death; remembered the financial tremors that had accompanied it, and thinking at the same time of Charles, suddenly laughed aloud. Good Lord, it was incredible—that Charles, the reigning heir, high priest of the religion of family pride and present head of the Ballantine banking dynasty, should be going to indulge in a romance. All romance, from the point of view of the Ballantine saga, was incredible. It was altogether too human.

Turning to his sailing master and close friend, who stood near him at the schooner's rail, Richard said, "My brother Charles is going to be married, Captain Mosby. I believe I haven't told you."

"No, sir."

"It's by way of being a family secret, I understand. But I count you as one of the family."

"Thank you, Mr. Ballantine."

"You know how to keep a secret, which is more than I can say for some members of the family proper. Aunt Alexandra, for instance." Again Richard laughed, then fell to musing. Captain Mosby waited. Finally the young man said, "It seems that Charles is going to marry a dancing girl."

"A dancing girl," repeated the other in a tone that offered no comment on the information.

"So it seems. I daresay my mother will be upset. What?"

"I only coughed, sir. But if you want my opinion, I'm sure Mrs. Ballantine will manage the situation, whatever it is."

"Yes, you're right about that. My mother isn't to be downed—but—it's extraordinary that Charles should be going to do such a thing." Richard's blue eyes gleamed with a humorous light. "Though as a matter of fact it's not Charles I'm thinking of."

"Naturally not so much as your mother, sir."

"No. Nor even of my mother. I'm thinking of the girl."

"The dancing girl?"

"M-m—yes; I can't imagine her in Ballanton. That tomb—to hold a dancing girl! She'll die of it, Captain Mosby."

"I doubt that, sir. She'll probably do very well in it, once she gets her bearings. It's not every girl has such a chance to better herself ——"

"But is she bettering herself? That's what I'm curious to know."

So here, then, in a sentence, was the reason for their sudden flight homeward across the Atlantic. Captain Mosby made note of his employer's curiosity and proceeded, with a privilege based on many other intimate conversations, to argue his point.

"I should say she was doing a handsome thing for herself. A girl without a penny to her name, no doubt, to marry your brother Charles!"

"You think her a scheming hussy?"

"That's putting words in my mouth, sir. Words I'd never say even if I thought them."

"Well, she may be a scheming hussy for all I know. I'm not necessarily hostile on that account. Living is scheming. But she must be clever to have turned Charles' head. Or else she understands witchcraft, Captain Mosby."

"That's hardly possible, sir, in this latitude."

"No, of course not. But she must be—unusual. An unusual young woman."

"You'll find out about her soon enough now," muttered the captain.

"Yes. I suppose she'll be visiting at Great Cove over the week-end. We're arriving on a Friday. That means something unpleasant, doesn't it?"

"It means trouble," answered the sailor dryly.

But Richard scarcely heard. He had fallen to musing again. Charles, he thought, would be too infatuated with the girl—her name was Regina Duval—to see clearly the incongruity of her presence in the Ballantine saga. Yet that incongruity existed; it was apparent to him even in prospect. It was what gave spice to the whole affair.

A sharp roll of thunder in the west roused him to the realization that a storm was making.

"If you're going ashore, sir ——" suggested the sailing master.

"Yes. At once."

Somehow he remembered the time a swallow had got into the house. It was just before a storm, the servants were hurrying to close the windows, when suddenly the bird had flown in. He could see so clearly the frenzied bird shape tossed by the wind into the strange dark room.

"The launch is alongside, Mr. Ballantine."

"I'm ready," said Richard, rousing himself, and added as he moved toward the gangway, "I'll sleep on board tonight. Send the launch in for me at ten o'clock."

Captain Mosby answered mechanically. He was aware, as he watched the figure of his employer descending the yacht's ladder, of a certain emotion—a profound approval tinged with apprehension. Richard's strong, well-conditioned body, his blond head that had always a curious infantile glamour, his keen, hard youthfulness excited in the older man an affection almost paternal.

"I'd like it better if we were heading out to sea," he muttered, staring at the motor boat's smooth wake. He had an unreasonable but persistent fear that Richard some day would be drawn back into the life that went on ashore there, under the wide, somber roof of Ballanton. That, to his notion, would be a kind of defeat, a sin against Nature. Richard, alone of his tribe, had the gift of perfect freedom. Let him guard it, then, reflected the captain, as he would guard his honor.

Landing at the Ballantine pier, the young man climbed the stone steps, unexpectedly familiar, that led up the bank. These steps brought him to a vine-darkened pergola through which a gravel path wandered toward incidental gardens, and beyond these the great house rose brown and monstrous in its setting of oaks. As Richard started along the path a crash of thunder announced the approach of the storm that had been threatening. He hurried, and had reached the end of the pergola when he saw standing in the garden beyond, beside a bush of yellow flowering forsythia, a girl in a white dress without a hat on her head.

She was looking directly at him; she must have seen him coming up the path, yet his first thought was that he had startled her. She seemed, in spite of her apparent poise, subtly alarmed, frightened. It was a puzzling impression. Because there was no sign of fear in the intelligent dark eyes looking steadily into his. It was rather an alertness, a readiness for flight, such as one sees in the eyes of birds and animals—quick creatures whose instinct is for wildness, for continual escape.

The wind blew against the bush, making the yellow blossoms flutter. She too, opposing her slender body to the gust, seemed to be urged to movement, to abandoned flutterings. Her figure was molded and revealed as though by the force that had created her—a force contemptuous of draperies as it was resentful of her stillness.

"You're the sailor brother."

He nodded and went toward her, holding out his hand. "No need to ask who you are."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, of course—you're Regina ——."

"Yes, I'm Regina."

"You're going to marry my brother Charles."

"Yes, but"—her voice was curiously blurred by the wind—"you mustn't say it like that. So casually! It's a tremendous thing, you know."

"Tremendous, is it?"

"Oh, yes, I——" Several words—a whole phrase—lost in the gust; then her voice, light and brittle as a bell heard at a distance: "I can't get over the feeling—can't believe I'm not dreaming. I came out here to try to realize—to pinch myself! Then I saw the yacht, and watched it. Fascinating! I guessed it was you. They'd told me you were coming. I wanted to see you."

"My wanting to see you," shouted back Richard, as a bolt of lightning crackled, "has driven me across the Atlantic."

He Had Reached the End of the Pergola When He Saw Standing in the Garden Beyond, Beside a Bush of Yellow Flowering Forsythia, a Girl in a White Dress Without a Hat on Her Head

"Really? You've come all that way just to see what strange creature ——"

"Yes! And I've brought you a present. In my trunk aboard the schooner. Better get back into the house now," he added with a glance into the west. "Be pouring rain in a minute ——"

"Were you prepared to dislike me?" she asked, making a little movement toward him.

"No. Not at all! I thought possibly you understood witchcraft. To have enchanted Charles, you know."

"Oh! How funny! But—you'll be disappointed."

"I don't think so. What is it about first impressions? All this has been most satisfying."

"You were satisfying," she said, "coming up the path with that thundercloud over your shoulder. Charles said you were a Viking."

"Then Charles has changed. He never used to say things like ——"

"No. You're right. It was I who said it," she confessed, and laughed suddenly till she was breathless. "Oh, how funny!"

"Here comes the deluge," he called out. "Run!"

"Lord!" she said and, turning, ran fast along the garden path, and he after her. As they reached the flagstone terrace that made an entrance to the house, the rain fell suddenly in torrents. He caught her hand and dragged her up the steps, and so they came bursting into the high, dim hall of Ballanton, and almost into the arms of its dowager mistress who, with Aunt Alexandra a little behind her—as always—stood erect and implacable in the open doorway.

"Mother!" said her younger son, panting. "Hello—I've arrived."

"Well, Richard. I must say this is characteristic of you. Oh! You're wet. And Regina's drenched to the skin. You must change at once, my dear—I told you it was foolish to go out "

"Yes, Mrs. Ballantine."

"We met in the garden," said Richard, "informally."

"I should think so," commented Mrs. Ballantine, whose voice, however modulated, had always a fine edge to it.

"It was foolish," said Regina suddenly, and went with a quick step up the broad, faintly shining stairs.

"Aunt Alex, darling!" cried Richard, kissing that soft lady; but what he thought was, "Regina's terrified of my mother."

Aunt Alexandra said, "You look younger than ever, Richard, I declare—and to think you've come all the way across that ocean—and not even a hat on your head! And in a rain storm! And running—with Regina! Don't you think she's beautiful? Imagine meeting her in the garden! And are you well, my dear boy? And ——"

"Alexandra!" said her sister, and Aunt Alex lapsed at once into obedient silence.

"Where's Charles?" asked Richard. "Isn't he here?"

"No. He telephoned to say he'd not be out till late this afternoon. He's working very hard these days," announced Mrs. Ballantine with a certain severity.

"Then there's time for us to have a talk," said Richard. "I want to know a lot ——"

"You'll have to change your clothes, my dear boy. You're dripping."

"Oh, not as bad as that. I'll change later. I suppose I've some dinner things upstairs ——"

"Your room is just as you left it."

"Come on then," he said. "Let's gossip."

"Gossip!" exclaimed his mother, but it was she who led the way into the family living room off the hall. "There are some things you must know, and I suppose the sooner the better. Are you coming, Alexandra?"

"I thought I'd run up and see whether that child didn't want some camphor to rub on her chest," murmured Aunt Alex timidly.

"Nonsense. One doesn't rub one's chest in June."

"No, Edith," agreed the other.

But she went upstairs all the same. Her timidity cloaked an amazing stubbornness, as Richard well knew. He laughed as he followed his mother into the vast, high-paneled living room.

"You're all just the same," he said, "in spite of Charles' romance."

"Romance!" repeated his mother, and sat down in the chair that always had been her throne. She was a tall, lean woman, sharp featured, with indomitable blue eyes—Richard had her eyes—and gray hair smartly waved and drawn into a high knot at the back of her head.

"Romance!" she said, and then, "I think this is the hardest thing I've ever had to face."

"Tell me all about it. When and where did he meet her?" asked Richard.

"Last winter. At a charity bazaar. He was chairman of the committee. I've always told him to avoid those chairmanships. They're demoralizing—but Charles is so public spirited. Well! She was to dance—and did dance, quite charmingly, I must say. I was there and saw her. She danced in a sort of costume ——"

"Ah!" said Richard. "In a sort of costume."

"Yes. She'd been sent by the theater where she was—appearing ——"

"How appearing? Not in the chorus, dear mother!"

"No, thank Heaven! They won't have that to say about her, though of course they'll say it just the same. She had a leading part, I understand. A sort of special dancing part ——"

"Has she left the theater?"

"Oh, yes! I insisted on that, as soon as Charles told me he'd decided to marry her. And so far we've managed to keep it a secret. You understand, Richard, it's to be strictly a family secret for the present."

"So Charles mentioned in his letter. But why, particularly?"

"The reason's apparent enough, even to—Regina. Charles is very busy just now. Trying to arrange an international loan, you know. It's a tremendously important and delicate business. You wouldn't understand but there are several large banking groups—the Park, Loman group, for instance—that must be brought around. Unfortunately the newspapers have got hold if it, and there's been a good deal of publicity. Some Western senators have been talking in Washington and altogether it's a great burden on Charles. So naturally he doesn't want to have to face, at this time, the additional publicity that's bound to come with the announcement of his engagement."

"He's afraid it'll hurt him with the gang," said Richard.

"The gang!"

"Well, the group then. His banker friends."

"So it would," agreed Mrs. Ballantine readily. "They're all highly respected and respectable men," she added with spirit. "The first citizens of the country. I'm sure I don't know why you should refer to them as the gang."

"Oh," said Richard, smiling, "it was only a manner of speaking. I don't mean to belittle them, indeed I don't. But of course Regina would be a long way beyond their comprehension. That is, as Charles' wife."

His mother looked at him; and suddenly she exclaimed. "I don't understand it. I simply don't understand it! If it had been you, with your undisciplined ways ——"

"Undisciplined!" said Richard, stung by the word. "Is that fair? Just because I don't choose to stay ashore and sacrifice to the family idols ——"

"What a heathen notion! Oh, but we shan't quarrel, my dear boy. Not when you've just got home. By the way, had you a nice voyage? And what decided you to give up your summer cruise?"

"Another heathen notion," answered Richard with a grin. "I wanted to see whether it was possible for a dancing girl to breathe the air of Ballanton."

"Ah, precisely," remarked his mother. "Precisely what I meant about you. You're impulsive beyond words. Once you get an idea into your head, you must act. You never stop to deliberate —"

Richard thought "I'm in for a lecture!" and was searching for some means of escape when a manservant came into the room and announced that Mr. Charles had telephoned to say he would not be home for dinner. A matter of business, it seemed, was detaining him in town.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Ballantine, and clicked her tongue. Turning to Richard she said "The loan!" and then fell silent, as though this portentous statement explained everything.

Richard took advantage of his opportunity.

"Must go up and dress," he muttered, and excusing himself went quickly out of the room. All his life, he remembered, he had been moved to flee from his mother's presence. It was a queer thing, and rather painful. He felt suddenly depressed as he climbed the stairs.

In the upper hall he met Aunt Alexandra coming out of the guest room, which was in the same wing as his own. That sentimental lady was in one of her ecstatic moods.

"Oh, but she's beautiful, that Regina! You should see her, Richard. No, no, of course I don't mean—though as far as that goes, it seems almost a sin to hide anything so lovely. So very lovely! Like a statue—quite perfect! Such a sweet young body—and such legs ——"

"Alexandra!" said Richard, mimicking his mother.

(Continued on Page 59)

"Regina! How Do You—Happen to be—Here?"

STARRING STUPE

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

JUST piloting a ball team on an overnight rattler jump is tough enough for a lad that's expected, among a gross of other cushy chores, to split seven lower berths sixteen ways and to keep high-grass rookies from trying to sleep in Mrs. Pullman's clothes hammocks; so you can easily imagine the grand and glorious grief of toting a bevy of bat swingers across the big drink.

If Old Man Cook had started his tours with the bunch I had in tow, including Stupe Gilligan, he'd have gone down in the histories, not as the inventor of international rubbernecking, but as the bird that hatched the slogan, Stay Home, Young Man, and Grow Up With the Mortgages. To look at Stupe was to think pleasantly of mayhem; to hear him talk was to make merry over manslaughter. Even without Gilligan the junket wouldn't have been a bed of roses; with him it was a cradle of thorns parked out in a rainstorm.

At that, though, I guess Bull Grogan thought he was doing the sweet and pretty by me when he hung that world trip around my neck with the side dish of Gilligan tripe.

"Jim," remarks the manager of the Sox to me after we'd staggered through the regular league schedule, "between scouting and sitting in for me part of the season, you've been hustling high and hefty this summer and I got a reward for you."

"Curse these constant raises!" I kids. "Will nobody save me ——"

"Say no more," cuts in Bull. "You're saved, but what I'm going to hand you makes a boost in salary look like a zero without any playmates from one to nine. You're going around the world free, grateful and for nothing."

"On and with who?" I inquires.

"You're taking a ball team with you," explains Grogan, "and you play in Honolulu, Sydney, Shanghai, and so forth."

"The whole Blue Sox layout going along?" I asks.

"No," returns the chief. "It's going to be called the Blue Sox tour on account of our crowd framing the hike and putting up the piasters, but we're getting some journeymen from other teams in the league. You're the manager."

"How'd you happen to scratch yourself?" I demands suspiciously.

"I'm not well enough," comes back Bull; "and, besides, I took that gang to England a couple of years ago."

"The first excuse," says I, "passes mustard, but the second sounds kind of hollow and tinny when you throw it on the counter. What was the matter with the tour that you don't want to make it again?"

"Nothing," yelps Grogan. "Can't I slip you a gift hearse without having you look for the sterling mark on the handles? I figured you'd get a rest, see the world and also carry a message of good will ——"

"A whosit?" I interrupts. "A message of whiches?"

"The boss," returns Bull, "like you maybe knows, is a bug on this hands-across-the-sea hurrah and the rest of the you-scratch-me-and-I'll-scratch-you stuff that's expected to make a tramp out of war and peace a habit instead of a holiday. He's got the idea that sending ball teams to other countries is a grand move toward making the lion and the lamb lie down together."

"They do now," I wheezes, "but the lion's the only one that gets up. Don't we play any baseball?"

"Sure," returns Grogan. "That's all you do do. They've got some good nines in a few of those foreign places, especially Japan, and where they haven't any you can use your tossers in an exhibition game. You haven't any objections to leaving behind a good impression of America on the side, have you?"

"No," I returns, "but I can picture the cuddly notion of the U. S. A. a crowd of banzais are going to get watching Fathead McCoogan or Spikes Miller heaving a bat at the ump or telling him that his mother's a lop-eyed crook."

"In the first place," says Bull, "Miller and McCoogan aren't going along. We've picked a decent bunch and——"

"Who's in the line-up?" I cuts in. Grogan rattles off a list of names, about twenty of 'em, including six of the Sox.

"And," he finishes in a kind of mumble, "Gilligan, of the Lizards."

"Stupe Gilligan?" I gasps.

"Yes," returns the chief, shamefaced. "I know he's stuffed with excelsior between the ears, but he got to the boss some way and hooked himself to the kite."

"Well," I snaps, "you'd better drop him if you want me to fly it. I'm willing to be responsible for the table manners of a backward anteater, or even sleep in the scuppers with a brace of dogs featuring rabies, but I draw the line on Stupe. The trip's all wet if he goes. That puncture'd be telling the captain how to run the ship and the McAdoo how to rule Japan five minutes after he got a squint at 'em."

I speaks with feeling and experience about Gilligan. That calliope-mouthed minus was with the Blue Sox one season when I was pinch-hitting for Grogan, and how I suffered! Before the summer was over I was being mistaken for my grandfather and getting circulars from every sanitarium in the country.

Gilligan's front name was Joe, but at least eighty-seven people had independently christened him Stupid, a good part of them just from looking at his picture. There was nothing he knew anything about, but there wasn't a subject from the birthrate of triplets in Hohokus, New Jersey, to the output of left-handed widgets in Siloam Springs, Arkansas, that he couldn't put up an argument over. He was just as good on one side of a debate as the other, not having the usual handicap of knowing something even distantly related by marriage to the discussion.

On account of the fact that his mind never wandered, having no place to go, Stupe was a pretty fair hitter, and that's why he weighted down the Sox pay roll until I took Bull by the horns and put it to him cold that he'd either have to trade Gilligan or lose my trade. Grogan's judgment was good and he picked me. Sluggers are common, but scouts are born, not made—can you imagine a guy making himself one of those things?

"Chief," says I after a spell of glum silence, "you'd better get another nurse to take your tots touring."

"Come on," urges Grogan, "smile for mamma and show your little toofums. The rest of the gang that's going along's all right, isn't it?"

"Fair," I admits.

"Well," goes on Bull, "you can stand for one quince among two dozen eating apples, can't you? It'll be a trip you'll remember, Jim."

"I got a hunch it will," says I. "I'm looking back on it even before I start."

"Just think," continues Grogan. "You'll see the beautiful bathing gals on the beach at Waikiki in their zero-piece bathing suits, you'll ride in those Japanese gin rickeys with a snappy geisha gimme, you'll ——"

"Tell it to the Marines!" I barks. "I'm too old to enlist."

II

GILLIGAN doesn't join the party till we gets to San Francisco, so there were five or six days of the world tour that I can't blame for my white hair and stoop shoulders. But we're no sooner through the Golden Gate than Stupe begins stirring his stuff and spilling it all over me.

"You got to change that room of mine," says he to me.

"What's the matter?" I inquires, sarcastic. "The riveting machine on the building next door keeping you awake?"

"Building?" puzzles Gilligan.

"Yes," I tells him, short. "The annex they're putting on the Bon Ton Store at Sapulpa, Oklahoma."

"I don't know nothing about that," says Stupe, "but Harris' room is bigger than mine and Gilroy's is right on the main floor."

"Why shouldn't they be?" I snaps.

"Didn't I bat .267 against Harris' .259 last season?" howls Gilligan. "Didn't I outfield Gilroy by .086?"

"You maybe did," I returns, "but we didn't lay out the flops on this scow according to the box-score returns. It was done alphabetical."

"But G is ahead of H, isn't it?" demands Stupe.

"How much," I growls, reaching for my pocket, "are you willing to bet on that?"

"Nothing," says Gilligan after some of his substitute for thought. "It's a long time since I left school and ——"

"Thirty-one years is a longish stretch," I agrees.

"What are you talking about?" scowls Stupe. "I'm not thirty yet."

"I know," says I, "but did you happen to notice how much closer you were to the starboard scuppers than Harris or Gilroy?"

"No," admits Gilligan. "Is that supposed to be a treat?"

"A treat!" I gasps. "It's the ox's spats when it comes to accommodations. I don't mind slipping you the info that I had to pay extra to land 'em for you. They wanted to give that stateroom to the King of Australia's master of the hunt, but when I told 'em who I wanted it for, well, you should have seen the purser turn pale.

"'Master of the hunt, eh?' says I. 'The baby I'm talking for is master of the bunt.'"

"I'll say I am," protests Stupe.

"I understand," I goes on, "that the royal family is still trying to pull that cabin out from under you. It's sure fierce the way they'll fight to get near the starboard scuppers."

"What's so good about them?" inquires Gilligan.

"They Don't Hardly Give You a Thing to Eat on This Raft," He Kicks

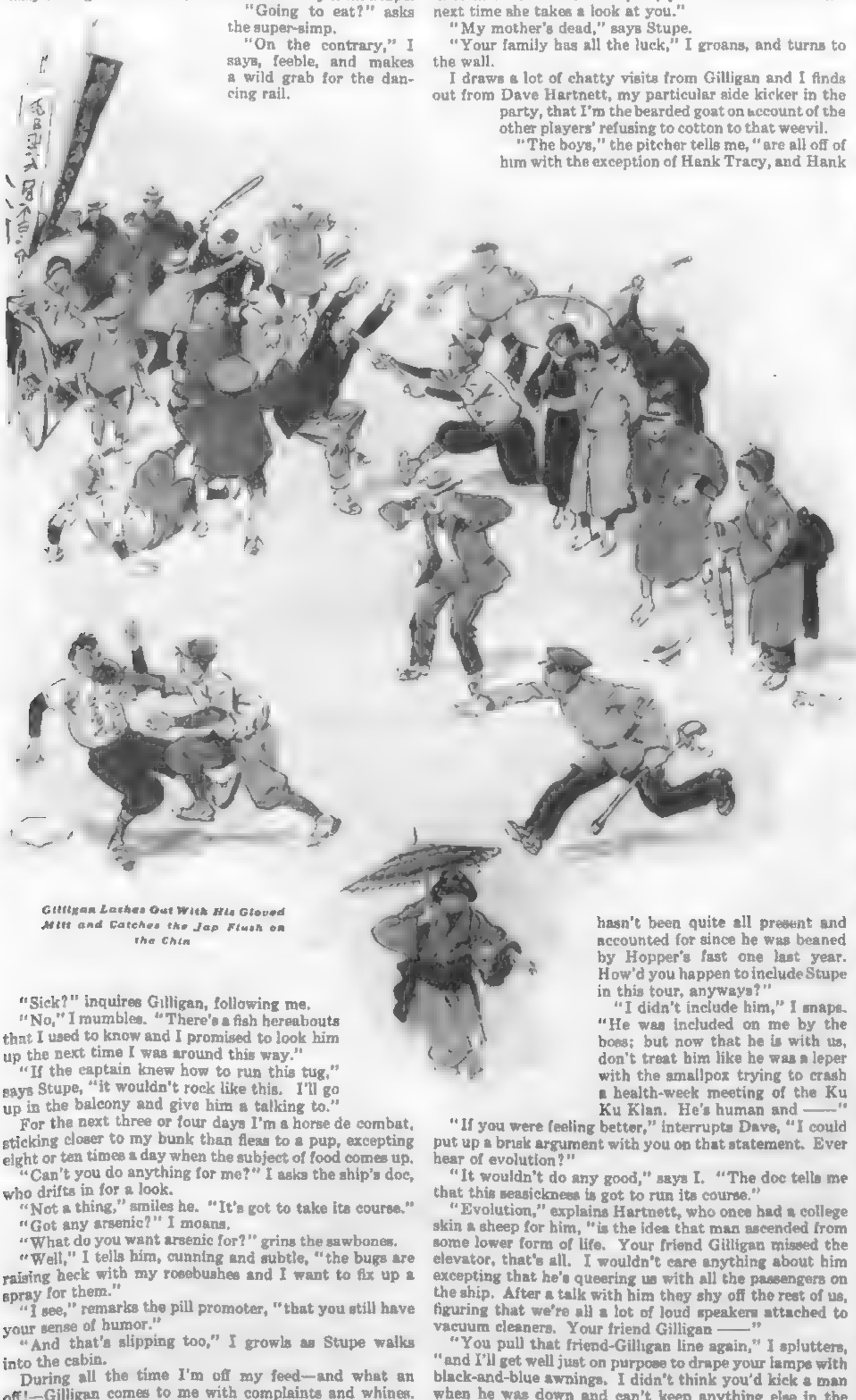
"You'll see for yourself," I whispers, "when you get down to where it's hot and the scuppers get filled up with bilge water. Harris'd trade you in a minute if you'd rather have his quarters."

"Not me he won't trade!" yelps Stupe. "I wouldn't have that dog pen of his on a bet; nor Gilroy's. I'd like to see those bozos try to get me away from those scuppers!"

On account of Gilligan's conversation or the up-she-goes-down-she-goes motion of the boat, I suddenly gets a dizzy feeling in the tummy and wabbles away from Stupe.

"Going to eat?" asks the super-simp.

"On the contrary," I says, feeble, and makes a wild grab for the dancing rail.



Gilligan Lashes Out With His Gloved Mitt and Catches the Jap Flush on the Chin

"Sick?" inquires Gilligan, following me.

"No," I mumbles. "There's a fish hereabouts that I used to know and I promised to look him up the next time I was around this way."

"If the captain knew how to run this tug," says Stupe, "it wouldn't rock like this. I'll go up in the balcony and give him a talking to."

For the next three or four days I'm a horse de combat, sticking closer to my bunk than fleas to a pup, excepting eight or ten times a day when the subject of food comes up.

"Can't you do anything for me?" I asks the ship's doc, who drifts in for a look.

"Not a thing," smiles he. "It's got to take its course."

"Got any arsenic?" I moans.

"What do you want arsenic for?" grins the sawbones.

"Well," I tells him, cunning and subtle, "the bugs are raising heck with my rosebushes and I want to fix up a spray for them."

"I see," remarks the pill promoter, "that you still have your sense of humor."

"And that's slipping too," I growls as Stupe walks into the cabin.

During all the time I'm off my feed—and what an off!—Gilligan comes to me with complaints and whines. The flathead's not a bit under the weather—his brains not having enough power to notify his stomach that it's on the ocean—and he can't understand my lack of interest in his merry mélange about menus. The first night I'm on the frits he drops in with a howl about the meals.

"They don't hardly give you a thing to eat on this raft," he kicks. "All I got for dinner was a steak, a platter of potatoes and some other vegetables and a half a pie. How's a growing lad going to live on that canary fodder?"

"You'd be surprised," I chokes, "on how little a bimbo can get by. How much you think I'm eating?"

"You missed dinner, didn't you?" comes back Gilligan.

"Missed nothing!" I shouts. "I didn't even aim at it. Listen, vacuum, if you mention vittles to me again, or drift in here with a toothpick, your mother'll faint the next time she takes a look at you."

"My mother's dead," says Stupe.

"Your family has all the luck," I groans, and turns to the wall.

I draws a lot of chatty visits from Gilligan and I finds out from Dave Hartnett, my particular side kicker in the party, that I'm the bearded goat on account of the other players' refusing to cotton to that weevil.

"The boys," the pitcher tells me, "are all off of him with the exception of Hank Tracy, and Hank hasn't been quite all present and accounted for since he was beaned by Hopper's fast one last year. How'd you happen to include Stupe in this tour, anyways?"

"I didn't include him," I snaps. "He was included on me by the boss; but now that he is with us, don't treat him like he was a leper with the smallpox trying to crash a health-week meeting of the Ku Ku Klan. He's human and ——"

"If you were feeling better," interrupts Dave, "I could put up a brisk argument with you on that statement. Ever hear of evolution?"

"It wouldn't do any good," says I. "The doc tells me that this seasickness is got to run its course."

"Evolution," explains Hartnett, who once had a college skin a sheep for him, "is the idea that man ascended from some lower form of life. Your friend Gilligan missed the elevator, that's all. I wouldn't care anything about him excepting that he's queering us with all the passengers on the ship. After a talk with him they shy off the rest of us, figuring that we're all a lot of loud speakers attached to vacuum cleaners. Your friend Gilligan ——"

"You pull that friend-Gilligan line again," I splutters, "and I'll get well just on purpose to drape your lamps with black-and-blue awnings. I didn't think you'd kick a man when he was down and can't keep anything else in the same position."

"Cheer up," says Dave. "We'll be in Honolulu in the morning."

"Hear that, stomach!" I exclaims. "We hit terra cotta tomorrow." And I feels so good over the notion that I climbs out of the bunk and goes on deck with Hartnett. Stupe's the first one of our crowd to pipe me.

"Me and Hank Tracy been having an argument," says he, "and we agreed to put it up to you."

"The first mate's perfectly right," I decides, curt.

"The first mate!" gurgles Gilligan. "He wasn't in on it. What ——"

"He's got the authority," I cuts in sharp, "to make the cabin boy stop whistling on Sunday morning, hasn't he?" With which I takes Dave by the arm and walks away.

"I thought," grins Hartnett, "you wanted us to treat Stupe like a human being?"

"I'm not sure enough of these sea dogs of mine yet," I returns, "to listen to any Gilligansia. Can you imagine the heft of an argument between him and Tracy? Must of been about whether the ocean was wetter yesterday or tomorrow."

"Probably wasn't an argument at all," suggests Dave. "The chances are it was merely an exchange of a lack of ideas."

Just about this time a jane I'd shared a rail with on the first day out comes up to us.

"We're giving an entertainment this evening," says she, "for the benefit of the Sailors' Home. Is there anybody in your party that can do anything—sing or dance or play? How about yourself?"

"Lady," I answers, "there's nothing I wouldn't do for the Sailors' Home, because, sister, there's nobody more hipped on home than the waif of the sea you see before you now; but I can't dance on an empty stomach—even my own."

"Can you do anything?" she asks Hartnett.

"I play a fair game of stud," replies Dave modestly; "but there is a fellow in our crowd who can make Pavlowa look like a truck caught in a bog, McCormack sound like a fishwife with laryngitis, and Paderewski ——"

"Who's that?" the talent scout cuts in on him eagerly.

"J. Stupe Gilligan," answers the pitcher, and calls him over.

"Our greatest need," says the old gal, "is for an accompanist. Will you oblige?" she asks Stupe.

"Sure," he comes back prompt.

"I didn't know you played the piano," I remarks.

"I never have," says Gilligan, "but I've seen a lot a guys doing it."

III

WE MUST have hit Honolulu the wrong season of the year. Instead of brown chicks strumming on ukes and doing a St. Vitus in grass undies, the only women I saw down by the beach were either dumping coal into ships' bunkers, selling Rahway, New Jersey, curios to folks from Rahway, New Jersey, or toeing out clams in the shallows. The scenery is pretty snappy, but just misses by an eyelash being snappy enough to make up for seven days of muffed meals and the society of Stupe.

"Where's that volcano they were telling us about?" he inquires.

"There," says I, pointing.

"I don't see it doing any volcano-ing," complains Gilligan.

"This is Monday," explains Hartnett. "Did you ever hear of an earthquake or a cyclone or any other upheavals of Nature on a Monday?"

"Don't they ever happen on Mondays?" asks Stupe, serious

"Never," Dave assures him, solemn. "Why do you think the women folks picked Monday for wash day? You don't imagine they would have if there was a chance of the clothes all getting spotted up with lava or pulled off the line by a hurricane, do you?"

"I never thought of that," says Gilligan.

We have only one game scheduled in Hawaii, a set-to with a team from the army post. Figuring on giving the soldiers a chance to make a good showing, I sends our weakest lineup against them. That spots Stupe on second base.

Gilligan never was such a much as an infielder, but this day he was an untamed sieve. Balls hit in his direction went zinging through his lunch hooks, just stopping long enough to thumb their noses at him, and

(Continued on Page 115)

I Toss Gilligan, and What a Fine Mess of Raw Meat He Turns Out to Be!

WOOF-WOOF!

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I Examined a Twisted Rod at the Front End of the Roadster and Found We Could Proceed

WITH one notable exception, I regard persons who play golf as a tribe of harmless lunatics, who, if there was no such game as golf, would probably waste their Saturdays and Sundays playing at tennis, that being the only game which for sublime futility surpasses golf

The exception is Miss Roberta Bensonby Symonds, formerly of Boston and now of Westchester County—the first stone house after you turn up the road leading to the Fenwold Country Club, which, it scarcely need be added here, is a golf course and a clubhouse for golf unfortunates, with the usual brick fireplace containing a section of tree and pictures of English gentlemen playing the game in the year 1531, all of them apparently at the point of apoplexy.

Since three years ago last Christmas afternoon I have had a profound admiration for Roberta Symonds and have often told her so, in spite of the fact that she shoots a smart eighty-five over the Fenwold course and would rather talk about jiggers and mashies than H. G. Wells and the new trio that seems to be coming to the fore in England.

A man talking golf is admittedly a pest, but a woman talking golf is an anachronism that approaches the point of complete absurdity. On the other hand, Roberta is almost as pretty as the girl pictures in the silk-hosiery advertisements, and generally wears an orange sweater with blue tassels. They insist at Fenwold that she outranks all the other ladies and will probably win the Westchester Cup for 1926.

The greens committee said that her form is absolutely perfect, which seemed to astonish the members, though I could have told them as much at any time. I would admire Roberta even if her form was not perfect, because, leaving her golf aside, she has a good mind, and in time can be directed into normal and useful occupations.

Personally I do not play games, having long held the fixed notion that games are rubbish, and that when a man is not occupied in gainful or worthy endeavor he should sit down in a comfortable plush chair and not worry the body God gave him into premature dissolution. I went into the book business seven years ago because it is a quiet business, and I prefer quiet.

Consequently I do not fit into the scheme of life in Westchester County, where I now reside, surrounded by golf courses; encompassed, as you might say, by thousands of old golf courses and hundreds of new ones, annoyed constantly by millions of golfers with bowlegs and atrocious taste in raiment, and by hundreds of millions of dirty-faced caddies who have no respect for an American citizen unless he wears baggy pants and drives a sedan. It has been calculated that we have one caddie in Westchester County for every fish egg in Russia, and a fish egg will not annoy a person unless attacked.

Automobiles tearing furiously toward golf links run me down at intervals, and knickered maniacs wave their niblicks at me and demand to know what I mean by stopping traffic, my own car being such a small roadster that it could not possibly interfere with traffic. It is painted a dull green and looks so much like the surrounding scenery that ordinary sane people never notice it.

Wherever you turn, frenzied men are to be seen hurrying forward to their stymies. There is a fixed glare in the eye of the habitual golfer that should be called to the attention of the authorities, and if I were President Coolidge I should certainly worry over the future of the United States. Two hundred new golf courses were started within the past year, and it affects my business, because golf players do not purchase books, unless it happens to be How to Keep Your Head Down, by Niblick, or How Not to Look Up, by Driver.

To be sure, living in Westchester has a good side, because it was there I met Roberta, wearing her orange sweater, and asked her to marry me, indicating that my Booke Shoppe was doing nicely and would do better. We talked it over in considerable detail

"Will you?" I inquired, meaning marry me.

"No, Leander," she replied, smiling in her usual pleasant way.

"Why?"

"Because you're so small and helpless," she said.

The physical fact was and remains true; but Roberta laughed during our talk, and my theory is that if a girl smiles when she formally declares she will not marry you, the thing to do is to hang about and badger her with questions. I did so, until it began to seem useless.

"Of course," I said sharply on another occasion, "if you're getting your husbands in by the hundredweight, that's another matter."

"You should never marry, Leander," she replied.

"I never will," I said, and I meant it.

Roberta is probably the only genuinely pretty woman that ever played golf in Westchester County. There may be lady golfers in Florida or California who smite the eye happily; but out our way the female divot diggers are invariably stern and rockbound.

I am forced to except Roberta Symonds, because even when she is clad in her golfing armor, she remains a delightful spectacle, a ray of sunshine in an otherwise gloomy world, and the male members of Fenwold go to all sorts of silly lengths to win her casual attention.

The two golfing males who have been fluttering about her most diligently for the past year are John Stevenson and Lloyd Jarvis Tripp, both members of Fenwold and likewise of the great American leisure class that has offices but never does any real toil. The Stevensons make elevators for apartment buildings, and Lloyd Tripp's hard-working father owns a factory in Newark, New Jersey, with branches in five cities. Both parents are now striving desperately to pass the ten-million mark, or maybe it's five; but neither son is striving at anything, except to keep in the early eighties, with a seventy-six now and then. The demands upon their time are so infinitesimal that they can and do devote themselves exclusively to

A Careless Workman Had Left a Lawn Roller

playing golf and winning the hand of Roberta Symonds; and despite the fact that I once was in the race myself, or thought I was, they come to me with confidences and seek encouragement. Each man has won Roberta twice within the last twelvemonth, but not quite to the point of a church wedding with flowers and a news-reel man on the steps.

"Are you going to marry John?" I asked Roberta early this spring, sitting upon the lower porch of her house and feeling a trifle depressed.

"I don't know," she said. "One can never tell about the future."

"How about Lloyd?"

"He's a jolly dear," she answered, "and he shoots a mashie shot as well as Bobby Jones. Lloyd is a boy with a wonderful future and there are people who believe he may some day win the state amateur championship."

"That's lovely," I said. "What's it got to do with your marrying him?"

"You are talking about marriage," she laughed; "I'm not. If you're going into town, you can take me if you promise not to drive into a vegetable truck."

This was a slight reference to my ability with a motor car, which is nothing to boast about. I drive a car rather badly, but I do not worry over it any more than I would worry over inability to swallow swords.

Time proved to me that a beautiful golfing girl will never find much to interest her in a book salesman. She never shared my delight in cross-word puzzles, and eventually I left off asking Roberta to participate in my future and found considerable solace in the autobiographies of famous men who lived and died bachelors.

Now and then, but without sentimental eruptions, I had tea with her on the veranda of the Fenwold clubhouse, and occasionally I walked a few holes with her when she played and found it rather pleasant to observe the businesslike dexterity with which she struck the ball.

Spring wore on into summer. Roberta Symonds won a tournament, one large useless cup and two thimble-size cuplets, and John Stevenson wandered into my front yard one evening to smoke a cigar in my rocker and discourse upon the illusory phantasmagoria popularly known as life.

"Lloyd Tripp makes me sick," he remarked, after a few practice swings.

I admitted that I had at times likewise noticed a vague illness in myself, due largely to Mr. Tripp's continued existence.

"His father has a factory in Tokio," John said moodily. "If it isn't Tokio, it's Yokohama, or else Nagasaki. Lloyd is utterly no good on earth to any human being, and he certainly ought to go over to Japan and settle down."

"Of course," I admitted. "Or anywhere else east of Suez."

"He's a handsome brute, isn't he?"

I agreed that Lloyd was handsomer than most men.

"That's why he ought to sail for Japan and get himself into some serious business."

"And grow up with the earthquakes," I said heartily. "Why is it you have suddenly taken this hatred of him?"

"Because as long as he continues to dawdle about here Roberta Symonds will not marry me—that's why."

"And if he goes to Japan to make rugs, she will?" I asked.

"Certainly," said John. "We've talked it over. I know how she feels toward me. It's that pest of a Lloyd. . . . Roberta's a lovely soul, isn't she?"

"She has nice eyes," I admitted. "And how she can bang into a brassy shot. Marvelous!"

"So," John continued, reverting to his cheerless tone, "I'm going to play him for it."

"For what?"

"To see whether he goes to Japan—I think it's Tokio—or whether I banish myself to London. We've got a plant in London."

"Not England?" I asked, brightening up.

"Certainly."

"It's an excellent idea," I said. "Roberta tells me you and Lloyd are evenly matched. It's a marvelous notion. I suppose if it turns out a tie, you both go."

"It can't be a tie. However, you wouldn't know that. I hit a longer ball off the tee, but Lloyd's iron game is steadier. If I'm going right I'll trim him; but it's a certainty that his pitch shots are surer than mine."

"Then," I said, with sudden enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which I had never previously felt for any part of the silly game, "Lloyd ought to give you two woofs."

John had been querulously flicking the tip of his shoe with his stick and staring off into the woodland opposite my house. He now turned and faced me directly.

"Two what?" he asked.

"Woofs," I repeated. He looked dazed and stopped flicking. "Is it possible," I continued, "that you do not recognize a woof when a woof is mentioned? The woof story is a locker-room yarn first told in Scotland in the year 1645 by a man named Jock to another man named Sandy. It is one of the oldest tales in the lore of golf."

John shook his head.

"You should be up on the literature of your pastime," I said. "Why play a game unless you know about it?"

"All right," he said impatiently. "He gives me two woofs. What are they?"

"You then have, if Lloyd will agree to give them, two vocal explosions indiscriminately called woofs, wows, boos, haws, hos, and so forth. You merely step close to Lloyd at any time during the affray and shout 'Woof!' as loudly as you can. Naturally, it upsets him, he misses whatever shot he is trying to make and you gain an advantage. If he agrees you take the first woof on the first tee, as he drives off."

"And the second one?" John asked, looking a bit interested.

"You never take that one," I replied. "The psychology of the stratagem is to refrain from using it. Your opponent is constantly expecting it. As the game continues he falls an easy prey to various nervous disorders and his self-control is shattered, making it simple for you to defeat him. . . . And you never heard of a woof! A fine golfer you are!"

"It sounds interesting," said John. "I wonder if Lloyd has heard about it."

"Probably not. You have to be in the book business to know about golf."

He left my house in a much brighter mood and seemed to be chuckling as he passed down the walk. Three days later I escorted Roberta to Fenwold, where she had a match with a well-known woman star from Santa Barbara. Her own car being broken down, she telephoned over to see if I would drive her out to the club, which I was glad to do. On the way she was rather silent, except for a few words when I happened to touch a stone wall with the right fender.

"I hear you're going to marry John Stevenson," I said, as we passed Idlewild Cemetery, uttering the remark merely to make conversation.

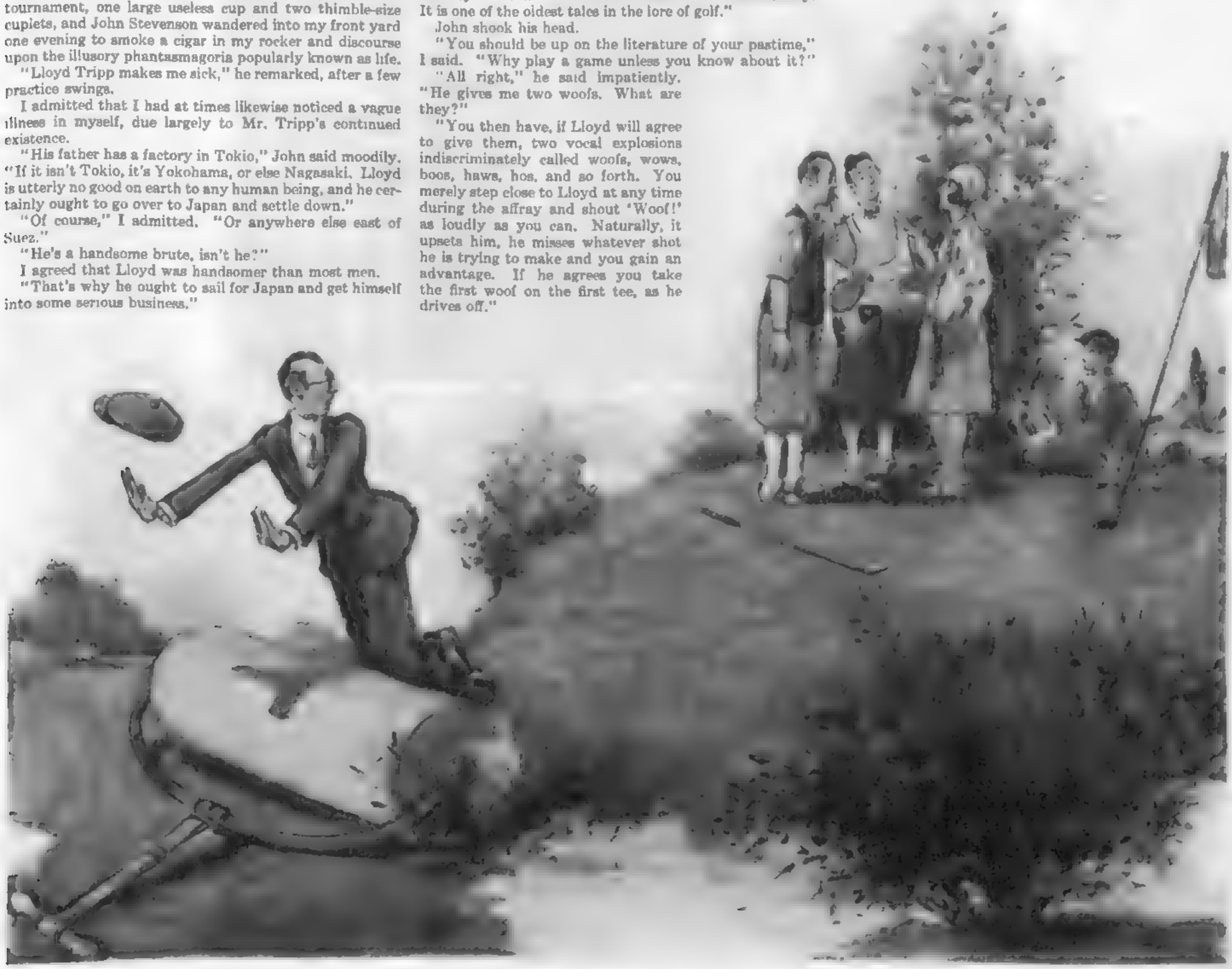
"You didn't hear anything of the sort," rejoined Roberta, "unless John himself volunteered, in which case it would be opinion rather than news."

"Then you're not going to marry him?"

"Perhaps I am. He is one of the most amiable men I know, and he surely would make a dependable husband. There—there you are. . . . Leave it to you."

The last few words had to do with a slight ditch into which one of the wheels strayed, jerking us about without damage. You could scarcely call it a ditch, and I ran into it simply because I was paying close attention to what the girl

(Continued on Page 183)



Directly Between Me and the Clubhouse, and What With Overhearing Roberta Speak and Trying to Turn My Head Quickly, I Naturally Fell Over the Roller

COUSIN JANE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

X

JANE always dated her growing old from a day when she had been working in that garden. It was so long afterward that the work had been shorn of all ingratiating disguise; the early childish pretense that she was playing a game in which she could brilliantly surpass Marcy Tedmon or make herself believe that the growing things were her children to be tended and made fat, and entertained the while with tales of the good time they would have in the great warm cellar so soon to house them from winter.

On this day she could hardly have recalled Seth Hacker's first warm approvals after Sarah's truancy, his stout reiterations that this garden had become a different garden since the night that trifling town-looker split the wind. Long years since, Seth had quit muttering about the truant. Jane on this day straightened a moment to rest from her stooping posture above an onion bed of promise, her mind placidly aware of nothing but that the ache in her back would quickly go.

Beyond that, she was conscious only of silence and warmth, an immense soothing peace that brooded all about her, patterned lightly by aimless bird notes from the orchard, the languid, heavy drone of a hovering bumblebee and the scent of blossoms, of turned earth, of green stalks lately watered that the sun already stewed—scents that seemed to loaf toward her, unhurried and uninsistent. She floated restfully on this.

"Ho! You are Too! If You're Not My Girl, What Did You Kiss Me For?"

Then from no cause outside, where nothing changed, she was caught in a startled wonder, as if the firm floor of the garden bed had become a quicksand. She stiffened under the shock, flexing all her body against a menace of something there close, but unseen.

"Why—why!" she breathed; a weak, dismayed admission of this fear that so absurdly flooded her.

The sound of her own voice steadied her, lifted her outside herself, safe once more, it seemed. There she was, standing securely in a garden all too familiar, among prosaic known things. She stooped to pluck a reassuring weed from the bed, shook the earth from its roots and dropped it on a pile of its fellows, already withered; reached for another, to prove to herself that nothing had happened.

But something had, and again she voiced her weak little "Why—why!" of acknowledgment. Pulling more weeds didn't wipe the thing out.

Yet to her higher sense, there was nothing to frighten. There couldn't be. Nothing had changed, from the staunch earth to the birds above it in the orchard and the great sleepy drone of the bee that circled her. The barn slept in the sun as always, giving off its smell of scorched wood; and further on she could see the kitchen entrance, with its screen door held back by a metal pail, because Chong wouldn't be bothered to open and shut it. Climbing a trellis beyond this was the bush of white roses, "Blossoming its fool head off," as Seth Hacker each spring remarked. She was still startled, but now she was more abashed than afraid, as if she were being observed by hidden eyes, inscrutable eyes that perhaps didn't threaten, but were yet disconcerting.

Casually, she pulled several weeds as a testimony that things were the same, then walked from the spot where she had suffered this curious agitation. But the thing dogged her so meaningly that when she reached the shade of the barn she sank to a bench, stiffly bracing her back against the warmed wall, letting her hands rest beside her on the seat, drawing her feet well back. There was a trace of primness in the posture, and she consciously felt prim, for the hidden eyes not only continued to peer but their effect was now reënforced by what she at last had to admit were voices. It seemed absurd; she clearly knew it was absurd and she stoutly tried to banish it with denials. There were voices, hushed voices, sometimes mere whispers; but they were lively, communicative whispers, furtively telling secrets about her.

The voices were not unfriendly, any more than the eyes had been—though not friendly, either. The assault was without passion or even prejudice. It seemed to her she was only of a passing interest to the eyes and voices. And she couldn't really hear anything. When she consciously listened, head tilted, ears straining, there were only the sounds she had known before. But when she stopped this the voices were there. So she couldn't hear them—only feel them. Even so, she felt their tones, their inflections. The words were never distinguishable, but she could feel their intention. She was being peered at and discussed by things mildly curious about her.

She shivered and left the bench, finding relief in the first shaft of sun that reached her. She stood bathing a moment in this, then began a hesitating pace toward the house, her steps uncertain and of uneven length. Halfway there, close by the vaulting white roses, she lost that dismaying sense of pursuit. There were no more eyes or felt voices in whispered dispassionate comment. Her mind cleared and she found in it a flashing realization that everything about her had in a few seconds grown very old—aged past belief.

She was still agitated, even if the eyes and voices had definitely gone, because a tremendous thing had genuinely happened; this thing was that all the life about her had suddenly gone so old that it seemed beyond even time itself. Everything had aged; the earth she worked in, the barn she rested by, the rosebush so lush with deceiving blooms; even the house she was now studying. She had, to be sure, always thought of this as an old house; but now it had taken on, in a second, the vast load of all time.

"Why—why!" she breathed again, half comprehending, still lost in wonder. "Everything is so old, old, old; and only a few minutes ago it wasn't. Everything's old and everyone's old."

Suddenly she laughed, low, to herself. To be sure, it was funny, she thought; a funny thing to learn in a flash like that. "Everything's old, everyone's old——" Chong came pattering from the kitchen door in his slippers, regarded her with sun-dimmed eyes a moment, turned for a mop that stood up-ended beside the door and pattered in again. And Chong himself had grown very old along with everything else in those revealing moments. He was bent and moved feebly, his eyes deep in a time-creased mask that seemed to have been too loosely molded. Yet an hour ago she had seen him and he had been the accustomed Chong, noticeably without age.

She felt moved to call to him, "How could you change so?" and she wanted to plead, "Oh, change back, change back!"

Her eyes left the kitchen door, wandered uneasily up the side of the house, stopping abruptly at the high-peaked narrow gable with the two staring windows. The eyes were tight-closed under green lids now, shutting in what had been her room before she moved to the one Sarah left vacant—as she had moved into Sarah's apron. All at once she felt herself staring across some wide abysm of time profoundly deep and impassable and vague with distance. Slowly her vision mastered the clean details of that mean face winking with sour malice at a half-frightened little girl in a velvet jacket and bonnet with pink rosebuds, a plaid silk frock and glossy buttoned shoes!

"Why—why!" Again her low cry of helpless acknowledgment, of dismayed comprehension.

She stared at the child's troubled face and saw the coming of a brave pucker of pretended amusement to the brow. Never before had she seen this face from the outside. So cunning was the illusion, her half-shut eyes followed the uneasy little girl into a cavern of a hall, up a hostile stairway into a house forbiddingly silent. She was sharply aware of a longing to put out a hand to comfort and reassure that forlorn other self of hers.

It was only after she had followed her with a memory all too unerring until the child had survived those first perils of a seemingly deserted house, and come to a happy crisis where a shield of amusement needn't any longer be pretended, that Jane drew a full breath and awoke to what, she considered, must have been the meaning of all this queer inner tumult. And it was nothing much, certainly nothing to cause the sharp alarm she had felt.

"Why," she thought, "it means I've grown old myself—like the garden and barn and Chong and the rosebush. There I was thinking they'd grown old—and not me—and it wasn't so. I'm old too."

She continued to stand there, a little dazed, but no longer fearing anything; she began again to follow the child

through the house, sharply scanning every detail of her first little discoveries and adventures, all glowingly alight now when she would have thought them darkly overlaid with years. She watched her with the grown-ups, and especially watched her solitary, in the big parlor that first day; in the dejected library where picture albums lay dusty on a table, and in that glassed perch high over the house which she had made her own private nook.

She broke suddenly into a little confidential laugh. There had been a day when she mourned the loss of her crystal that made all the world a rainbow, searching the rooms for it, recalling barely that she had laid it down some place. Now, all at once, she knew where it was—out of sight, but within easy reach on a ledge in that unfinished cupola interior. She had been up there pretending she was an astronomer with a magic telescope. Again she laughed, wishing she could tell the bereft owner exactly where it had been left.

It was the face of that other self she chiefly studied, watching its shifting revealments of glee and doubt and wonder and wise comprehension. It was a face she had never actually seen, but merely known from looking out through its soft gray eyes.

"How funny!" she thought. "How old I am!" And she began to count the years. Of course she was old, but why should she have found it out only in this strange way—eyes, and whispers that you felt?

She went slowly into the house by the door she had first entered and stood listening a moment. From above, through the stair well, she could hear the timid steps of the child moving softly along over a thick carpet. She could hear a door creak as it opened. She smiled at this, knowing it to be nonsense; then went to the front of the house and halted in the doorway of the big parlor.

There was no change in this room—or in the eager face of the child she could see exploring it that first day of her coming. She saw the dress of brown striped gingham, the low brown tennis shoes, the pale hair in its long braid from which a half-tied pink satin ribbon limply dangled; very clearly she could observe the twitching of fingers that wanted to test the substance of things sacredly under glass.

She went to the table, instinctively softening her tread, and stared unbelievingly at the water lilies afloat on their mirror lake, then at the wax fruit in the porcelain basket on a little console table against the wall. Lilies and fruit were still pristine in their freshness.

"Funny," she thought again. "I must have believed I was like them—and now I'm as old as anyone."

An impulse born of this reflection took her to stand before the big mantel mirror. She could see herself there now, as she hadn't been able to the first day. And the face she saw confused her by reason of her having seen for so many eventful minutes that other face of her child self. Yet this was the face she had seen in the glass this morning, had been seeing for so many mornings of so many years. It was perfectly familiar, of course; it wouldn't have stayed changeless like the things of wax. It was a sign of her absorption that she left the mirror without replacing a fallen strand of hair.

"Funny, funny," she thought, and laughed softly at a poignant little memory that took her again to the basket of fruit. With fingers that were tremulous, she held up the bunch of perfect grapes and turned over a richly silver-and-scarlet pear reposing beneath it in fadeless youth. The underside of this magnificent fruit had been foully gouged—plainly by a too-curious thumb nail.

"Aren't you ashamed?" she rebuked. "And turning it underneath in that sneaky way so no one would notice!"

She went to stand before the music box, still brave in its gilt. A touch of the knob and the thin little waltz tinkled out, as young as any wax lilies. This invoked the long-forgotten image of dancing Sarah—but also the child watching her, wondering if she were a ghost sinking into a pool of light that lay widely about her skirts.

The music jarred a little, though she didn't know why. She made it break off midway of a bar, with an absurd likeness to a speaker ceasing abruptly after the glib beginning of a sentence. She looked out to the stairway and caught the flutter of a child's skirt as it vanished beyond the turn. She took the stairs herself, found herself lingering before the door of Marcy's room, vacant of its owner, and stepped idly in. There was his lightly poised Mercury with the cunningly winged heels. That hadn't aged, neither had the Psyche swooning with love, nor the sun-flecked cattle in a meadow glade.

But she—the little girl in the buttoned boots—the proud wearer of Sarah Tedmon's abandoned apron—age had foreclosed its mortgage on her before it seemed ever the time of youth was spent.

Her eyes rose to the skull, still leering from its perch, still smirking something choice to itself.

Yet before growing old, Jane had had, of course, to grow up. This took a great deal longer, at least in her own private system of chronology. In her imagined time scale childhood filled a day and growing old but an hour, whereas growing up had taken a full, long week interspersed with uncounted winters and summers that aligned themselves in a broad and easily discerned perspective, dotted with markers to show where an old stage had merged with a new.

Sarah had erected the first of these, to mark the completion of Jane's childhood. The process of growing up began with Sarah's flight. It continued to be an always understandable process, with but few perplexing mysteries, sudden jerks or confusing leaps or baffling confrontations that ensued all in a flash. There was nothing in it to dismay or even to fluster. But for the markers that towered here and there, the stages would have merged insensibly to the eye, so seemly and gradual the pace.

The first of these indicated the time when something again had to be done about Jane's dresses; something radical this time. As a makeshift, to bridge what might have been an embarrassing gap, there had been the few dresses Sarah left. For a time Jane enveloped her lengthening stature in these; but they were too few, and even these few in a state of disrepair that left much to be wished for, though they did present Jane as a grown young woman from every point of view—not from the front alone, as when she had donned merely the apron.

So Mrs. Slater—called in as a seamstress—became the next marker in Jane's retrospect. It was the beginning of an association that proved happy for both. Mrs. Slater wasn't a woman to be had for hire, being the wife of an eminent blacksmith and having a home she needn't have left for work abroad, one of those small but commodious white houses set bashfully back of a yard full of roses.

Jane was astonished to learn that Mrs. Slater came chiefly because she regarded this youngest of the Tedmons as a forlorn and uncared-for girl who needed the motherly counsel of a grown woman even more than she needed longer dresses. It gave Jane a new view of herself. She had never felt either forlorn or uncared-for; was unable even now to adopt this view of herself, though she kindly pretended to when she learned that Mrs. Slater presumed it; and the woman did, in the course of her labors, impart a great deal of sound information about the privileges, penalties and responsibilities of womanhood things Jane hadn't supposed to exist.

She was a very broad woman, Mrs. Slater; perhaps, as Jane considered, too broad for her height; but she had tiny

(Continued on Page 118)

She Stalked Past the Shop With a Rigid Disdain, Wondering If Gus Wouldn't See That He Was Being Scorned

SPANISH MEN'S REST

I Put Out My Left Hand and Caught Him by It, Giving the Knot Enough Twist to Make His Eyes Bulge

X

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE long twilight of the latish summer has in it, not the crisp steel-like atmosphere of autumn, but a haze, a mellowness. Though far off, one could think of October, the reddening apple, the browning nut. It was like a magic in Destiny Bay, as though here were the resting place of the earth spirit, breathing easily in its sleep. Back of the trees, the apple trees, the elms, the horse-chestnuts, and the flaming copper beeches, the smoke rose from the chimneys of our house in slender blue columns. The linnets were twittering their evensong, and the shrill exclaiming swallows in groups of five or six darted through the orchard. Over the ancient turf through the ancient trees walked a slim whiteness, a slim vital whiteness unknown to me, and that for a minute I took to be possibly some phantasm of the dead, some lady of the MacFarlanes come in the twilight to revisit the antique house of happiness; and lest something should be lacking to my kinswoman, I went forward, my heart going so fast that I knew I was afraid, and cursed myself for it, for there is nothing so discourteous toward the dead as fear. But it was no phantasm; it was most vital. There, in a frock of white muslin decorated with gold embroidery in the Swiss fashion, was the one we were accustomed to call Don Anthony.

I must have gaped, for with the change of clothes had come a change of face and spirit that was extraordinary. You would have thought that one who had seemed effeminate in a boy's garments would have looked boyish in a girl's. But no! There was a slim vitality like a birch tree's. That was all. Her hair, which I could see now was not red, but copper-colored like the copper beech, was a frame for her sweet grave face, her calm virginal gray eyes. One would not notice it was short, unless you saw the back of the slim strong neck. It might have been some cunning way of doing it. There was something proud and lovely about her, like a fine two-year-old in the saddling inclosure waiting to go to the tapes.

"Amn't I the fool of the world?" I said

"Yes, Kerry," she smiled.

"And who might you be?" I asked.

"I might be the Queen of Sheba, or Queen Victoria herself; but it happens that I'm Antonia Dorotea Sophia Eugenia Maria del Lamen de Leyva, Duchess of la Mentera and Countess of Monreal del Campo," she said. "If it please Your Honor!" And she curtsied.

"That's a lot, isn't it?"

"I'm usually called Ann-Dolly. I'd like you to call me that too, Kerry—Ann-Dolly."

"Look here," I said, "I don't get the hang of this at all. Are you sure you're a female woman?"

"Of course," she said. "I don't come up to the shape of your friend pretty Molly Brannigan, the barmaid's bust, and ——"

"That'll do," said I. "Listen. When you were a boy you told me you learned English at school in England. Now where are you?"

"I learned English at a convent—Roehampton, to be exact. Kerry, I do believe you think I'm some sort of adventuress. You think I'm lying."

"Well," I said, "I don't think you're an adventuress; but as to lying, didn't you come here in a boy's clothes and live here in a boy's clothes? If that's not lying," said I, "I don't know what is."

"Kerry dear," she said patiently, "when my grandfather, the old duke, took to wandering in his head and wandering in his feet, I had to come along with him; and when I tell you we were poor, you don't understand, for a poor person to you is a barefoot person with a shawl. But, Kerry, a shabby young woman can go as a young man with a day suit and a dinner coat, and stay at small hotels, and not have a lot of fuss and expense."

"I never thought of that."

"And perhaps that's not exactly the real reason, Kerry. But a lad in the world, defenseless and poor, can get through; but a girl is another matter. Also, if you are a penniless princess, you have more trouble than if you were a girl of the people, for every cheap wealthy man bothers you, and even your own people, your own caste, if you are pretty, have less mercy than on a *midinette*. Kerry, if I were in Spain or France, alone, and had changed from boy's into girl's clothes, and someone had come into the garden, as you have come, do you think they'd have asked me who I was—and called me a liar?"

"Why not?"

"Dear Kerry, you are wrong. They'd have called me beautiful and kissed my hand, and tried boldly to hold it, and overwhelmed me with sickly oversweet compliments. When you have a father and brothers, or money in the bank, it's very different."

"Well," said I, "you won't be overwhelmed with compliments here, though I suppose in your way, now that I come to look at you, you're quite good-looking."

"Quite good-looking! I'm the best-looking thing you've ever seen!"

"My girl," I told her, "if you're going to change your clothes, you'd better change your attitude. It doesn't strike me as being particularly ladylike. There's a lady I know, and if you'd model yourself a little on her ——"

My Uncle Valentine came down the garden.

"Well, Ann-Dolly?"

"I was just going to tell Kerry, sir ——"

"Tell him nothing," broke in my Uncle Valentine. "Tell him to go to hell!"

"That was what I was going to tell him, sir," said Ann-Dolly.

To me she was just a new lovely phenomenon like some April evening, the downy breast of spring. She was like a river singing among willows where kingfishers skim. She was there, and you thanked God she was, as you thanked God for a fine day, and then went on your way taking it

for granted. The queer thing to me was this: That it seemed as if she had been always in Destiny Bay, like the great copper beech tree, and the hierarchy of bees. Also it seemed as if she weren't to leave Destiny Bay, for my Uncle Valentine tossed me a bundle of papers from our solicitors, and I could see it dealt with the ducal estate.

"It comes to about a hundred pounds a year," I worked it out.

"There or thereabouts," said my Uncle Valentine.

"Sure she can't live on that," I said.

"No," said my Uncle Valentine. "Well, what are you going to do?"

"She'd better stay here."

"But how?" said my Uncle Valentine. "Can't you see, you poor mick, that it isn't fair to give her charity, and that she's too proud to take it? You'll have to regularize it."

"We'll give her a job of work."

"Grooming the horses, maybe," sneered my Uncle Valentine.

"No," said I, "grooming my Aunt Jenepher; not grooming—training—what the devil is the word? Companion—companion to my Aunt Jenepher."

My Uncle Valentine rose, as was his custom when profoundly moved. He shook hands silently with me. He slapped me on the back—something like being hit with a sledge hammer.

"My sweet fellow, Kerry! By damn, but my sound man!"

So Ann-Dolly was made happy in Destiny Bay. She felt she had a standing in the house, and worried no more about money. The sweet gravity of my Aunt Jenepher was set off by her merriment. To see her in the garden fighting with Duncan for flowers was a sight. Also you might come on her standing in the stable yard, her hands in the pockets of a shooting jacket, discussing the form of horses with James Carabine. At evening, though, she became once more the young princess out of Grimm's tales, soft auburn head and gray eyes of wonder. I couldn't find much fault with her now for singing "Believe me, if all ——" It isn't a song for a man, that; but it's a grand song for a woman, women being so optimistic.

I had wondered what Jenico would make of the metamorphosis; how he would act, what he would say. It's a funny thing, but I could always trust Cousin Jenico to be more gentlemanly than myself. When it comes to the studbook I can give Jenico a stone and beat him by five lengths in as many furlongs, for I am MacFarlane of Destiny Bay through and through. My mother was a De Vesci, and her mother a Beauford of Athy, whereas Jenico is a Grant; nice Scottish gentry, to be sure, but that's all. His mother was a MacFarlane out of O'Donnell, aboriginal Irish. I'm better bred, if there's anything in that; but Jenico, on occasions of ceremony, makes me look like the village gawk. Jenico is never rude, as I am. He is courteously aloof. Of course, Jenico is never genteel; but then he takes no pains to show he isn't, such as making a healthy racket in the feeding trough. We both do the right thing, I hope, but Jenico does it nicely.

So I was keen to see the finished courtesy, the man-of-the-worldliness Jenico would exhibit when introduced to Ann-Dolly. After all, to meet formally for the first time the young duchess, from whom, a few days before, you were urging to have the trousers removed, is a sporting event.

I settled down in a good ring-side seat.

He greeted her with a nice formality, said it must be a relief to assume her wonted attire—"wonted attire," I felt to be a good horse—and then he asked her if she thought the weather would hold.

She seemed just as awkward in meeting him as he in meeting her. A funny thing, but they looked at each other in a strained sort of way, and looked away from each other. And then Ann-Dolly, nearly white in the face, said she thought the weather would hold, and Jenico said he hoped so. And there the conversation languished.

All through the evening, when she was not looking at him he was looking at her; and when he was not looking at her she was looking at him. There was a dog beginning to be fashionable then; a dog called the Belgian police hound, that was neither Belgian nor police nor hound, but the German sheep dog, which is neither a good sheep dog, compared to ours, nor a good companion. Jenico hung on my words. I might have been the sibyl at Cumæ, from the attention he gave me. At last he went. In the hall, I found Ann-Dolly, her eyes bright with rage.

"Kerry," she said, "your Cousin Jenico's a damned fool"

"He's the world's greatest idiot, Ann-Dolly. Sure, the whole countryside knows that. Sure, you ought to have known that before. Didn't you read his books?"

"Kerry," she said, "when I called Jenico a fool ——"

"A damned fool you called him."

"Well, a damned fool then—I meant I was a bit sick of him. Just that."

"At times, Ann-Dolly, he nauseates me too."

"Kerry, you're a filthy brute. Good night."

XI

MY UNCLE Valentine, spick-and-span as a bridegroom, leaned across the breakfast table with concern upon his tanned brow. He held an imposing-looking banker's draft in his hand, a huge green check with black embossed lettering. But for what amount it was drawn I couldn't tell. Those things are deceptive. It might have been for tuppence.

"I wonder," said I to myself, with memories of the barnstormers in my mind, "if it's a thing that the old homestead's gone."

"The English," said my Uncle Valentine—"the English, Kerry, I regret to find, are an inconceivably drunken nation."

"I hadn't noticed, sir. I thought they were never particularly intemperate. Rather a sound crowd."

"That's the worst of it, Kerry. They are secret drinkers; a nation of secret drinkers. I have before me," said my Uncle Valentine, "a dividend check from Jenico's brewery. The profits on this investment are so large as to be immoral. The amount of beer that company brews and disposes of is incredible." My Uncle Valentine shook his head. "It's the end of the empire," said my Uncle Valentine.

"But why should it be drunk in England?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 159)

The Old Clock in the Hall Had Rumbled Out Eleven When the Door of the Gun Room Opened and Ann-Dolly Came In

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Time to Go Slow

REACHING from Far Rockaway to Florida and the Gulf, and thrusting fingers far into the Appalachians, a vigorous land boom is in full swing. Many varieties of property participate in the general ballyhoo. There are seashore parcels, sand lots by the ocean. Some are of the sort which stay where they were put; others yield to the pounding of the sea and are swept away by coastal currents to broaden other beaches.

Other land is fetching unheard-of prices, not so much on its own account as by reason of the climate which prevails in the air above it. Thousands of buyers who think they are speculating in land are in reality gambling on climate. They are betting that an increasing demand for mild winter temperatures and perpetual sunshine will make them rich, no matter where their exposures to the warm winter sun may lie.

In the northern country abandoned farms are being snapped up. City people plan to play with profit where country people farmed at a loss. The trade in modern villas is brisker than ever and some are as good as they are good-looking. Others will fall apart before this year's babies are ten years old. In the big cities the construction of apartment houses has gone on at such a furious rate that many localities are already overbuilt in respect to high-priced rooms, though the shortage of moderate-priced living accommodations is still acute in some cities.

Business and commercial properties are having their own special boom. Corner lots in central districts are soaring; and those who deal extensively in them study population figures and hazard fortunes on the belief that in years to come, years only a few decades away, the going values of today will be dwarfed into insignificance.

All these booms will have separate histories and they will differ among themselves as widely as the classes of property dealt in and the varying merits of the units in each class. Of one thing we may be certain: Great fortunes and small will be won and lost. Sometimes luck, sometimes judgment will apportion the winnings and the losings.

No common transaction is hedged about with more legal formalities than the transfer of real property; but it is not their end and aim to protect the fool from the consequences of his folly. Let the buyer beware, saith the law; but many a foolish buyer never exercises his wariness until he has given up his money. Men buy lots sight unseen, though there is nothing on the plan to indicate whether they are under water or merely in the heart of a swamp. They buy others which are veritable terra firma but are so remote from towns and railroads that they will have no value for half a century. Town properties are continually being sold at inflated prices which discount every probable favorable development. Much has been written about the bad boy of economics called Unearned Increment. Very little is said about his wicked brother, Shrinking Value; and yet, somewhere or other, the latter is always on the job.

Though caution should always temper speculation, there are times when its employment is peculiarly essential. The present phase of our national expansion is one of those periods. Too much care and circumspection cannot be used, whether in the purchase of real property or in outlay for securities of any except the most conservative type. The temptation to rush in and try to duplicate the profitable operations of others is sometimes almost irresistible. The most eager buyers are those who buy at the top of the market; who buy without careful inspection and deliberate investigation. This is a good time to look before you leap, lest you land in a swamp or among the debris of an exploded boom.

Beyond the Border

THERE is so much work to be done in the world, with such possibilities of its being well done, that no healthy-minded person should have time for pessimism. Consider the great land to the south of us. It has never lacked for the more enthusiastic type of friend who sees in each new administration a quick millennium. We, on this side of the border, can only hope that the statement is literally true that our neighbor to the south is at last emerging from its long eclipse, and more particularly from the deplorable conditions which followed its revolutionary period.

Signs are not lacking that such is the case. True, the way is long and hard to go. Democracy is not attained overnight, especially with a population the racial character of most of which makes Western education a slow process.

Every allowance should be made for the fact that social dregs from the States make possible the offensive drinking resorts along the border. Yet crossing the intangible line from one land to the other produces a profound impression. There is no question that on one side enterprise, initiative and enthusiasm for organized progress are less marked than on the other. The change is not climatic or geological. Yet the development on one side far exceeds that on the other. The differences are not inherent in the land itself. Mexico abounds in rich, fertile valleys, good harbors and untouched mineral resources.

Its people have been much maligned; we hear only of the outbreaks and raids, with hardly a word of the students sent to European universities, of the institutions founded to fight illiteracy. For a long period of time the people enjoyed few rights; they did not exercise those guaranteed to them. Nor was there any middle class. But these conditions have changed, or are fast changing, and the process of adjustment must take time.

Within a year one of the richest portions of Mexico, heretofore untapped by rails, will be connected with both the Mexican capital and with Arizona through the enterprise of an American railroad. This will be one of the earliest stages of opening up a thousand miles of country. There is much talk also of the new government's building highways, and within the past few months there has actually been opened a telephone exchange in the capital of the state, which is perhaps the most undeveloped of any in Mexico, but which is naturally rich.

A representative of the Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor of our southern neighbor stated at a recent foreign-trade convention at Seattle that within the tropical section of his country there is more land suitable for raising bananas than in all Central America and the West Indies combined, more lands for sugar cane than in Hawaii and Cuba put together, and equally large areas for pineapples and coffee. In the almost wholly undeveloped state of Baja California is an enormous area with soil and climate similar to those that have resulted in the intensive agricultural production of Southern California on this side of the border.

The markets do not need Mexico's vast potential production at the present time, and perhaps, fortunately, it will take many years to convert such potentialities into realities.

Yet one of the great adventures of the future, one of the most constructive of achievements in which the people of this country are sure to play a part, will be the development of Mexico; not its exploitation in grab-bag fashion, but the use of its resources in providing opportunities for its people, the education of those people and the establishment of such facilities as are needed to make their lives more full and rounded.

The Crisis in British Unemployment

UNEMPLOYMENT has been a social and political specter in Great Britain since the close of the war. Several times it has subsided, only later to reëxpand. Recently unemployment has risen sharply and the situation has been made worse, and acute, by the critical controversy between coal operators and coal miners. Back of the miners' wage controversy stand the coal producers of the Continent, who are now able to undersell British coal in the markets of the world—and British coal mining cannot thrive without exports. Since the threatened coal miners' strike has been obviated by the grant of a subvention from the state to the industry, variously estimated at from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 per annum—an indirect dole—the older problem of unemployment is again on the program for discussion. The worsening of unemployment goes back to the return of the pound sterling to par, to the restoration of the gold basis.

A definite, supposedly temporary, result of the return to the gold standard, a deflation in fact and effect, has been to raise dollar prices in Great Britain. This has the consequence of driving the dollar elsewhere to make purchases. Trade has declined, exports have been depressed and the commerce and goods of other countries have benefited by the circumstance. This was expected, as a temporary result, and is in accordance with theory. But the effect on employment has been greater than was anticipated or feared; and now both inflationists and deflationists are apparently willing to take temporary measures designed to relieve the situation. The measures being suggested are interesting in themselves; they are also important in their possible bearings on American trade.

Whatever measures of amelioration are proposed must take account of the bank rates of New York and London. The present rediscount rate in New York is 3.5 per cent; in London, however, 4.5 per cent. Dear money in London, either absolutely or relatively to New York, depresses manufacture and makes exportations difficult. For the moment many British goods are dearer in the markets of the world than the goods of competing European countries. How is manufacture to be stimulated, trade revived? The following proposals are being advocated:

The subsidizing of industries by paying part of the wages out of public funds, in order to raise employment and get rid of direct doles.

The opening of new, and expansion of old, public improvements that make use of labor.

Extend state loans to new industries to get them started.

Extend state loans to old but non-operative industries.

Facilitate transfer of workmen from depressed to active industries, difficult on account of union-labor restrictions.

Stimulate emigration from the United Kingdom, preferably to the Dominions of the Empire.

Extend government support to by-product distillation of coal.

Revert from free trade to the protective tariff.

Slow down the paying off of the debt, lower the sinking-fund charges and extend the period of payment, in order to lower taxes in the present. This applies only to the internal debt.

Each of these proposals is radical from one point of view or another. There is little unity in any of the three parties on any one of these proposals. Their consideration in Parliament will make political as well as economic history. Keynes has already opened the battle with an attack on what he calls The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill.

Tax Reduction and the Public Debt

By Martin B. Madden

Chairman House Appropriations Committee

THE prospect of certain reductions in taxation by Congress at the next session has raised the very natural question as to how much less can be taken from the public in the form of taxes and still have sufficient revenue coming in to meet the running expenses of the Government. From present indications the annual levy safely can be reduced in the aggregate by $350,000,000. Any proposal to enlarge this figure by any considerable amount involves a change in the policy which has been so satisfactorily pursued toward the retirement of the public debt, because each year we are redeeming a part of it with money derived from current taxation. A slowing down in debt retirement, therefore, would release an additional amount for tax-reduction purposes and to that extent increase the $350,000,000 which it now seems will be the margin available.

The very rapid rate of debt curtailment thus far has incited discussion of the possibility of spreading the elimination of it over a longer period of years and giving to the public the benefit of a lightened burden in the form of a greater decrease in taxes than otherwise would be possible. The agreements already entered into for the payment of a large proportion of the sums due from foreign countries and the prospect of securing agreements covering the remainder of these debts, involving substantial annual installments of interest and principal, have injected into the problem a factor which needs seriously to be linked up with consideration of our own public-debt policy.

There are several good reasons on either side of the slower retirement suggestion. A rapid reduction in the public debt brings about a reduced annual interest burden from which the public gets a direct relief because the interest is paid from moneys derived from general taxation. Rapid reduction removes from the investment market annually a large volume of governmental securities and makes that much more money available for investment in securities which are put out to obtain money for the advancement of private enterprise. Rapid reduction has a tendency to keep the price of government securities up to par because of the large purchases which the Government must make each year for redemption purposes. The pursuance of such a policy toward the discharge of debt obligations promotes a sound national credit.

A slower retirement of the debt will shift from the present generation of taxpayers some of the burden of paying back money that was borrowed to finance the war and place upon future generations the duty of discharging a part of that obligation. It will permit of a greater reduction in taxation than otherwise would be possible, and that would be a great economic benefit to those who now support the Government as well as those who will support it in the future.

In order to get a clear picture of what we have in the way of national debt and what we have been doing with it, some large figures are necessary by way of analysis. Our gross public debt on June 30, 1919, was $25,484,000,000, and on June 30 last it stood at $20,516,000,000. This represents an aggregate decrease in the six fiscal years of $4,968,000,000, or an average reduction of $828,000,000 a year. If this rate could be kept up, the entire debt would disappear in approximately twenty-five years, or by 1950. That, of course, is improbable. Any hasty conclusion on future retirements based upon what has transpired during these six years would be misleading. A study of the five principal sources from which the $4,968,000,000 of reduction was derived will readily demonstrate that. The largest part of this reduction was made through utilization of Treasury surpluses amounting in all to $1,678,000,000. The sinking fund accounted for $1,423,000,000. The reduction in the general fund of the Treasury, the cash working balance, made $1,039,000,000 available for debt redemption. Utilization of payments of principal and interest by foreign debtors amounted to $621,000,000. Miscellaneous sources produced the remainder—$207,000,000. Two of these very large sources of decrease, the surpluses and the reduction in the working balance, totaling together approximately $2,750,000,000 of the approximately

(Continued on Page 218)

THE OLD GETAWAY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Ballad of Imperfect Behavior

MISS MILLICENT McMURTRIE was a
stickler for propriety,
She knew the rules of etiquette from A
right down to Z.
In all that sacred coterie that's known as
High Society
No one was quite so proper and fastidious as she.

She knew the knives and forks to use
when dining with a gentleman,
Her conduct and deportment
were inevitably right.
She knew exactly how to act toward any sentimental man;
Just when to ask him in the house
and when to say good night.

Her manner was impeccable toward
any maiden guest or aunt;
She knew how many cards to leave
whene'er she paid a call;
And as for chicken salad on the menu of a
restaurant,
Miss Millicent McMurtrie never ordered it
at all.

One night as she was dining with the Bromleigh Parker-
Jenkinsons,
Whose lofty social status makes Mount Everest seem flat,
For their mother was a Bromleigh and related to the Blenkinsons,
And anyone who knows must know there's nothing more
than that.

While in her well-bred fashion she was having quite a night of
it
A lapse occurred, the sort that happens one time in a life;
In a moment of forgetfulness—I shudder now to write of it—
Miss Millicent McMurtrie cut her salad with a knife.

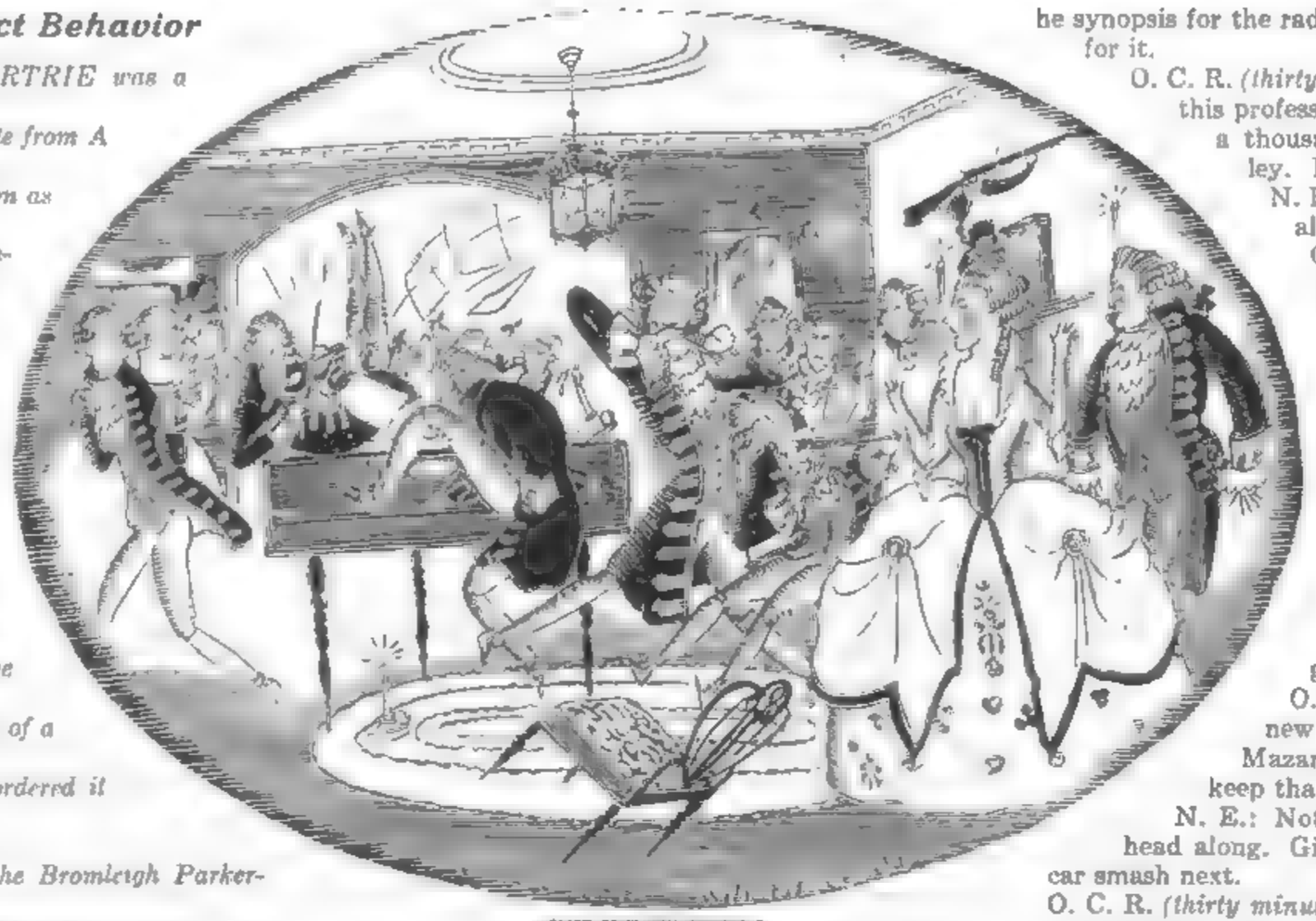
A deadly pallor spread across the face of Parker-Jenkinson;
The second butler groaned and darted headlong from the
room;
A tear dropped from the portrait on the wall, of Major
Blenkinson;
A silent horror filled the place—the silence of the tomb.

Then Bromleigh Parker-Jenkinson remarked with cold
austerity,
"Some things we cannot tolerate, and you have gone too far;
The breach that you've committed must be treated with
severity.
Our second man will get your wraps, and see you to your car."

Then out into the dark and icy night she staggered tearfully,
Aghast at the disgrace that stained her once unblemished name.
The ruins of her wrecked career crashed down upon her fearfully,
Alone was Miss McMurtrie with her sorrow and her shame.

Through Newport and Southampton spreads the story grim and sinister;
At clubs and social functions where the haut monde congregate,
The debutante and dowager, the banker and the minister
Discuss in furtive whispers Miss McMurtrie's sorry fate.

Upon a squalid cot a woman lies with no one near to her,



If They Had Attempted a Jazz Orchestra in the Old Days!

The tragic marks of illness line her one-time lovely face;
In rags of wretched poverty, abandoned by all dear to her,
Miss Millicent McMurtrie pays the price of her disgrace.

—Newman Levy.

The Old Copy Desk

SCENE—Copy desk of a daily newspaper in a state metropolis.

TIME—All day.

OLD COPYREADER: Here's this report of the two-hundred-and-fifty-million surplus in the U. S. Treasury. Good Page One stuff, eh?

NEWS EDITOR: Naw! Ditch it. Mark it editorial page. Put a one-column head on it. Nobody reads the editorial page anyway. Here, gimme an eight-column banner an' a two-column head on this flapper-bandit story from V——.

O. C. R. *(thirty minutes later):* How about this Coolidge speech? Gonna play it? Gotta good line in it on coöperation between the European nations.

N. E.: What's eatin' you? Cut it to a hun'erd words an' slop it for a one-line head inside. Didja forget to send up he synopsis for the radio vamp? Composin' room's yellin' for it.

O. C. R. *(thirty minutes later):* Whatcha doin' with this professor's report on conservation? Means a thousand new settlers in Duwamish Valley. Playin' it?

N. E.: Hey! Shove that monkey story along with a top head. Slug it Page One—send it up in takes. Hold that professor's junk for time copy. Maybe it'll make a filler for the early tomorrow.

O. C. R. *(thirty minutes later):* Maybe there's a regular story in this market report. Best crop in years in the Inland Empire. Oughta be a play in it. Lot of good figures in it. How about it?

N. E.: Can that stuff an' grab the phone on this bank holdup. Gotta make the first street with it. Nev' mind about that other. It'll go in the hold-over anyway.

O. C. R. *(thirty minutes later):* This new railroad yarn'll be a good line for the Mazama Range folks. Hadn't we oughta keep that outside—huh?

N. E.: Nothin' doin'. Push that church fight head along. Gimme two-column drop. Take that car smash next.

O. C. R. *(thirty minutes later):* Human-interest angle in this old-woman story. Been workin' years to put her boy through school, and he's honored at that scientists' meeting today. Wanna freak it up?

N. E.: You've been gettin' barmier an' barmier all day. You'll be retired on a pension, filin' an' clippin' exchanges, first thing you know. Jazz up that bootleggin' yarn a little. Get some pep in the top o' the head.

And so on to the end of another copy-desk day.

—Laurence Donovan.

The Dog-Sled Mail

THE Arctic night has drawn its shroud
Over Alaska's coasts,
And the Polar blizzard yells aloud,
And "Death! Death! Death!" it boasts
But see! Two sturdy men and true
Challenge the vengeful gale—
Northward out of Kotzebue
Comes the United States mail!

Their parkas lashed with whipping snow,
Their faces torn with cold,
O'er wind-clean tundra, cracking floe,
Their trackless course they hold;
Point Barrow lies ten days away;
The mailman must not fail!
No storm can hold, no cold can stay
The U. S. Dog-Sled Mail!

The Huskies and the Malemutes
Strain at the reindeer thong;
Say not that these are soulless brutes
Who bear the mail along!
Proudly at last the northernmost
Homes of the world they hail—
And to Point Barrow's trading post
Comes the United States Mail!

The mail is sorted 'mid the snows;
We find that it consists
Of market tips for Eskimos
On various sucker lists,

(Continued on Page 80

The Last "Nordic"

Slow-cooked beans are splendid food for children!

Because beans cooked in this way—Campbell's Beans—are so easily digested, so wholesome and so delicious. Here is splendidly nourishing food for the growing child. And their tempting tomato sauce adds to Campbell's Beans the healthful fruit juices with their tonic quality. Let the youngsters eat them freely!

Slow-cooked Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Lions With the Bow and Arrow

PHOTOS. BY LESLIE SIMSON

Traveling. Note the Game in the Background

A Lion Roaring in Objection to Our Presence

By Stewart Edward White

THE photographs of lions—and of the other wild animals—that appear in these articles are all genuine, taken with a hand camera, and of beasts uninjured in any way. I want to proffer this statement here and now, because, some time since, an article of mine on Dangerous Game was illustrated by a picture of a fat man aiming a rifle in the general direction of a stuffed lion. It was nobody's fault. I had not sent in any pictures; and the art editor had procured this one innocently enough from a photo news agency. Not only was the lion stuffed, but the bold figure within a few feet of the ravening beast had not even thought it worth while to put his hand inside the trigger guard. I trust this explanation will reach the eyes of the few people who did not write me on the subject.

But these pictures are the real thing. They are by Leslie Simson, and we were there to see him do it. He has taken a great many others even more beautiful, especially of lions, when we were not with him, playing a lone hand and taking some desperate chances.

He uses an aeroplane camera with a shoulder piece, a pistol grip and a trigger. He shoots this contraption as he would a gun. Such is the size of the lens tube, and the general awesomeness of it all, that when he pulls the trigger one rather expects a commensurate and devastating explosion. Its only drawbacks are (*a*) that one must get pretty close to his object, which may be peevish; and (*b*) its depth of focus is so short that the said distance must be estimated to within about five yards or a blurred image results. It is very difficult to estimate distance within five yards, especially in rough open country, and when one's sitter is inclined at any instant to come on over and eat one up. Let me tell you how two of these pictures—entitled Traveling, With Game in the Background, and Lion Roaring in Objection to Our Presence—were taken.

The Aero Camera

DOC was down with fever. With Leslie at the wheel, we ambled out on the open plain that constitutes our up slope to the westward hills. It was still early morning, with the sun only just up. The dew was wet as rain on the grasses, and the game looked slick and shining. We had driven only about two miles when we caught sight of a lion and a lioness sitting side by side and staring in our direction. We drove slowly toward them. As we drew nearer, their curiosity as to this queer large black beast that moved and purred—and also rattled—overcame them, and they arose and sauntered slowly in our direction. In so doing they became slightly separated, and Leslie managed to insinuate the car between them.

Deprived of her liege lord, the lioness turned and moved away, slowly at first, then at a lope, and finally disappeared in a donga a few hundred yards distant. This relieved our minds—we did not wish lions on both sides of us—but it annoyed the gentleman very much, and he stopped short and told us so in no uncertain terms. This was our chance; we instantly became very busy. Leslie swung the flivver sideways, and with a rapidity that enlists my admiration wormed his way from among the steering column, two levers and a flock of pedals, bearing his formidable camera and muttering over to himself, "Fifty yards! Fifty yards!"

Art slipped over the tailboard and I over the seat on the lion side of the car, and we both placed our front sights on his chest. We heard the camera click once, and then again. As though the second click had been a signal, the beast rose and made two great bounds toward us. It had been agreed that we were to hold our fire as long as possible so the photographer would have his chance. Just as our fingers crooked on the triggers the lion stopped and crouched, lashing his tail and growling savagely. We could hear Leslie swearing steadily and earnestly behind the hood of the car, and managed to sift from his variegated remarks plain English to the effect that he had not pulled the slides from his plate holders.

There are about eleven things to do on that aeroplane camera before she is ready to shoot, and all these have to be done on the spot according to circumstances. Leslie had remembered to do ten of them. I am sure that in face of a lion as angry as this one I should—perhaps—have done about five.

In the meantime the lion had begun looking anxiously over his shoulder in the direction of his vanished lady love. Finally he must have concluded that this large rhino-like animal was not worth bothering with any further, especially as it did not do anything but stand there, and had stopped its idiotic purring—and rattling. So he arose with dignity and walked slowly toward the donga. Leslie having drawn the slide, got the picture called Traveling.

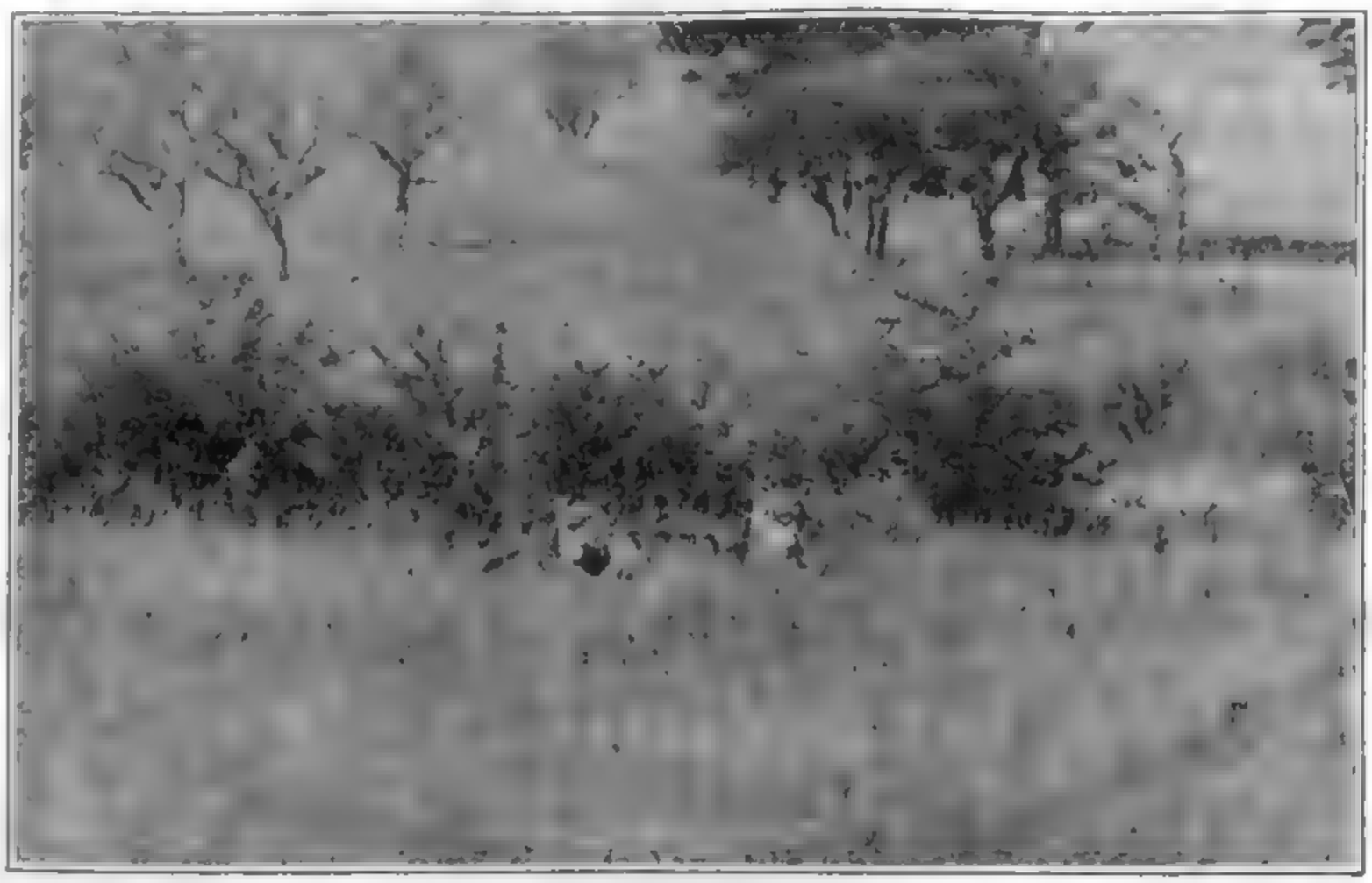
Getting a Close-Up of a Lion

BY THE time we had cranked the flivver he was about 100 yards distant. We tagged after. As soon as he found the large black creature actually had the nerve to come along, too, he whopped around instantly and charged in our direction. Leslie jammed on the brakes. When he saw he had stopped us so promptly, he again crouched and made a number of emphatic remarks. We were once more in battle array, being careful, by staying within the outline of the car, not to show any detached human figures to provoke a charge home. Leslie, over the hood, shot the second of these two pictures. After giving us our instructions the lion again arose and walked away.

This performance was repeated three times. On each occasion he bounded toward us, his head up, reminding us a good deal of a big farm dog turning down the garden path to drive away intruders. When a lion charges seriously, he drops his head as he starts. But he was getting angrier and angrier at this persistent large black beetle; more and more on the hair trigger. What he wanted was to get rid of us, not to eat us. Possibly he did not fancy our smell, which was largely burned gasoline.

Then the fourth time, just as Leslie was bringing the car to a stop, he lowered his head and charged in good earnest. This, he had concluded, was the moment to abate the

(Continued on Page 82)



Lionesses Taking It Easy

The New Cadillac Emerges Triumphant in Every Contrast

Paraphrasing Kipling:—"A Six is a Six and an Eight is an Eight and never these twain shall meet."

You cannot get Six riding and driving qualities in a Four; nor Eight riding and driving qualities in a Six.

Nor, by the same token, can you secure Cadillac Eight riding and driving qualities in any other car but the new 90-degree Cadillac.

Is this mere say-so or braggadocio?

As you well know, Cadillac has never indulged in either.

The evidence is overwhelmingly yours whenever you care to make comparison.

Whether you drive the new Cadillac first and the others afterward, or vice versa, is of little consequence.

The contrast in favor of the new Cadillac will be equally striking in either case.

Standard Line

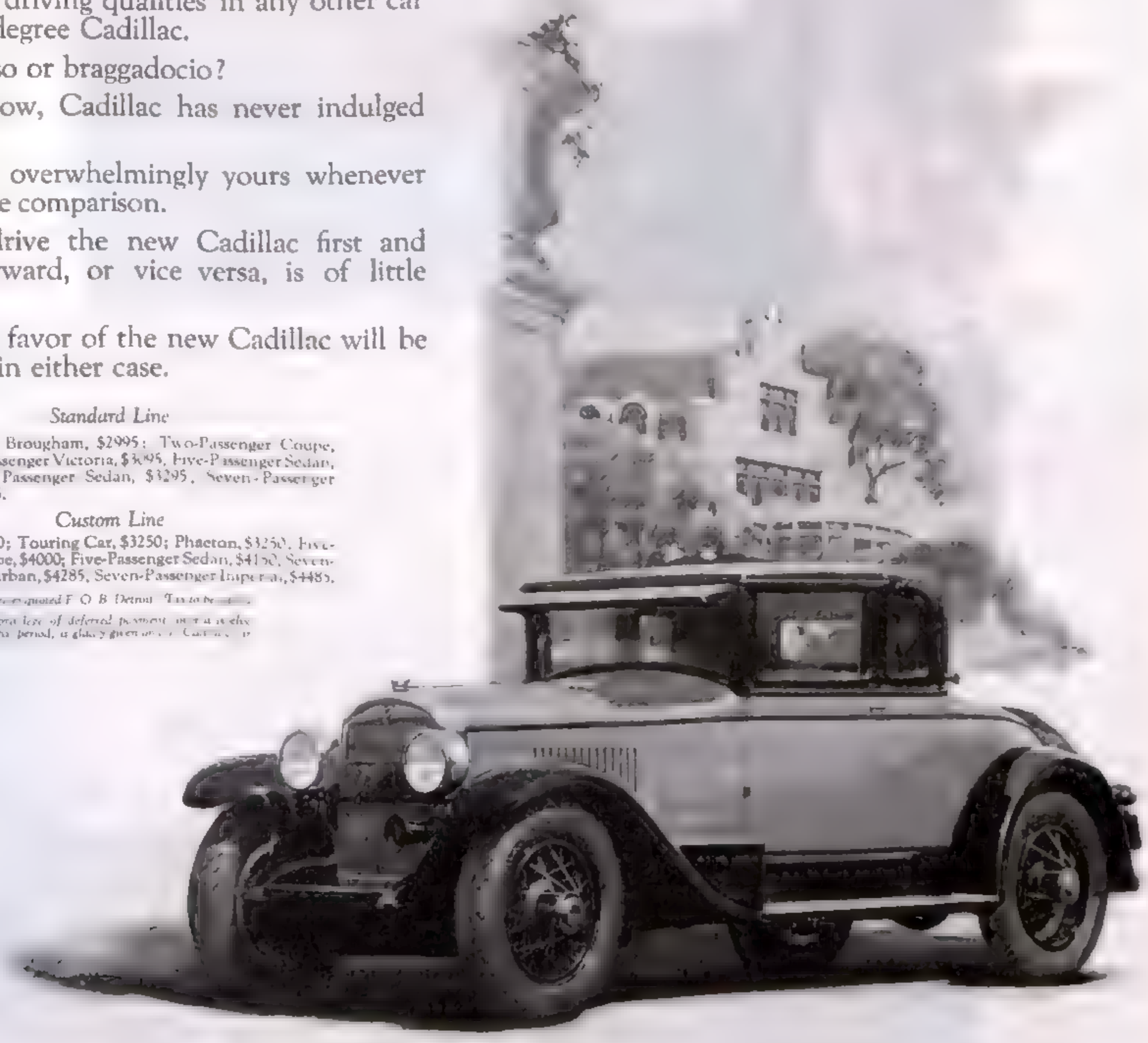
Five-Passenger Brougham, $2995; Two-Passenger Coupe, $3045, Four-Passenger Victoria, $3095, Five-Passenger Sedan, $3195, Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3295, Seven-Passenger Imperial, $3435.

Custom Line

Roadster, $3250; Touring Car, $3250; Phaeton, $3250, Five-Passenger Coupe, $4000; Five-Passenger Sedan, $4150, Seven-Passenger Suburban, $4285, Seven-Passenger Imperial, $4485.

All prices quoted F. O. B. Detroit. Tax to be extra.

The privilege of deferred payment, over a twelve months' period, is gladly given on the Cadillac car.



CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

FASHIONS IN FLOWERS

The Woman Florist—By Elizabeth Frazer

SHE admitted to twenty-three summers, but she looked not a day more than sixteen; a slim, trim Irish rosebud of a girl in a gray tweed suit, with a curly bob, and fresh as the massed flowers about her, as she moved about her shop, waited on customers, answered the telephone, wrapped up fragrant sheaves of roses, chatting with her customers and, by a kind of sure instinct, stroking them the right way. Of course, she was selling flowers; that was her business; but also she was selling her personality—and she had personality to sell. I watched her in action. Discussion of the decorations for a luncheon and bridge party was under way.

"The flowers at Mrs. B's party were perfectly adorable," said the customer. "She told me they came from you. So I thought I'd have the same."

"You don't mean, of course, absolutely the same?" smiled the florist. "Not an exact copy?"

"Oh, no"—hastily. "I wouldn't want her to think I was copying ——"

"You don't need to copy anybody."

A smooth, flattering stroke. The lady beamed.

"That is what my husband says. What I meant was something the same, but different—you know."

"Of course. Change the color combination." She turned toward the refrigerator.

"How about calendulas?" suggested the customer. "They're pretty and bright. Mix them with sweet peas."

Horrific combination! But the young florist did not blink an eye. Instead, she put a finger to her lip and stared dreamily into space

"Inspiration!" she said, laughing. "Look!" She drew a bunch of flowers from the refrigerator, arranged them with a few deft motions "Tulips and irises!"

A New York Florist's Shop Managed by a Woman

Selling Taste

IT WAS a superb combination, the pink-rose-plum of the stately tulips blending exquisitely with the tender blue-violet of the irises. Her customer gave an exclamation of delight.

"That is pretty — prettier, I believe, than Mrs. B's. All right, send them right around."

"Shan't I run over and arrange them for you? I'd love to."

"Oh, no; I can manage that."

"Then just let me show you how to arrange them most effectively. It's like wearing a hat, you know. So much depends on how you put it on"

She selected a wide, deep pottery urn, inserted a wire screen to hold the long stems in place, added a feathery frond of asparagus and in a moment the graceful flower group was composed.

"Yes, that's lovely," assented the woman. "But I haven't any urn like that." Of course she hadn't—which was why the florist kept a stock on hand. "I'll take it too," the customer decided suddenly. "And perhaps, after all, you might drop in. You do seem to have a gift at arrangement."

The little object lesson over, she departed, the girl seeing her hospitably to the door.

"It's so important," the young florist confessed, dropping down beside me on the gayly covered chintz settee, "to get just the right color schemes. It would ruin my reputation if I were to send out the combinations some of the women think they want. And if I made an exact duplicate of Mrs. A's decorations for Mrs. B the fat would be in the fire. Neither of them would come back to me. Women love flowers, but that doesn't mean all of them have a gift for charming color combinations or effective arrangement. It's like wearing clothes; some women are naturally dowdy and some are naturally chic. So I take them gently by the hand and lead them in the right way. Of course," she added soberly, "what I'm really selling here is my taste."

A Lesson in the Flower Garden of the Women's Horticultural School, Ambler, Pennsylvania

In the Blood

"HOW long have you been in the business?" I inquired.

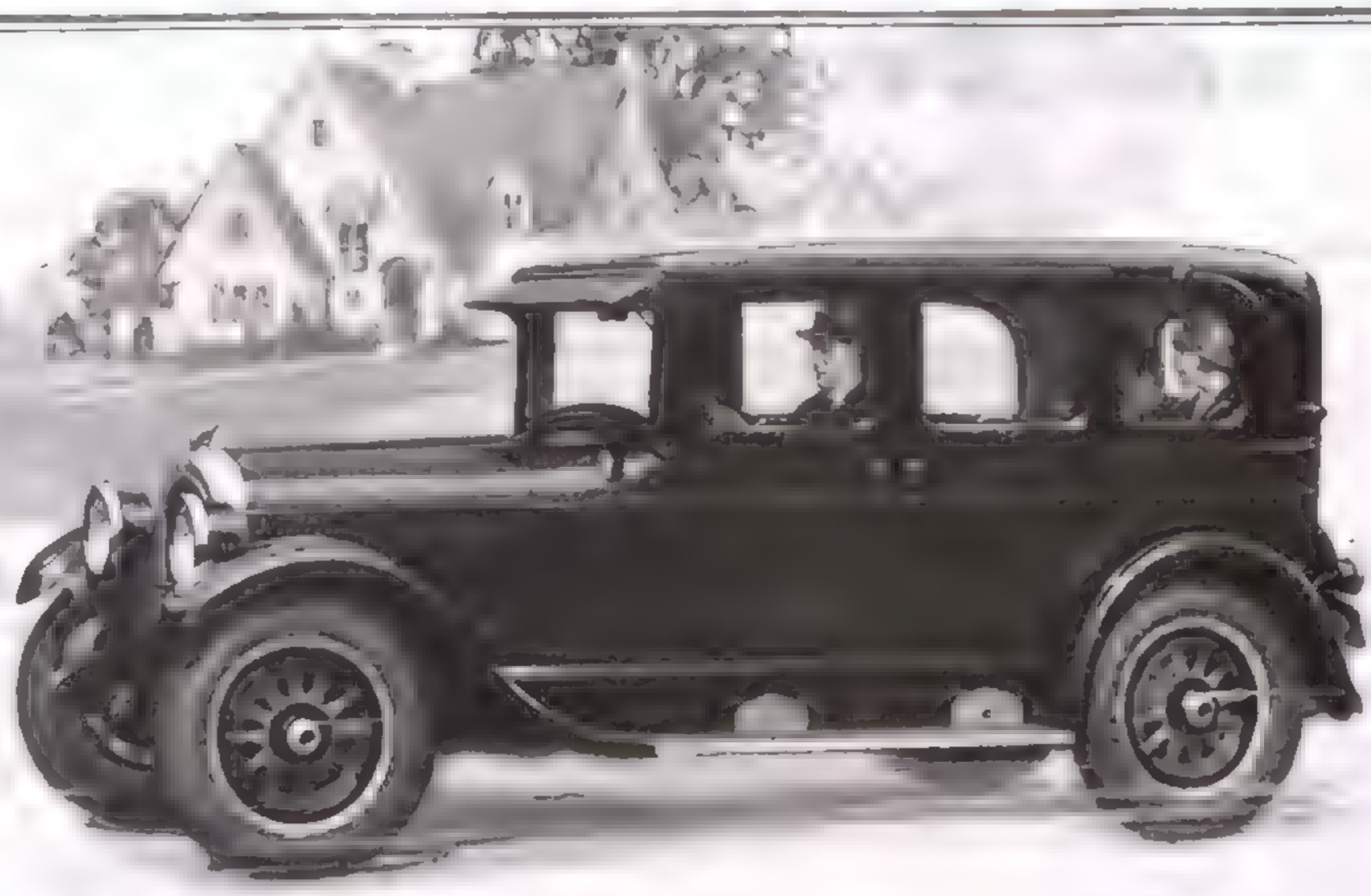
"Ever since I was born," she laughed. "My mother was a florist and seventeen members of our family have been florists or nurserymen. So I suppose the feeling for flowers is sort of inherited. When I was an actress my mother used always to say to me, 'You'll come back to the florist business; it's in your blood.'"

"So you were an actress?"

"Oh, yes, long ago, when I was young." She twinkled at me. "I was fifteen, in high school, when a show came to town; one of those master melodramas of all time, called Why She Sinned. It simply thrilled me to pieces. And after it was over I took my nerve in both hands, marched around back and asked the manager to give me a part. And the amazing thing is that he did. Just a walking-on part first, but later one of the regular cast had the decency to fall ill and he transferred me to the rôle of the beautiful vamp How I adored it! I fell for it hard—slinky red dress and all. All this time I was playing truant from school and having a hard time to keep mamma in the dark, for I knew she'd have fits if she knew. Then one night a neighbor dropped in and spilled the beans.

"I was wiping dishes, in a big hurry to get away, when the woman said, 'Oh, Mrs. R, have you seen the new show?' I nearly dropped a plate.

(Continued on Page 60)



You Don't Have to Pay a Penalty for Motor Luxury

Forget the archaic idea that real motor car luxury means high cost, ponderous size, and excess weight—the new Chrysler Six has once more, and forever, proved the fallacy of that old notion.

Just ask yourself what it is you most desire in your car.

Acceleration? Speed? You know—everyone knows—the ease of Chrysler's 70 miles plus, and now, still higher standards of performance are established by the new Chrysler Six.

Roadability? Comfort? No car, no matter how many hundred extra pounds it is burdened with in the effort to obtain greater riding ease, equals the new Chrysler Six in these features due to the low center of gravity and the Chrysler type of rear spring mounting.

Freedom from mechanical attention? The Chrysler Six has a world-wide reputation for notably uninterrupted service.

All this the new Chrysler Six at new low prices gives its owners at half the purchase price of cars presumably having comparable quality—yes, and at far, far less than the operating and maintenance cost of the more cumbersome cars.

Furthermore, new Chrysler Six owners feel a new kind of pride in their cars. Women and men alike enjoy the exhilarating sweep of power and delightful handling ease that have caused owner after owner to forsake the big, lumbering cars they used to drive.

We are eager to have you prove all the new Chrysler Six does. Then you'll see why no other car, at any price, affords what has come to be trade-marked in the public mind as "Chrysler Six performance."

CHRYSLER SIX

Phaeton	$1395
Coach	1445
Roadster	1625
Sedan	1695
Royal Coupe	1795
Brougham	1865
Imperial	1995
Crown-Imperial	2095

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by an exclusive, patented car numbering system, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER FOUR

Touring Car	$ 895
Club Coupe	995
Coach	1045
Sedan	1095

Chrysler Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER SIX

Me and Beany Write a Book of Poims—By Henry A. Shute

SUNDAY Aug. 7, 186— last nite father found out that i was one of the swill cart drivers father sed he wasent mad xactly but he sed it showed boath enterprize and perciverence but it dident show ripe jujment on my part. he sed he was sirprized that a feller deeling in sutch ripe articles as is found in swill shoodent develop ripe jujment. but he sed if i perferred ripe ockupasions he cood probably get me a gob as a sope maker with Peelicky Tiltons granfather or pulling woolskins down in Tan Lane or in a glu factery or fertillizer factory. but peraps if i considdered my mother and my aunt i had better try sum other ockupasion. he sed he hoaped i dident think he was discuriging industry.

when father talks that way i always want to laff but i feal kind of ashaimed of what i have did. ennyway i was glad he took it that way and wasent mad. so i asted him what he wood like to have me do and he sed if i cood rite a book of poims as good as Whitier or Long Feller or Poit Crayon or sum of them fellers whitch has rote poitry he wood feal verry mutch pleeased so i told him i gess i wood do it. i thougt it over in chirch today. they is lots of peeple in this chirch whitch had ougt to be rote in poitry about. there is old Hen Dow and Chipper Birly and C. Lovell 2th and old mister Cutts and old Guss Brown and a lot of others.

Monday August 8, 186— Beany and i talked over the book of poitry. Beany he says he can get a printing press and if i will wright the poims he will print them and then we will put them together and have Lucy Watson Beanys sister or Cele or Keene sew them together and then we can sell them, so today i rote one. it is a ripper. it is about Chipper Birly. Chipper always leeds the singing in the Unitarial sunday school and leeds Beany out by the ear when Beany lets the wind out of the organ or thums his nose at sumbody or hits sumbody in the side of the head with a spitt ball or does sum little thing like that whitch evry feller is likely to do in chirch or sunday school.

well Chip always wanted to get into the quire but they wont let him because he cant sing verry well. so he is mad. father told me to wright poitry that meens sumthing. he says if i rite poitry whitch dont meen ennything nobody will read it. so i gess Chip and all the rest of the Unitarials will know what i meen. this is what i meen. i drawed a picture like a Chipper bird with old Chips head instid of the birds head. this is the picture and the poim,

The Chipper bird is a little thing
He Chirps and peeps but he cannot sing.
He wont get no chance unless i'm a lire
To sing in the Unitarial quire.

this is all i can wright today. i wont show it to father until i have got my book done and printed.

Tuesday August 9, 186— i rote a poim one about Pewts father today and drawed his picture. this is his picture and this is the poim.

a verry fine man is the father of Pewt
but he looks like time in his old paint newt
and when dressed up he aint no bewt.
he can shin up ladders both long and tall
and paint the lass on the new town hall

[P. S. lass means the godess of jestice with a bandige over her eya. If ennyone out of Exeter reads this poim he mite not know it and mite wunder what in time a lass was doing up on the town hall but this xplanasion maiks it all rite. it is always best to have evrything explained]

and run like a munky over the roofs
hanging on tite with his claws and his hoofs.
but sumtimes he'll beller and holler and hoot
when he thinks after all he's the father of Pewt.

i dont blaim him mutch do you. there i think that is wirth going into my poitry book. sumtimes i think that meens moar than the one about Chipper. that will only get one person mad but this will get 2. and perhaps 5 or 6. if i wright 1 poim a day that will be enuf i think. a feller has got to keep his helth and strenth up and it is a grate strane to wright poitry. so i go in swiming as often as i can from 2 to 5 times a day and fish a good deal and occationally take a feller in the hine leg with a sling shot and sumtimes a winder.

Wednesday August 10, 186— brite and fair but i dont cair if it is. it seams to me that evry time i try to do ennything usefull that evrybody has got a gob for me to do. today old John Gilman landed a load of pine lims here today and i have got to saw them. then evry 15 minits i have to go on errands to old Tom Conners or old Charles Haleys or old Nat Weaks. if i wasent pretty tuff i coodent stand it. but i am tuff. a man told Keene the other day that me and Pewt and Beany was about as tuff boys as there is in Exeter. i am glad that sumbody apreciates us. i dident get enny time to wright poitry today. if i had i coodent have went in swiming but once. a feller has got to look out for his helth even if he is tuff.

Thursday August 11, 186— i rote a poim about father today. i bet he will be proud when he reads it in my book.

this is the poim about him.

my father is the smartest man
that ever fit a fite
althoug he is not quarelsum
he's reddy day or nite
if ennybody sasses him
he lams them in the ey
and so the rowdys in the town
they always pass him by
one day a feller fit with him
whitch dident say his prairs

[P. S. this shows he was a bad man and had augt to have been licked]

pa gnocked him round 2 corners
and up 3 flites of staires
this hapened in another town
and still they show today
the place where father gnocked him down
and gnocked his cheer away,
i bet if John C. Heenan
come prancing down the street
my pa wood gnock him endways
and tip him off his feet.

i also drawed his picture. this is him.

my father John C. Heenan

there i gess father will think that poitry meens sumthing and will feal pretty good when he knows that peeople are reeding about him. i spent the hoal afternoon in swimming. a feller has to taik care of his helth.

Friday August 12, 186— rany today. last nite there was a awful thunder storm and it raned hard all nite. this morning the gutters was all full and the river was over the banks so this afternoon we went in swiming at Sandy bottom in little river. the water was running so fast that i swum under water most 100 yards and only stoped becaus i run my head against a floting barril. i was going faster than the barril and so i overtook it. if i had sence enuf to wate till the barril had got further down streem i wood have swum further. ennyway i am champeen. this morning i rote a poim and then went over to Beany to see how Beany was getting along with his printing. he is doing pretty well only sum of the letters is a lot blacker than others and sum aint so black. Beany has left sum spaices befoar the poims where the pictures are put. it is going to be sutch a awful gob to draw all these pictures that I gess we cant maik menny books. i am going to draw 1 set of pictures on sum paper and then hold it up to the winder pane and trace the other pictures. if i did not do it that way it wood talk me 1 year to do it.

today i drawed a picture of Beanys father and rote a poim about him. this is his picture.

and this is the poim.

Beanys father looks i think like Fredrick 2th the german
but i bet he can lick the king or enny of his vermin
he likes to dres up in good close like the meesly kiser
and ride a horse and pleese the eys of Mary, Jane and Liza

[P. S. Beanys father likes to put on his calvery boots and his blue coat and his sloughch hat and ride downtown afternoons when peeple and women is going to by things at the stores. he spirs his horse and pulls on the bit and maiks him rare up and go sideways and i tell you Beanys father looks fine. if i cood ride like Beanys father i wood do it evry day.]

if Beanys father had his choice to drive 1 horse to heven
or 4 in hand to hel the chanc is 49 to leven
he'd drive the 4 in hand to hel and woodent bat a ey
insted of driving 1 to heven where he dont have to fry.

[P. S. of coarse a good unitarial like me dont believe in hel so Beanys father when he reeds this wont get mad. to bat an ey meens to wink, when i stay in swiming two long i keep winking fast. father calls it batting my eyes. he says if i dont stop batting my eys he will bat me.]

Saterday August 13, 186— i tell you it seams good to be litrary and wrighting a book of poitry instid of collecting swill in a swill cart and having evrybody hold his nose and holler pew evry time you come ennywhere neer him. it is a grate releef to me i can tell you. of coarse it is grate to be a printer like Beany only i have to be cairful to corect Beanys speling. 1 thing a litrary feller has got to be cairful about and that is his speling and his grammer. so i am always cairful only today i found that Beany had neerly spoiled my poim on Chipper by his speling quire choir. who ever herd of enny sutch way of speling it. the idea of having choir rime with lire. ennyway Beany sed choir was rite and i sed he was a lire and we neerly had a fite. i told him that i rote the poim and if he wanted to do the printing he had got to print the poim just as i had rote it. so bimeby Beany sed all rite if i wanted it to go that way i cood have it my way only i spelt it rong. that is jest like Beany. he is the obstinaitest feller i ever see. he wont give in and say he is rong even when he knows he is rong. i am glad i am not obstinait as Beany. but then i never was. i gess i am diferant from Beany i rote 1 poim today. it has got a grate morral in it. father sed once that a wrighter had aught to teech a lesson with evrything he rote. how he come to say this was because the minister sed that eech and evry virse in the bible pointed a morral. i asted father what he ment and father he sed to point a morral ment to teech a lesson and that evrybody whitch rote annything had aught to teech a leson. so in this poim i have tride to teech a leson.

(Continued on Page 42)

SWIFT

—a nation-wide service

MEAT animals supply many commodities besides meat. Wool is one of the most important of the by-products. Millions of pounds are prepared for market annually by Swift & Company.

1 The pelts are first thoroughly brushed and washed under high water pressure in "scrubbing" machines.

2 Here the wool is "pulled" by hand from the pelts. Experienced graders separate the wool into about sixty different grades.

3 Excess moisture is then removed by the driers which have a capacity of 1200 pounds of wool an hour.

4 The wool is next tested for moisture content. This apparatus insures the wool having exactly the right amount of moisture.

5 The wool is baled for shipment. Its grading has been checked three times.

PERHAPS you have never associated fleecy white blankets and fine woolen textiles with Swift & Company.

Wool is one of the important by-products of the meat business.

Sheep and lambs come to market with the wool on. The wool is pulled from the pelts, without injuring the fibres. "Pulled wool" is an important part of the nation's wool supply.

The sheep-skins are sold to tanners, who make leather that goes into shoe linings, coats, novelties, book bindings, etc.

The most efficient preparation and grading of these by-products can be achieved only by a large-scale, specialized organization, like Swift & Company, and means a lower "spread" between live animal prices and meat prices.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

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(Continued from Page 40)

it is two lait to teech Bill Simpson the lesson because his wife has went. but it may come in handy if Bill shood get another wife.

this poim is about Bill Simpson and his wife. she run away with another feller. the men think it is all Bills falt, sum of the women think it is all her falt.

i have drawed their pictures. here they are

and this is the poim

Bill Simpsons wife has run away
with handsum Charly Grout
she lived with Bill jest seven years
and then she lited out
Bill used to drink and sware and fite
and stay in the saloons
while Mary wirked at washtub nite
and mornings eves and noons
and fernished Bill spondulicks
with which to by good cloze

[P. S. spondulicks is money which i supose evrybody knows but i am not sure.

and spend his time in barrooms and circusses and shows
until she lost her pacience and run away from him
and Bill is hunting everywhere to lare her lim from lim
I'aint no use William, I'aint no use
to hunt for her you see
for if you hadent been a goose
she woodent had to flea

[P. S. Bill wont be mad at this i know but if i had called Bill what father called him instid of goose he mite have been mad. father called Bill a dam brute and sed he deserved to loose her but i dident want to wright that down and maik him feal enny wirse than he does. a feller had aught to be verry cairful not to say or to wright ennything that will bring enny fellers gray hairs in sorrow to the grave or the blush of shaim to his cheak unless it is necessary to teech him a leson and i gess Bill has lerned his.

there is a song my aunt Sarah sings sumtimes when it is growing dark and she is rocking the baby. Aunt Sarah will start it and then Keene will chip in and sing trebble and Cele will chip in with the alto and if father is there he will chip in with the base. it sounds prety fine i can tell you. but it is the wirds i am wrighting about. these are them.

chide mildly the earring
kind language indeers
greef folows the sinfull
add not to their teers

so when i am wrighting poims about peeple i always try not to hirt their fealings and to say as mutch good about them as possible. most literary men is like that.

this afternoon i swum from the willows which is haff way up to the eddy clear down to the gravel. that is a mile. Pewt rew a boat beside me so if i got cramps i woodent drownd. a feller has got to taik care of his helth you know.

Sunday August 14, 186— sunday today and brite and fair. we all had to go to church and sunday school today. it wasent rite. the Unitarials always have a vacasion the last 3 weaks of August. but this time there was a minister visiting old mister Pepperill and of coarse he had to show off by getting him to preech and of coarse we had to go. well old Pepperill got his pay for it becaus Fanny Pepperill got a snapping bugg down her back and had highsterics and screemed and cried and laffed and tride to claw down her back and maid a awful time and they had to taik her out into the vestry and catch the bugg. i wanted to go in and see them catch it but they shet the door and father yanked me back into the phew. it was lots of fun while it lasted. i am glad she set on the other side of the church. if she had set neer me they wood have sed i done it. they always say so if they can wether i am to blaim or not. it was lucky for Beany that he sat behine the organ and lucky for Pewt that he was to home. it is dredful to be so suspected. but after they have read my book of poims they will know i am different from what i was. i think my poims will have a good effeck on Beany but i gess Pewt is two far gone.

i dident wright enny poim today. it is a grate strane on a feller and i have got to taik cair of my helth you know. so me and Beany put our sling shots in our pockets and took a long waulk. we dident see enny dogs but we landed on 2 or 3 cats and one horse which a old farmer was driving and he walked up lifely. the old farmer rapped the webbings round his hands and pulled good befoar he cood stop him. he dident see us and dident know what had hit his horse and i herd him tell his wife that he gessed a hornet had stang him.

i gess we hadent aught to have did it but a feller has got to have sum fun. he cant wirk all the time.

Monday August 15, 186 – it is brite and fair and hot as time. i was afraid i coodent wright mutch today but i wirked hard to wright a poim on old Francis our grammer teecher and it is verry hard to wright kind things of a man which has licked you so many times for not doing ennything bad. jest throwing spitt balls and putting pins in fellers seets and tacks which stand up better than pins do. that is if they has big heads. and sumtimes putting a field mouse in a girls desk or a spider or a snaping bugg down a fellers back or sum little thing like that which hadent aught to get ennyone licked and is only did to maik fun but teechers seam to think the only fun in school is in licking time out of the fellers and old Francis is one of that kind.

and maik him crawl strait throug a chair
and while he's getting clear
to grab a hard round ruler up
and whang him on his rear

and pick him up and slam him down
and rumple up his hair
by pulling handfulls of it out
and leeving nothing there

and when you find the rulers beat
has blistered him behind
to set him down hard in his wet
is not xackly kind

i'd hait to think i'd spoilt the fun
of fellers and their sisters
by slamming them and lamming them
and busting of their blisters

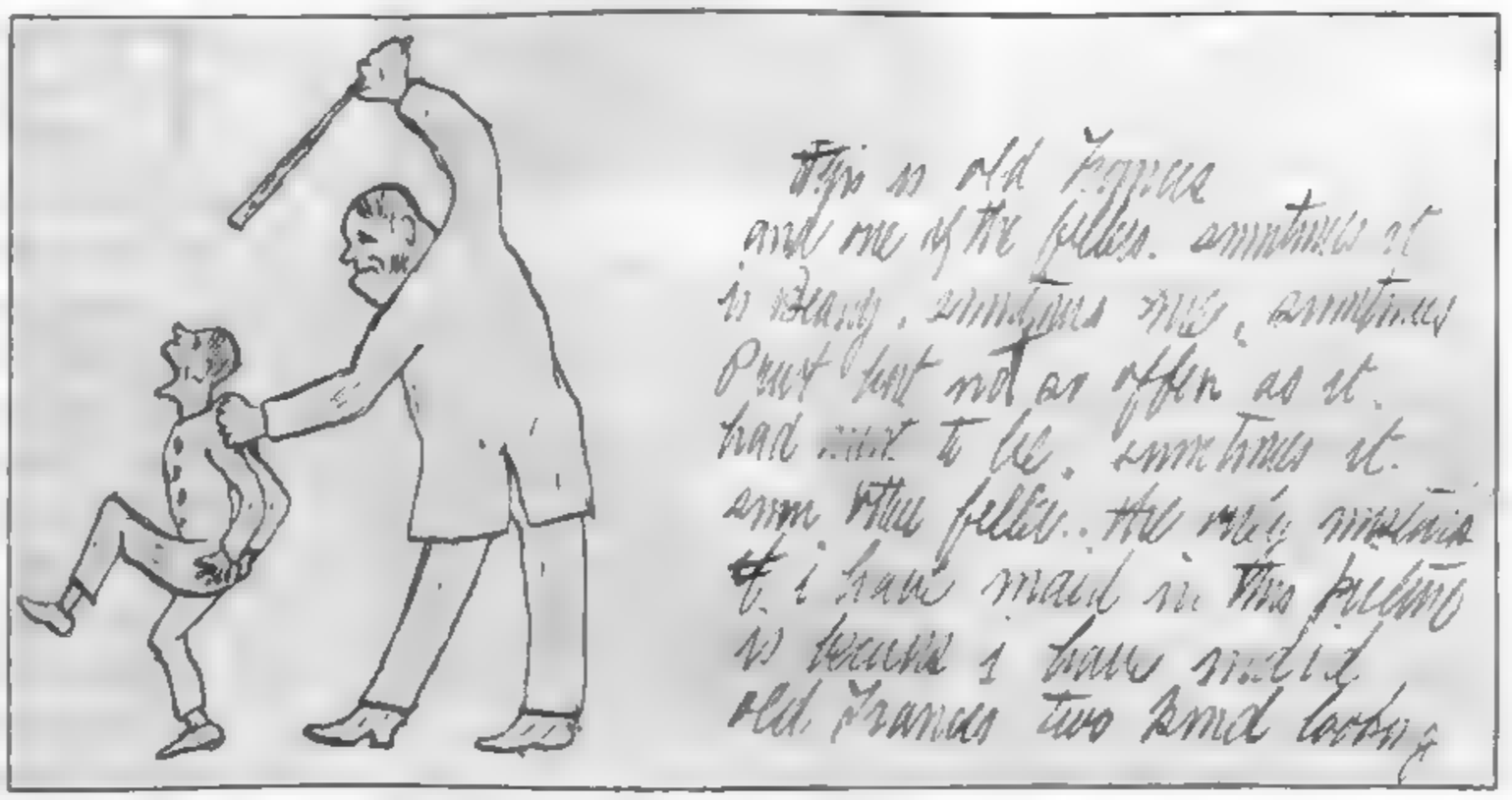
and when i die i hocp that i
can go to my reward
without the feer of going cleer
to where there aint no God.

there i gess old Francis cant find enny falt with that because evry wird is true and father sed one time truth is mity and will prevale. peraps it aint too lait for old Francis to learn a leson. it seams to me that a teecher had augt to be able to learn lesons as well as to teech them. of coarse if we fellers cood treet him the way he treets us we cood teech him. he wood have to lern or get his head gnocked off.

ennyway that is one of the best poims i have rote and i think it will attrack a grate deal of attension when it comes out in my book.

even if i dont maik a grate deel of money i shall be verry famus. this afternoon me and Potter Goram went fishing. we took our supper and a lantern and after dark we fished for hornpout until nine oh clock. we cought 19 good ones. i cought 7 and Potter cought 12. I got pricked with their horns moar than Potter did. so i beat him that way. we had a fine time and it done me a lot of good. i was prety neerly xausted from working so hard on my poim and it was a grate releef to catch sum fish. father skined the hornpout and pricked his thum once and swore. he had sum for his brekfast befoar he went to Boston. it was a very bizzy day.

Tuesday August 16, 186 – another fine day fair but not verry brite. that is to say it is jest clowdy enuf so the sun dont shine. it is a grate day to go fishing but a feller which is wrighting a book cant go whenever he wants to like most fellers but must wirk. i wish mother felt that way. if she did i shoodent have to go on so menny darn erranda. it is terible to be called and maid to go a haff mile for 2 cents



but in spite of that i rote kindly but firmly about him.

to my teecher Mister Francis

speek kindly it is better far
to rule by love than feer
than shaik a fellers daylites out
or paint him on the ear

it aint jest rite when on his slate
a feller cannot bound
a meesley old New England State
to snatch him from the ground

wirth of yeast just when i have been trying to get a rime for Evelyn and have almost got one and when I have got back i find i have forgot it.

today i rote a lament about old deakon Stebbins and old Miss Evelyn Pearson. old Deakon is most 1 hundred years old and Evelyn says she is only about 45. evrybody says she is 80. so she spends most of her time hiding when she sees the old deakon coming. she says if the deakon dident smell so of pigs she woodent mind so mutch. but she prefers Ben Allison. she says peraps Ben hasent got so mutch mony but on the other hand he isnt haff as old. i have drawed pictures of them boath.

(Continued on Page 107)

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

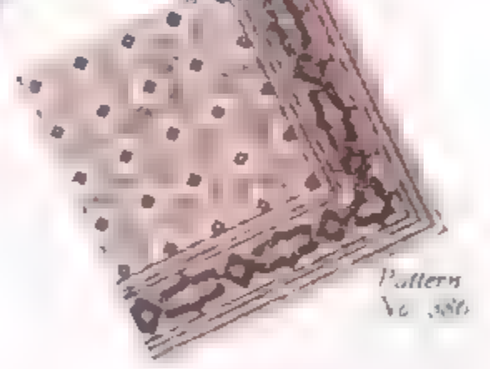
$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

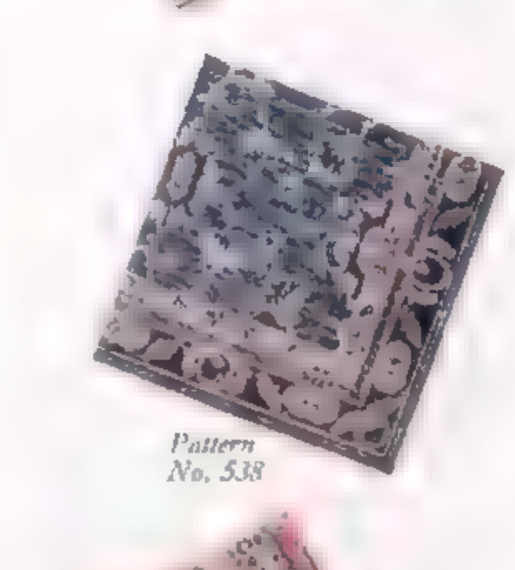
As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine, ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

On the floor is shown Congoleum Rug No. 379



Pattern No. 538



Pattern No. 518

"I'd like to have a nice rug like that, some day!"

Everybody has an admiring word for a fresh, sunny-colored Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug. That's one of the many advantages of getting Congoleum—the floor-covering that carries the Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

There's an individual charm and beauty to Congoleum Rug patterns that is not duplicated in any other low priced floor-covering. And you'll find an unusually attractive variety of designs and colors suitable for all parts of the house—from kitchen or porch to dainty guest room.

They're So Easily Cleaned

Join the legions of housewives whom sturdy, waterproof Congoleum Rugs have relieved from the drudgery of floor-scrubbing and rug-beating. Dirt, grease, and spilled things vanish from the smooth, waterproof surface of Congoleum Rugs before a few easy rubs of a damp mop or cloth.

Economy that's Supreme

With the Gold Seal as your guide you are able to pick out not only rugs that are beautiful, but rugs whose durability has won the confidence of even the most conservative housewives. There is only one Congoleum, you know. And it's the *known* dependability at such moderate prices that makes Congoleum Rugs so economical. In no other sanitary floor-covering can you find such value for so little money.

Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are made in all the popular sizes from small mats to nine by fifteen foot rugs.

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CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

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"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," an interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the patterns in their actual full colors. It will gladly be sent to you free upon request.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

Your faithful Ford

How Mobiloil "E" makes it serve you even better —and at even less cost

THE clutch and transmission of your Ford are unique. They are lubricated by the same oil that supplies lubrication for your engine.

The Ford multiple disc clutch runs "wet"—revolving in a continuous bath of oil. It is essential that the clutch give smooth, positive, quick engagement and a positive and instantaneous release.

Oils heavier than Mobiloil "E" may cause an "oil drag" between the clutch plates, particularly in cold weather. The car will "creep" forward, when the engine is started, throwing undue strain on the battery and starting motor.

In your Ford you have a planetary transmission employing three *close-fitting* sleeves. Here a heavy oil is at an extreme disadvantage. It cannot thoroughly distribute into the sleeves, and lubricate both sleeves and bearings.

In its study of the Ford engine, which dates back to the first Ford car, the Mobiloil Board of Engineers has covered carefully and scientifically the clutch and transmission needs. Mobiloil "E", the product of their knowledge and experience, squarely meets these needs. Mobiloil "E" gives smooth, positive and immediate clutch engagement and release. There is no "creeping", no "slipping". Full protection is assured at all times and under all conditions.

And just as Mobiloil "E" is superior for your clutch and transmission, it is equally superior for your entire Ford engine. Its use assures full power day in and day out, marked freedom from carbon, and surprisingly low repair bills.

For your "Economy" car, you need the added economy of Mobiloil "E".

The dealer who puts service FIRST

There is a dealer in your section who is putting himself out to serve you. He displays the sign shown at the bottom of this page. Year after year, he is drawing around himself a circle of steady, satisfied customers. His customers have found by actual experience that Mobiloil "E" is the cheapest oil for Fords by the mile and by the year.

This dealer accepts no substitute for experience. He knows that no Ford lubricating oil has behind it such specialized experience in lubrication as Mobiloil "E". Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

The guide sign to Ford long life

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil E).

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter	1923 Summer	1923 Winter	1922 Summer	1922 Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chevrolet FB							A	Arc
" (other mod's.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other mod's	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

How to buy

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

The South American Melting Pot

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

SOUTH AMERICA and especially the east coast, is the prize shatterer of illusions. The Yankee who goes there for the first time with the usual line of biggest-and-best talk about the preëminence of his native land gets the surprise of his life. Not only is the magnificence of domain and distance impressive, but the array of self-made men risen from poverty to plutocracy vies with the North American gallery of Fords and Rockefellers in romance and achievement. The women are just as smartly dressed and attractive as those of our great centers. Sky-scrapers dominate all the big cities. There is a larger hint of Paris in Buenos Aires than in New York.

Greatest of all revelations, however, is that South America, and not the United States, is the real melting pot. The blending of bloods is on a larger and more intensive scale than in any other part of the world, providing the most fascinating and, in many respects, the most colorful and diverting of all themes south of Panama.

The Immigrant Station at Buenos Aires. A Model of its Kind

Nowhere is the tide of immigration so varied or assimilative as that which streams into Brazil and Argentina. With the exception of the German and the Japanese, the newcomer, once he decides to stay, becomes part and parcel of the life of the country he invades. By the time the second generation is reached he is a Brazilian, an Argentinian or a Chilean, as the case may be. There are few hyphenated South Americans.

Immigrants From Everywhere

PECULIAR interest attaches to this absorbing subject because of our restrictions on immigration. The Italian, whose eyes for years were focused so yearningly upon North American shores, now sets his compass for an east-coast South American republic. It means that various countries, Argentina in particular, are facing the identical problem that was ours before the quota set up the bars. Moreover, Argentina is meeting the emergency with a selective system that is a model of efficiency.

Rich in human interest is this spectacle of the forging of new races beyond the equator. It touches the tragic aspiration of the Russian exile, fled from the ruthless tyranny of Bolshevism. It links the Jewish colonist with the age-old dream to revive the agrarian glories of the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It ties up the Japanese with the same issue that strained our relations with Nippon. It is a far-away bond with the tragedies of reconstruction in Dixie Land. It joins the Welsh and the Scotch with the pastoral life of Patagonia. It has created a new empire of opportunity for the German, the Slav, the Spaniard, the Turk, the Italian and the Syrian. All lands and lineages contribute to this amazing piece of human patchwork, which is as picturesque as it is interesting.

So many-sided is immigration into South America that it is difficult to know where or how to begin the narrative. Half a dozen articles could be devoted to the subject. The Italian in Brazil and Argentina, for example, would make a paper packed with striking detail. It would show how penniless lads from the Lombardy hills have become merchant and manufacturing princes; how Italians dominate the city of São Paulo, and are as numerous in Buenos Aires as in their own Milan. The German, whose impress is almost equally strong commercially, has already been dealt with, although he will appear intermittently in the panorama now to be unfolded.

Before we begin, it may be well to dispose of one matter which automatically demands attention. What most people do not know is that though there is a rigid limitation on immigration into the United States from Europe, Asia and Africa, no ban is imposed on native-born South Americans. They can come in at will. As soon as we launched our quota program, many European countries, especially Italy, immediately saw a grand and glorious opportunity to beat the gate at Ellis Island. Thousands of Italians swarmed to Brazil and Argentina, and became naturalized citizens, expecting to enter Uncle Sam's confines as South American subjects.

Underpeopled

FOR a brief time these naturalized Brazilians or Argentinians were able to get into the United States under a clause which gave them entry if they had resided in South America for five years They became so numerous that the regulation was changed. Now only those native to South America can avail themselves of the non quota immunity. No matter where he has been naturalized, the immigrant is subject to the restrictions applying to the country of his birth.

First let us visualize the general South American situation in its relation to immigration. Many of the republics, notably Brazil and Argentina, are very much in the same position that the United States was in at the conclusion of the Civil War. With these countries today, as with us in those perilous later sixties, the crying need is for population to open up the virgin lands.

Take the case of Argentina. Her population is about 10,000,000, yet she is capable of taking care of ten times this number. There is not now, nor has there been in recent times, anything like the westward migration of our people, first across the Alleghanies into the vast agricultural regions of the Mississippi Valley, and later into the prairies beyond. Nor has Argentina the impetus or the advantages that drove our homesteaders toward the setting sun.

We had railroads, like the Union Pacific, that pushed the steel rail on in the face of savage Indian hordes and hardships that would have daunted a less heroic breed. While colonization has been carried on in Argentina, it savors in the main of a glorified system of land selling and has not inspired the kind of individual conquest that made our Western desert bloom.

Linked with this need of population is a corollary that must be explained. Although the birth rate in some South American countries is almost abnormally high—in the Argentine it is 42.6, and in Chile and Paraguay, 37 to the thousand—the death rate is on the same scale. Infant mortality in countries like Peru is appalling. It is due, of course, to the lack of sanitation and to the widespread ignorance. Here you have another need for immigration.

Villa Americana, the Colony Established by Confederate Soldiers From the American South

The second big fact is that South America—and again I must particularize with Brazil and Argentina—is the next great reservoir for world immigration. It is only a question of a few decades when the United States will reach the point of saturation. Henceforth the trend is bound to be in the direction of Latin America, although Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia and Canada will be competitors for a time

These last-named countries will not, however, attract the Latin, who, figuratively, wants his vine and fig tree to grow under sunny skies. It means that before many years pass a vast movement of the white race toward the tropics will be under way.

The Trek to South America

NOR will the Caucasian be alone in this mighty trek. Congested Japan is reaching out for new worlds to settle. When she has overflowed in Manchuria and Korea she will turn to South America. It is the inevitable goal of her swarming millions, because other areas are barred. The prejudice against the Japanese is strong in Australia. We have banned them as immigrants from our midst, and the Philippines will offer no haven. Like the Latin, the Jap seeks a congenial clime. This is why he concentrated on California and why, eventually, South America will be his objective.

Francesco Materazzo, the Italian Immigrant Who Became The Steinmetz of South America

The persistent influx of Japanese into some parts of South America, especially Peru, is already a problem. There are 40,000 Nipponese in Brazil alone, and more than half as many in Peru and Argentina.

Let us get the larger picture. The drift of foreign immigration into South America has been slightest in the northern, western and inland countries. The biggest comparatively recent alien movement into Peru has been Oriental in origin, with the result that today there are 55,000 Chinese and Japanese there. The Chinese were imported in the early fifties to work on the guano islands and the sugar plantations. They increased so rapidly—many married Indians—that since 1908 they have been forbidden to enter.

Chile, in recent years, has ceased to attract immigration on anything like a pretentious scale, but she can well rest on her past performance. In the preceding article I showed how the Germans control considerable sections in the south, and how their influence has affected the whole country. Nor are the Spaniards, Italians and French far behind.

You can get some idea of the racial intermixture in Chile when I say that there are exactly forty different nationalities represented, including 6000 Turks.

This reference to the Turks recalls one of the many distinct details in connection with South American immigration. The huge continent to the south of us seems to be the favorite, in fact, the only place in the world where the Moslem seems to segregate in anything like numbers. While we mainly know the Turks as rug peddlers or cigarette makers, countries like Brazil, Argentina and Chile feel their commercial impress. They operate large import and export establishments and are identified with the productive life of communities. There are more than 92,000 Turks in Argentina alone. As in Brazil, they have their mosques and coffeehouses. There has also been an effective influx of Syrians into both Argentina and Brazil.

PHOTO, BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LTD

Augustin Edwards, Former Chilean Ambassador to Great Britain. He is the Great-Grandson of a Scotch Surgeon Who Settled in Chile

The major immigration movement has been to the east coast. Between 1820 and 1922, Brazil received 3,648,274 immigrants, of whom 1,378,876 were Italians and 1,021,277 Portuguese. The list also included, in varying proportions, Germans, Russians, Austrians, Syrians, Turks, French, British, Irish, Swiss, Swedes, Belgians and Japanese.

The Argentine record surpasses that of Brazil. From 1857 up to 1920, more than 5,000,000 immigrants came in, chiefly from Southern and Central Europe and from Asia Minor. Of this number half were Italians. While many have returned to their homes, more than 2,000,000 remain in the country, comprising over one-fifth of the entire population. Argentina, by the way, has been extremely fortunate in her type of Italian immigrant, because most of them are from the northern section.

During 1923, 212,485 immigrants registered at Buenos Aires, representing sixty-nine nationalities from every continent. Italians, Spaniards, Germans and Poles headed the list, but there were also many Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Letts and Esthonians. This means that a new movement into South America from the Baltic States and Central Europe is under way.

Now that we are ready to take up the specific countries, Argentina must have priority for many reasons. Not only has she an immigration problem that works both ways—she needs people, and at the same time must carefully censor all arrivals—but her control of the influx of foreigners is so highly organized that it may well be employed as a model for all other lands. Even the United States, with decades of experience with this vital issue, can learn something from her.

To comprehend fully what Argentina is up against, we must go back a few years. The major movement of Europeans began about 1870 and continued, almost without interruption, until 1914. I have already indicated the figures. The war naturally checked immigration, but it was resumed on a smaller scale after the Armistice. When our restrictive measures became operative, immigration was again stimulated because, as you have been told, thousands of Italians thought they could make their way into the United States by becoming naturalized Argentine subjects.

At this point it may be well to emphasize two factors that have combined to prevent a permanent large population in Argentina. One is that while the foreigner who takes root in the country really becomes assimilated, he is almost offset by his colleague who makes a stake and then goes home. This applies to persons of high and low degree of fortune. To illustrate: For years the Bravos, who came out from Spain many years ago, were leaders in the Argentine leather trade and rolled up a large fortune. In 1923 they returned to Barcelona, where they reëntered business, but on a smaller scale. They could not resist the instinct to go back. Between 1905 and 1924, 1,077,755 Spaniards came into Argentina, while 343,664 departed.

Round-Trip Immigrants

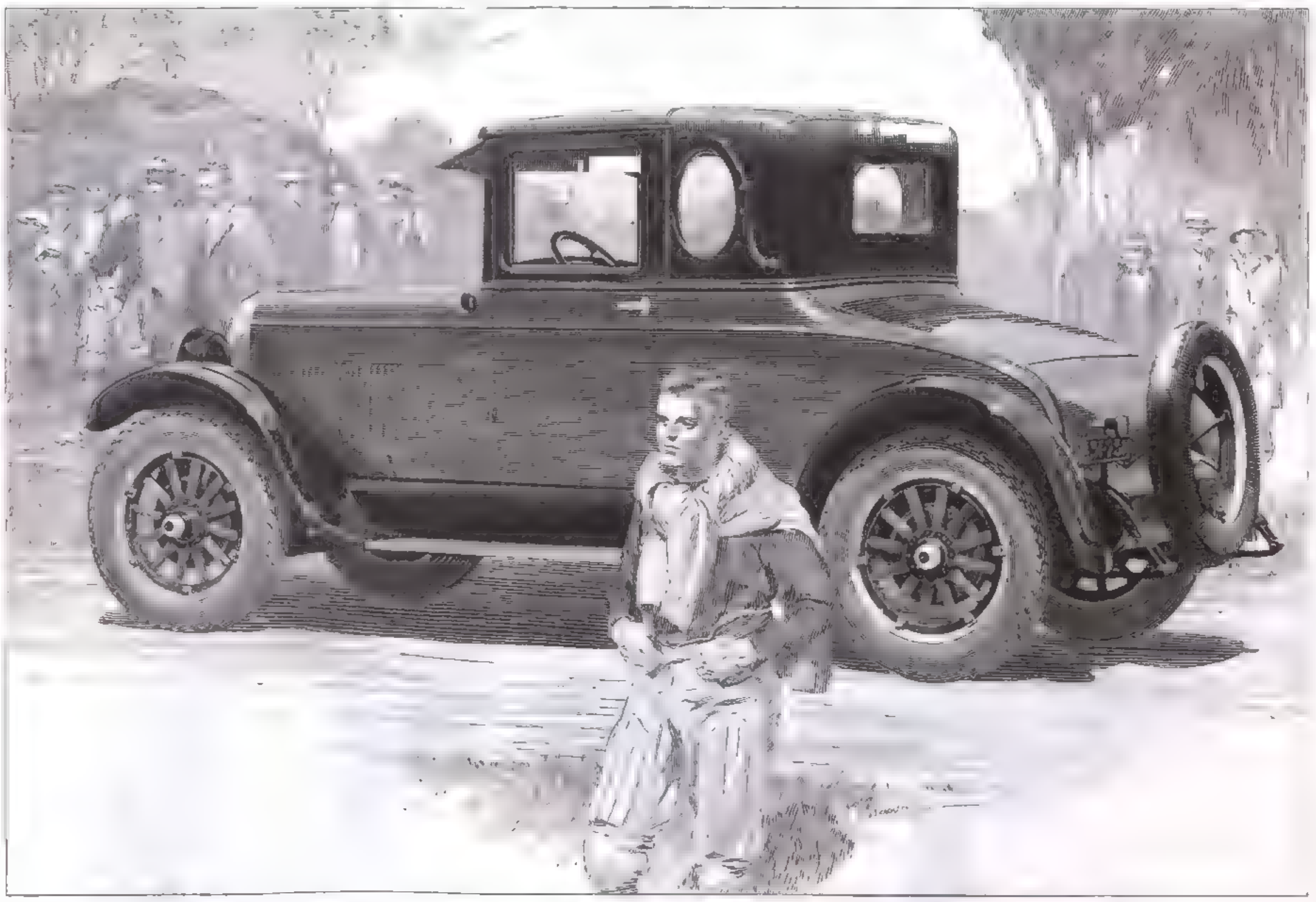
THE largest evacuation was with the Italians. During the same period 884,746 entered Argentina and 500,809 left. Between 1915 and 1923, the difference between incoming and outgoing Italians was smaller because, while 258,962 arrived, 171,154 went home. The record of the Spaniards was more balanced, since 266,400 immigrated, and 249,863 sailed away. I cite these figures to show that while immigration to Argentina gets into fairly large figures, the losses are almost correspondingly great.

We have the same state of affairs in the United States, but while we can afford to lose the Italian who returns to die on a tiny plot of ground at or near his birthplace, Argentina cannot. Thus during the ten years since 1914 the foreigners who have arrived in Argentina have scarcely covered the number of those who heeded the call of the fatherland. There were 2,400,000 aliens in the republic in 1914, and exactly the same number on January thirty-first of this year.

The second factor grows out of the so-called swallow immigration. Every year thousands of Italians, after sowing and harvesting their own crops, sail for Argentina and

(Continued on Page 188)

A Scene at the Immigration Hotel at Buenos Aires



The Oakland Harmonic Balancer

The new and exclusive feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine and in a manner heretofore impossible to attain. Every explosion in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated power impulses. The Harmonic Balancer counts into the Oakland crankshaft an equal twisting force in the opposite direction which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure longer car life

A. New Oakland Six engine Harmonic Balancer—absorbs vibration

B. Ordinary solid crankshaft counterweight—transmits vibration

Readings taken with the Oakland engineering device for measuring torsional vibration

With sales of the new Oakland Six mounting daily to new high levels, Oakland pauses to reaffirm this pledge—Under no circumstances will Oakland depart from the ideals and policies which are winning and holding nation-wide good will; under no circumstances will there be the slightest deviation from Oakland standards. Now and always will Oakland take time to build each car right.

Roadster	Touring	Coach	Landau Coupe	Sedan	Landau Sedan
$975	$1025	$1095	$1125	$1195	$1295
(Old Price $1095)	*(Old Price $1095)*	*(Old Price $1215)*	*(Old Price $1295)*	*(Old Price $1545)*	*(Old Price $1645)*

All prices at factory — General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest in the industry, have been made still lower. You now save as much as $40 to $60 in your time payment costs

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

HUMAN NATURE AND GEMS

"Who Put This Diamond on My Table?" Her Father Exclaimed the Following Day as He Was Dressing

As Told to William O. Trapp

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FALLEN COLEMAN

YOU may think that my occupation is dull and uninteresting, that it is lacking in the dramatic and that each day is simply a wearisome round of petty detail.

I do not agree with you. My work has elements of imagination, high romance, sentiment, superstition and psychology. From my position behind the counter in one of the famous jewelry shops of the world I have observed passing a steady stream of the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, the generous and the selfish.

Shakspere's Seven Ages have stopped before my counter, each age with different demands to be satisfied. Baby cups for the infant, engagement rings for the youth, medals for the soldier and necklaces bought by the lean and slippered pantaloon for his daughter, or the daughter of someone else, are but a few of the gifts I have sold in the thirty-seven years that I have been here.

At this moment it may be that some tourist in the writing room at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, with a fountain pen that I sold him, is scribbling a postcard with the words: "Having a delightful time. Wish you were here. X shows my window."

Or it may be that an American mining engineer, within sound of the temple bells in the old Moulmein pagoda on the road to Mandalay is offering a cigarette to a Burma maid from a case that was bought in this store.

Lessons Learned Behind the Counter

IT IS not dignified to be a salesman. That is what some of my fashionable friends have told me. They have even called me, superciliously, a shopkeeper and, in moments of irascibility, a counter-jumper. That was before the war. Great changes have taken place since then. I believe that people are not so snobbish as they were.

To me salesmanship has been fascinating, educational and refining. When in 1888 I started with the same firm that I am with today, I was uncouth. I did not know how to dress. My tousled hair was a constant source of jest. My knowledge of grammar would not have made Lindley Murray jealous.

Fortunately for me, the firm was made up of broad-minded gentlemen who saw some vein of ability worth while developing. I believe I have justified their hopes. Since the day I entered the firm's employ I have kept an account book of my sales, and this morning I looked it over and found that my sales totaled $6,000,000, which is not so bad for a farmer's son.

These reminiscences may have some value for a youth of today who is in the same position that I was. The first lesson I learned was that I knew little about either jewelry or salesmanship. Willing to learn, however, I was eager to take instruction from any source or any person, even from a little child.

I soon realized that I must study my customers and that a different appeal had to be made to each one if I expected to sell any goods. To one I might talk a great deal. To another I found that comparative silence was better. I discovered it wise never to be too assertive. Above all, I never contradicted. Some customers like to lead. Others like to be led.

Memory for the names of my customers I found most useful. Nothing pleases a customer more than to be approached deferentially and to be called by name. Then I learned, too, the value of keeping faith, giving honest advice and honest value. You may say that is trite, that you knew it long ago. I have two pieces of merchandise for sale. One is new and the other passé. I may be able to sell the second article, but the customer learns that the article he bought is not modern and he becomes dissatisfied, not only with me but with the store as well. A salesman serves his employer and himself best by considering the customer's interest first.

Keeping promises seems to have gone out of fashion in some quarters, but it has not in our store. If I make a promise I strive with might and main to keep it. Sometimes that may prove impossible because of some unlooked-for happening. In that case I anticipate my customer's dissatisfaction and disappointment either by writing him or by telephoning him, regretfully explaining the delay.

Enough of that. I spoke a moment ago of superstitions. You would be surprised at the extent of those irrational beliefs in this business. Sometimes they are tragic; sometimes amusing.

The Opal Superstition

ONE of our customers, a young man, was fond of opals. His love for them verged on mental unsoundness. He became engaged to a charming girl. The day before the wedding he bought from me a magnificent opal necklace for a bridal gift. Three hours before the ceremony he died in a convulsion.

Another customer, a man of large wealth, purchased two exquisite Oriental pearl necklaces for his wife and, later, a handsome opal brooch. His wife demurred at first at accepting the brooch, but finally did so, explaining later that she did it simply to please him. Six months afterward, while sojourning in France and passing by motor through a small village on the Loire, she decided suddenly to pass the night at one of the quaint inns for which the region is famous. That night the inn caught fire and burned to the ground. She, her maid and her two small children escaped barely with their lives. She recovered the trunk in which she kept her jewelry, but it was partly destroyed. The two pearl necklaces had turned as brown as coffee

(Continued on Page 51)

Warning:
The Health Officer will not guard us against this mounting peril . . . as he does against contagious diseases. We must protect ourselves.

The most wonderful machine in the world

IT RUNS for forty or fifty or sixty years—sometimes for a hundred years—without stopping!

The only repairs ever made on it are made while it is functioning.

It is more efficient and more durable than any machine of tempered steel—yet the material which composes it has only a small fraction of the strength of steel.

The most wonderful machine in the world—the human heart!

The heart is so good we take it for granted. We expect it to give a lifetime of perfect service. If it performs perfectly, we seldom think of it. But if it "acts up," we begin to think, and think hard. The proper course, *then*, is immediate and frequent consultation with the family physician.

Our common attitude of indifference toward our hearts—as long as they serve us faithfully—would be ideal, if it had worked out well. But it hasn't. It has resulted in heart disease becoming the greatest single cause of death.

It is possible that all heart disease is preventable; it is certain that much of it is preventable.

Prevention, in this case, is not what the health officer does for us, but what we do for ourselves. Prevention requires that we shall treat "the most wonderful machine in the world" with some of the respect which we, as a matter of course, give to machines less wonderful and less important.

A well-known authority on the heart and its treatment lists "poisoning by caffein" among the major causes of heart disease.

Of course, the use of caffein does not always result in a diseased heart. But as one of the thoroughly understood, major causes of heart disease, and one which can readily be avoided, the use of caffein deserves the thought of everyone who hopes to live long, usefully, and happily.

Caffein is an artificial stimulant which acts directly on the heart, tending to increase the number of beats per minute. It "speeds up" the heart. And as the only time which the heart has for rest, in the course of life, is the time between beats, this "speeding up" not only means a greater load of work, but less time to recuperate.

At the same time, caffein does not contribute anything to the heart or body. It has no food value. It does not provide the fuel for the extra work which it requires the heart to do.

One step toward self-defense

Eliminate caffein from your diet! You can do this without sacrificing the benefit and enjoyment of a hot drink at mealtime. Change to Postum!

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full rich flavor. It is not an imitation of any other drink, but a wonderful drink in its own right—with a taste which is the favorite in 2,000,000 American homes! This is a drink you can enjoy every meal of the day, with no fear of the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, and indigestion which are so often only the first and minor effects of caffein. Postum contributes to your health and well-being, instead of tearing down!

You are the operator of the most wonderful machine in the world—the machine which means more to you than any other. To a large extent, the care you give it now determines how well it will run, and how long it will run. We suggest an easy step in the right direction. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to start you on your test with one week's free supply, and my personal directions for preparing it.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. You will be glad to know that Postum costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

S E P 10-17-25

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum . . .
Postum Cereal . . . . . .

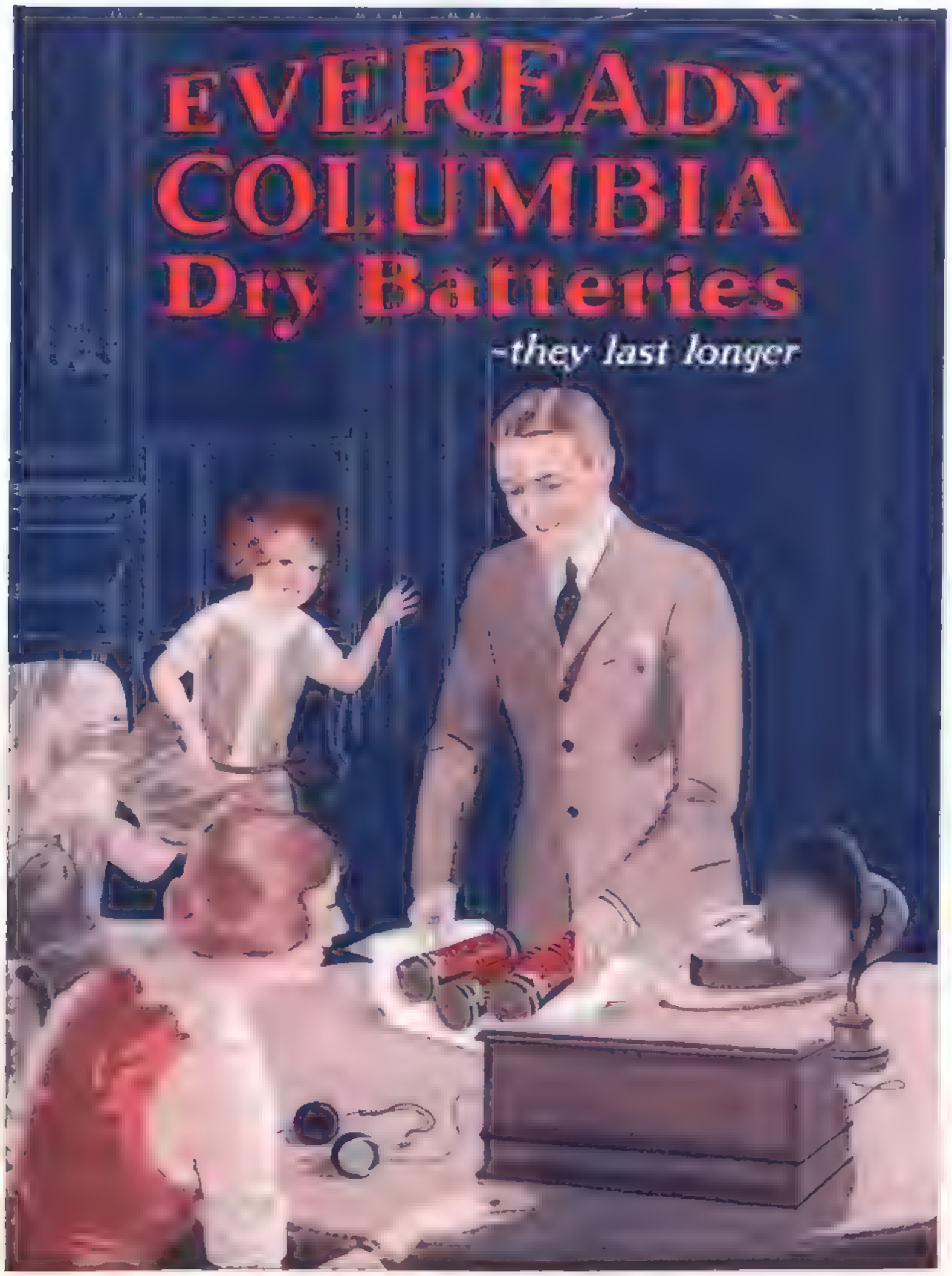
Name
Street
City

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes

Bring back those distant stations!



- radio "A" ✓
- gas engine ignition
- telephone and telegraph
- doorbells
- buzzers
- motor boat ignition
- heat regulators
- tractor ignition
- starting Fords
- ringing burglar alarms
- protecting bank vaults
- electric clocks
- calling Pullman porters
- firing blasts
- lighting tents and outbuildings
- running toys

YOUR ears can't make up for weak batteries. Put new Eveready Columbia Ignitors in your radio set and restore its power. They light radio tube filaments with a steady, even current that puts the spark of life in your set. Get Eveready Columbias. They last long in radio work. Use the Eveready Columbia Ignitor for all dry cell tubes. It's easy to hook up a battery of Ignitors to suit the tubes you use. Safe. Convenient. Economical. For satisfactory radio—Eveready Columbia Ignitors. There is an Eveready Columbia dealer nearby.

Fahnestock spring clip binding posts on the Ignitor at no extra cost.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., New York—San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

(Continued from Page 48)

beans, ruined beyond repair. Three months later she was found dead in her bathtub. Her husband survived her but a short time.

Sometimes the fatality attached in the popular mind to opals works out differently. A woman well known in this country, another of our customers, and a spinster, came in one day with a nice-looking Hungarian opal, small but of good quality. She asked us to buy the stone. We declined.

"Very well," she exclaimed. "Then I shall leave it on your counter or throw it away."

She placed it on the counter and hurried out of the store. We gave it to one of our minor employes. He sent it to his sweetheart in England, who, superstitious, was unwilling to keep it. She sold the stone and with the proceeds she bought a ticket for the Derby and won a hundred pounds.

The opal has always had a powerful effect upon men's imaginations. In the Middle Ages people believed the stone would fade and lose its luster if worn by a person who was insincere, deceitful or impure. When worn by the innocent, however, the opal had the special virtues of all gems.

Some of the superstitions concerning gems remain to this day, notably in the case of amber. Apothecaries in Paris, and probably some in this country, sell beads of that material as a cure for sore throat and ague, while some persons believe the gem will prevent insanity, asthma, dropsy, toothache and deafness.

The Diamond in the Cabbage

I have witnessed queer happenings that had no superstitious tinge. One of our wealthy customers rushed up to me one day as fast as her dignity would permit and exclaimed that she had lost a solitaire diamond earring. She had discovered the loss the previous day and, remembering I had sold the pair to her, came to me with her trouble. The stone was gone but the setting remained in her ear, she explained. I calmed her as well as I could and suggested that we place an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a liberal reward if the stone were returned to the store.

Several days later a rotund housewife came in and, unwrapping a piece of newspaper, disclosed a large diamond. She said she had read our advertisement and judged from the description that this was the stone. She related the following circumstances:

On the day the jewel was lost she had gone to market and had filled her basket with meat and vegetables, among them a huge cabbage. Upon arriving home she unpacked her basket, prepared for the evening meal by peeling the cabbage, and inside the outer layer of leaves she saw something gleaming. Thinking it was an imitation diamond she did not become unduly elated. However, she wrapped it in a piece of newspaper and tucked it away.

The incident had been forgotten by the next day, when she met a neighbor who spoke of an advertisement in the morning newspaper offering a reward for a loose diamond. That started the woman thinking. Her next step was into our store. The gem was the one that had been lost. We rewarded the honest housewife with a check for $500, much to her amazement and satisfaction. She explained that she had noticed a richly dressed woman sitting next to her in the street car on that eventful market day. The stone had probably become loosened and had dropped into the cabbage head.

A layman finding a valuable jewel seldom estimates its true value. Too often the gem is regarded as an imitation. I have heard of numerous instances where men and women have been too indifferent to pick up from the street an article of value. Of course they do not know that it is valuable, but something seems to restrain people from following the impulse that is instinctive with savages, to pick up bright articles. We have been fooled so often by bits of tin foil and tobacco insignia that we are wary.

Here is a story of two women, one wealthy, the other a young woman with slender means who had come to this city on a charitable mission. The first woman owned a rare pearl necklace that she had purchased from us. As she was hurrying from a train one day the string of the necklace broke, unknown to her. The necklace fell to the pavement and some of the pearls scattered.

The second woman was walking a short distance behind. As she approached the spot where the necklace lay she saw it. Her first impulse, she said later, was to pass it by, thinking that it was a cheap string of beads. After taking a few steps she retraced her course, picked up the necklace, but failed to take the trouble to gather in the loose pearls. To herself she pictured the amusement she would have in telling her friends of her find and pretending it was very valuable.

Later she overheard some women at her hotel talking of a pearl necklace that had been lost, for which a reward of $2000 had been offered. In her room that evening she examined the necklace again and observed for the first time the expensive clasp, which contained a diamond. She brought the necklace to us. It proved to be the missing one, but inasmuch as she had left six or eight pearls on the pavement we could not pay her more than $1500 of the reward. That was a windfall for her. When she left the store she was heard to exclaim, "The Lord will provide."

An expert can tell a real gem as far as he can see it. The following incident contains a coincidence that I suppose no self-respecting fiction writer would ever use, but it has a place in this truthful narrative. A youth walked into our shop shortly before a noon hour and asked to see some diamond rings. He examined solitaires and three-stone rings, meanwhile keeping the salesman interested and amused with small talk. The customer paid particular attention to the tags. He asked the salesman for his card and said he would return in a day or two to make a selection.

Several days elapsed before he returned, this time at a later hour than on his first visit. He inquired for his salesman, but found he had gone to luncheon. The youth expressed his disappointment and asked to look at three-stone rings. He selected a moderate-priced one as a possible choice and, after some hesitation, requested the salesman to reserve the ring until the following day, when he would return and pay for it.

A Valued Ring Returned

While this conversation was taking place another salesman, standing near by, looked on with a trace of that suspicion that I suppose nearly all jewelry salesmen have. When the customer had gone the second salesman stepped over to the man who had been showing the rings and expressed his suspicions. Together the two salesmen examined the trays. Apparently everything was in order, when suddenly they noticed that one tag had a green instead of the white string always used in our store. The ring to which that string was attached was a small three-stone diamond affair of poor quality, worth $125. The ticket had been inscribed in some fashion similar to our genuine tags, even to a cost mark, which, however, was incorrect.

We realized that we had been robbed of a valuable ring and that a cheap one had been substituted. Immediately we checked up on our ring stock and discovered that an unusually fine three-stone ring, valued at $3000, had been taken. The stock survey had taken us forty-five minutes. One of our representatives went to the police to report the loss.

He had been gone a few minutes when a friend from a neighboring jewelry store walked in, opened his hand and displayed a three-stone diamond ring. He asked a salesman if he recognized it and if we had lost it. The salesman, not having been apprised of the loss, said he would inquire.

"Why, this is the ring stolen from us an hour ago," we exclaimed in concert.

Our neighbor explained that he had been taking a walk after luncheon, smoking his customary post-luncheon cigar, and that he saw this ring on the pavement. He picked it up and, returning to his establishment, he examined it under a glass, where he discovered our mark inside the shank.

We surmised that the thief had held the ring in his hand, together with his glove, and in walking rapidly up the street had either dropped the ring accidentally or had become panic-stricken, thinking he was followed, and had decided to lose it. Whatever the truth may have been, we were the gainers by one ring worth $125.

What I have said about experts recognizing jewels instantly does not apply to members of their family. By that I mean there is no transfer of talent from father to son; and if you are a believer in what the scientists call the inheritance of acquired ability, you will have to look farther than in a jeweler's family. If my son intends to follow the same calling as I have chosen, he will have to learn it from the bottom up as I did. In course of time he may be able to recognize the genuine from the counterfeit, too, but he will have to follow a course of training.

The New York Dead Line

The daughter of one of our firm members was shopping downtown, and as she was about to step into a taxicab she glanced at the ground where she saw something glittering in the sunlight. She picked up what she supposed was a rhinestone. Thinking it a good joke, she took the stone home with her and placed it on her father's dressing table, to see what comment he would make upon it the next morning.

"Who put this diamond on my table?" her father exclaimed the following day as he was dressing.

His daughter came to his door.

"I found it, father, on the street yesterday," she answered. "Isn't it a beautiful rhinestone?"

"Rhinestone?" the parent retorted. "Rhinestone, my eye! Why, that is a diamond and weighs about two carats."

Father and daughter watched the newspapers for a long time afterward, but apparently it was never advertised for. The father kept the jewel in his possession for several years, and as the owner was never found, he gave it to his daughter, who, I believe, has it yet.

Gems have always been the particular prey of the thief, because they may be easily stolen and quickly disposed of. Every police department has its specialists in the detection of jewel robberies, who do nothing but devote their time to studying the jewel thief.

Sometimes thieves become so active and so well organized that radical measures must be taken, such as Inspector Byrnes adopted years ago when he established a dead line at Fulton Street, New York, to keep thieves out of the rich district south of that thoroughfare, particularly out of Maiden Lane, which was then, as now, one of the centers of the jewelry trade. Recently that dead line has been revived and police from other cities are studying the methods practiced by Commissioner Enright and his subordinates.

I have seen, caught and exposed many thieves in my career and it seems to me, as time goes on, that criminal technic is losing in subtlety. Crime seems to originate frequently in the drug-stimulated wits of degenerates, ending usually in holdups with a casualty list of dead and wounded. We have never had an experience of that sort, but I am not bragging. Boasting is a dangerous matter. Many a motorist has learned that after he has told of having gone so-and-so many miles without any tire trouble, to have his braggadocio interrupted by a blowout. If bandits should visit us, we are ready. Our store has taken precautions that would amaze you, but what they are and how they work I must leave to your imagination. If you were a general you would not tell your plans of defense to the enemy, would you? The bandit is our enemy, just as he is the enemy of all society.

But there is one class of thief who is not, strictly speaking, an enemy. I refer to that peculiar man or woman, the kleptomaniac. I have seen kleptomania in many persons otherwise scrupulously honest, but apparently uncontrollable in the presence of jewels. One of the greatest lawyers in this city, a man who enjoys a nation-wide celebrity, was a frequent visitor to our store some years ago. His hobby was scarfpins, and his collection was an excellent one. He had as many pins as there are seeds in a jar of raspberry jam, and he was always adding to them.

We knew of his craze for that form of jewelry and inasmuch as he had always been a good customer, often buying lavishly, he was naturally welcome to see anything in our stock. Knowing, too, his reputation as a man of integrity, it may be that we in the store were remiss in not watching the gentleman as he leaned over the trays and gloated over our exceptional displays. At any rate, from time to time a scarfpin would disappear. When a particularly choice specimen went the way of the rest our force became alert and increasingly suspicious of everybody.

One day a salesman saw the lawyer slip a scarfpin into his pocket and walk out of the store. The salesman told others in the store what he had seen. A short time afterward, perhaps a few days, the lawyer returned. Every movement he made was observed by at least six pairs of eyes.

We did not have long to wait. After looking over the stock for a few minutes he palmed a pin worth $600 and was about to walk off with it when a representative of the firm stopped him and invited him into a private room. Faced by the evidence of his guilt, the lawyer confessed that he had been stealing from us for a long time. He was a wealthy man, as he is today, and after he had made restitution the firm took the matter under advisement for a considerable period but decided finally not to prosecute. The newspapers missed a splendid yarn, but all of us felt that the man was suffering from a disease as chronic and as hard to cure as an organic ailment.

Caught With the Goods

"Something seemed to come over me suddenly," exclaimed one such kleptomaniac. "I don't know why I did it."

These unfortunates come from good homes. They are well nourished. Some of them, like this lawyer, have large incomes from an honorable profession or business. Yet, without any apparent cause or reason, they yield.

Of a different type is the man or woman who tries to match his or her wits against the salesman's. I remember two instances.

A young man asked to look at some necklaces. He seemed familiar with our routine, which was to ask the prospective customer to be seated at a table where he could examine the merchandise comfortably. It was our custom to inclose in plain envelopes expensive pearls intended for necklaces which had not yet been strung. A salesman had arranged a number of those envelopes on a table near this young man, a fact which he may have foreseen.

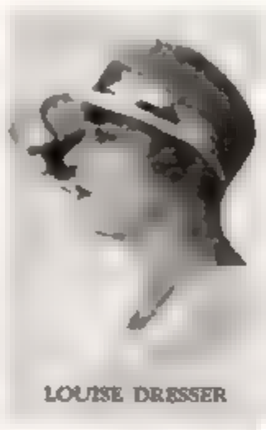
As he looked over the necklaces, mostly of the moderate-priced variety, he would glance from time to time at the envelopes which he knew contained the expensive jewelry. I watched him closely. He selected a small necklace and paid for it. As he turned, unaware that I had become suspicious, he quickly slipped one of the envelopes into his pocket. He was about to walk away when I asked him to withdraw his hand from his pocket. He saw that he was caught. With a well-counterfeited attempt at innocence he held up the envelope and inquired: "Are these for sale?"

It was a bluff, pure and simple, but it worked because he had not gone off the

Watch This Column

Roses for LOUISE DRESSER

This public tribute to LOUISE DRESSER is inspired by the remarkable work she has done in Universal's fine picture, ***"The Goose Woman."*** She has given me one of the most refreshing experiences of my moving-picture career, and added faith in the possibilities of the screen and its future.



LOUISE DRESSER

All honor to Rex Beach for a great story—all honor to Clarence Brown for a masterly piece of directing, but I am not indulging in flattery when I express the belief that no other person could have elevated this picture to such heights as LOUISE DRESSER.

So, if you folks wish to enjoy one of the rare treats of the year, be sure to see ***"The Goose Woman,"*** and in order to be sure, ask the Manager of your favorite theatre to get it.

"The Phantom of the Opera," that fantastic and gorgeous drama of the Paris Opera House, is enthusiastically endorsed by the critics. The praise is unusually high. LON CHANEY comes in again for such praise as gladdens the actor's heart. Inquire at your favorite theatre if this picture has been booked.

EUGENE O'BRIEN

I suggest to you that you see these pictures of Universal's new White List: REGINALD DENNY in ***"California Straight Ahead"***; VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN in Samuel Hopkins Adams' ***"Siege"***; LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY in ***"The Teaser"***; HOOT GIBSON in ***"Spook Ranch"***; JACQUELINE LOGAN and CULLEN LANDIS in Temple Bailey's ***"Peacock Feathers"***; Dorothy Canfield's ***"The Home Maker."*** These will give you rare entertainment. Write me a letter about them.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Would you like an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny? One will be sent you on receipt of 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

store property, which is an essential act to prove a larceny, lawyers tell me. In this instance we preferred to save our property rather than allow the youth to leave the store, with the risk that he might elude us.

Some thieves are remarkably adept at palming articles or otherwise disposing of them on their person while a salesman has his attention diverted for an instant. Circus gamblers with their ballyhoo "The hand is quicker than the eye" are in a measure correct. Eternal vigilance is always necessary to protect property in a jewelry store.

Thieves often work in couples. A young man, accompanied by a young woman, asked to look at bracelets. There was nothing about the prospective customer to engender suspicion. At first the two were interested in the more expensive bracelets, ranging from $5000 to $10,000. Bracelets at that price in flexible diamonds are favorite prey for thieves. Such bracelets are easier to hide, and the diamonds may be removed readily from their setting to be sold without fear of their being identified.

Nothing in that style seemed to suit the young couple for the moment. They requested that the tray be kept at hand while they looked at some cheaper bracelets. They seemed to decide on one costing $1200, when the young man asked me if I had anything else to show him.

I had been watching him closely, particularly when I bent over to reach the tray with the cheaper bracelets. I had seen a quick movement of his right wrist and I suspected that all was not right.

"Why, yes," I replied to his question, as I reached over and grasped his arm. "Now this bracelet you have here is a specially fine specimen and costs $6000!"

As I spoke a flexible diamond bracelet dropped out from the youth's coat sleeve and fell on the counter. Was he flustered? Not a bit.

"Yes," he answered. "That is pretty, but I rather prefer this one."

He pointed to the $1200 bracelet.

"I shall leave a $10 deposit on it and call for it tomorrow," he said suavely. Of course we never saw him again.

Precautions against such thievery are better now than they ever were. Occasionally we have been a little puffed up over safeguards, with the usual results that follow after pride. Some years ago we decided to abolish locked trays for rings on the ground that such trays not only were expensive but were a nuisance. In less than a year we lost many valuable rings. The locked trays were restored. Today we have them and, in addition, we have "fillers" to replace rings taken out temporarily. No tray is ever returned to the case unless it is complete, either with rings or with fillers.

Diamonds as an Investment

The diamond has always held first place among gems. It is known and prized the world over. No other substance outside of the precious metals has such intrinsic worth. Your diamond, if it be a fine one, holds its own throughout all time and does not deteriorate. It is true that it may be chipped or broken, but that is rare. Even then it can be recut or polished. Your fur coat, your furniture, your piano, your motor car and even your pictures, unless they be masterpieces, become less valuable as the years go by.

Oriental peoples particularly appreciate the durable and tangible value of gems. Hence all their wealthier classes accumulate them in quantity, because they know they possess a portable form of wealth. Indian potentates follow that practice, and in sudden revolution they are enabled to decamp with a considerable part of their wealth. Bootleggers, gamblers and thieves have the same idea when they invest their proceeds in diamonds.

Yet there are two fallacies involved in the reasoning that diamonds may be readily transferred into other forms of wealth. The popular impression is that anyone anywhere can realize the full amount that the jewels cost. That is incorrect. It is true, however, that one can realize a much larger proportion of the cost than could be obtained on other merchandise, especially if it has to be disposed of quickly. It is not reasonable to expect to cash in gems for their full cost. The merchant has to have his profit and his overhead expense, so unless there has been a great increase in market value he must buy at a reduced price.

Frequently people say to me they had always heard that diamonds were a good investment. Why should they be? They are not like stocks and bonds, earning interest or dividends. A conscientious merchant will never deliberately tell his customers that diamonds are a good investment. He may say with reason that the diamond will hold its own better than any other form of personal property, but that is all.

Instances have been known where diamonds have increased in value to such an extent that the merchant could afford to give more than was originally paid. I have known of many such. Recently we paid a man three times as much as the gem cost him fifteen years ago. That was a particularly fine specimen, however.

When Stones Go Out of Style

That brings up the second fallacy people commonly have, that diamonds are always the same. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The diamond grows old-fashioned just as surely as feminine headdress, although not quite so quickly, to be sure. The style of cutting makes the difference in both cases.

Several distinct changes in the cutting of diamonds have taken place within the last fifty years. When I was a boy my father turned from farming to the jewelry business, and the first objects that challenged my attention in his store were the diamonds. As the opportunity offered, I examined them minutely. I noticed that nearly all of the stones had black specks in them and that the stones were clumsy and irregular in shape. Most of them were oblong or square and quite deep. Many of them lacked brilliancy. Stones at this period came mainly from Brazil, with a few from India, but even then the Indian mines were almost exhausted. The finest gems this world has ever seen came from India, particularly from the Golconda mine, as everyone knows who ever heard Doctor Conwell's lecture on Acres of Diamonds.

Brazilian diamonds are a beautiful limpid white but full of carbon, as if something had gone wrong in that geological period when that variety was crystallized and fused in the subterranean heat, pressure and gases. Ninety per cent of the Brazilian diamonds have carbon spots, and many of them are so fissured that a really clean diamond is rare. When the South African fields were discovered later, perfect crystals became more numerous in the jewelry trade.

To get as large a diamond as possible seemed to be the aim of diamond cutters when I was a boy. The cutters wasted little of the rough stone. The loss would not exceed 30 to 35 per cent of the uncut crystal.

The final result was a jewel that was thick and clumsy, oblong or square or irregular, without much beauty or brilliancy.

In the seventies a Boston diamond cutter, Moss by name, conceived the idea of cutting a diamond in better proportions. He would cut the stone round with a sharp girdle, or belt, and with less of the stone above the girdle than below. He produced a diamond ever so much more symmetrical and brilliant. That fashion continued until about 1890.

At that time the best cutters realized that to get a perfectly symmetrical gem it must be cut with one-third of its height from the girdle and two-thirds below, and that the girdle must be extremely sharp or knife-edged. That process involved the loss of from 55 to 61 per cent of the rough stone. It made the finished stone much more costly because the by-products were not of much value, although today they may be used for very small stones in settings. Such small stones, incidentally, are called melee and are cut by cheap labor.

Those changes have helped to make some diamonds old-fashioned, and it has always been painful to me to tell people with such old gems to sell that they have lost most of their value.

Next to diamonds, I have been interested most in rubies. About manufactured rubies we heard a great deal twenty years ago, when a chemist took small ruby chips, or alumina, and fused them with borax to make a hard mass that could be cut into stones. That disturbed the ruby market.

Later chemists experimented to make synthetic stones by fusing under a blowpipe, or in the electric furnace, the elements of gems and dropping the molten mass into oil to produce a tear-shaped globule. It seemed to have all the characteristics of the natural crystal. People thought genuine rubies and sapphires had had their day. Yet there were defects in the synthetic stones. They had certain bubbles and serrated lines, unperceived by the layman but readily seen by the expert. So, while the market of genuine stones was affected for a time, the condition was only temporary.

Cultured pearls also have had their day. While they were in vogue they caused jewelers just as much anxiety as the synthetic stones had done. The Japanese by industrious experimentation have succeeded in producing small pearls by placing tiny objects in the mollusk and allowing them to remain for a period. Results have not been satisfactory. The pearls are comparatively small, with unattractive coloring. The cost, too, is quite considerable, although less than that of the real pearl.

The consensus of experts is that the imitation pearl will never achieve popularity or supplant the real jewels. People are too sincere to be satisfied with anything but the genuine.

Where and How to Buy Gems

Yet how is one, not an expert, to tell the real from the spurious? That question is at the foundation of the whole jewelry business. A friend of mine the other day showed me a pearl scarfpin for which he had paid fifty dollars. I told him the pin was not worth ten dollars. I surmised that he had bought it in some small shop near a railroad terminal, a ferry or somewhere else where people are always in a hurry. He said he had bought it near one of our big stations and that he had selected it and bought it, all within ten minutes.

I should say that buying a diamond is much the same as buying ham and eggs. You can go into a quick-lunch place and buy the great American delicacy for twenty-five cents. Or you can go into a first-class restaurant and pay much more. But no one pretends that it is the same dish. The eggs are different. The ham is different. The service is different. Everything is different.

So it is with gems. Diamonds are not always diamonds. Pearls are not always pearls. You must know where to buy them.

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(Continued from Page 19)

$1,350,000, and with the architect's and engineer's fees, other costs of construction and a 10 per cent profit to the builder the house stands the coöperative corporation about $1,642,000.

The total price, land and building, was $2,767,000, or about $5000 a room.

The difference between the price of the stock and the total is covered by a first mortgage of $1,300,000, running for a period of ten years, without any requirement for annual amortization. The big life-insurance company which lent the money was satisfied that the security behind its loan would not be impaired for ten years. This fact is significant of the new attitude of capital toward coöperative apartment enterprises.

Four or five years ago there was probably not an important financial institution in America that would consider an application for a loan on a coöperative enterprise. The word itself smacked of socialism, in capital's ears. It took a long, difficult and patient course of education on the part of the pioneer promoters of the modern type of coöperative houses to satisfy financial institutions that their security was really a safe form of investment. Today most of the big life-insurance companies, savings banks and other custodians of trust funds lend their reserves readily on properly promoted coöperative houses.

The Coöperative-House Budget

They are exacting in their requirements, which is all to the benefit of the tenant-owners. They will not lend, for example, on a property where the land value is too large in proportion to the building cost. Too small a building on a site where land value is bound to increase hastens the day when the tax load will become too heavy to be carried by a few and the house must be replaced by one large enough to spread the burden among many. The big lending institutions, moreover, scrutinize the plans and specifications with an eye not only to design and arrangement but to quality and durability as well; they want assurance that the house will outlast the mortgage, which may run for thirty years or more. And they require the inspection and O. K. of their own construction engineers at every stage of the building's progress.

All these assurances of the soundness of the investment having induced the purchase of a $24,000 apartment in this house, the prospective tenant-owner is required to sign a lease whereby he binds himself to pay a rent of one dollar a year for ninety-nine years, and in addition his proportionate share of the cost of maintaining the building, which has been estimated carefully by experts in building management and is guaranteed for the first five years, at figures which are incorporated in the contract of sale. Here they are:

ESTIMATED EXPENSES OF MAINTENANCE AND

A rent of $2460 a year, or $205 a month, for nine rooms and three baths on Fifth Avenue is quite within reach of a family of very moderate means. Even when the 6 per cent that the investment might bring elsewhere is added, the total comes to but $3900 a year. In this case, too, the tenant-owners decided to put aside a reserve fund of a dollar a year per share of stock, to reduce the mortgage when it falls due and cut down their interest charge proportionately. Including that, the total cost to the tenant-owner of this particular apartment is $4140 a year. For a similar apartment in the same neighborhood he would have to pay in rent, if he were not the owner, not less than $7500 a year and from that up to $10,000.

The labor charge in the foregoing table is interesting as indicating what it costs to provide service for Fifth Avenue residents. Included in the budget of $19,005 are a superintendent, a carriage man, two door men, eight regular elevator operators, two extra operators, two porters, one handy man and one fireman. The superintendent must be a licensed engineer and an electrical and mechanical expert, for he has a battery of heating boilers, four high-speed electric elevators and an intricate system of wiring, plumbing and gas-piping to look after, as well as the general upkeep of the building. Besides his salary of $160 a month, he gets a four-room apartment in the rear of the ground floor.

The most significant item in the table, however, is that of "administration, $6000." That is the salary paid by the coöperative corporation to a professional building manager, in this and most instances a real-estate brokerage corporation, which may serve simultaneously as manager of a dozen, fifty or a hundred similar houses.

The functions which the managing agent performs begin with financial matters. Usually the sale of the coöperative apartments to their ultimate tenant-owners is intrusted to the firm which is to manage the building. As sales agent, the real-estate man is the sole judge of the qualifications of the applicants for slices of air. He alone can take an impersonal attitude in accepting or rejecting, deciding who will or will not fit into the economic, social and neighborly requirements which make for successful coöperation. If one family which does not fit is permitted to enter, the whole character of the building is impaired, and this is true whether the unfit one is higher or lower in the economic and social scale.

The Managing Agent's Duties

A good agent, then, must be a good judge of human nature. He must be something of a financial expert, too, because he is often called upon to furnish or obtain for the prospective customer facilities for financing his purchase. For these preliminary services the agent gets the standard fee for selling as fixed by his local real-estate board—5 per cent in New York.

The agent calls the first meeting of the new stockholders when all the shares have been sold, and instructs them how to organize their corporation. They elect their board of directors, and so far as the rest of their number are concerned, that is all they have to worry about until their next annual meeting. The directors elect one of their number president, select an individual, a bank or a trust company to act as treasurer, and sometimes make the agent secretary. That last is the common practice in Chicago, where one firm of brokers serves as secretary of more than one hundred coöperative-apartment-house corporations, including the cost of that work in its management fee.

The agent attends to all insurance, makes all collections from the tenant-owners, pays the taxes, interest on the mortgage and other charges when due. He alone employs and dismisses all employes of the building. He makes the contracts for all major repairs and painting which some employe cannot do. He buys all supplies, including the coal. One Chicago concern buys coal at the mine, brings it to the city by the trainload, and apportions the cost among the hundred or more houses which it serves at a material saving to the tenant-owners.

It is to the agent that all complaints by tenant-owners are made, whether they relate to the operation of the building, the manners of the operating personnel or the habits of other tenant-owners. Anybody who is not satisfied with the agent's way of running things is at liberty, of course, to appeal to the directors, who may dismiss the agent on thirty days' notice. If the aggrieved one fails to impress his coöwners, he may swallow his grievance, move out and sublet his apartment or sell his shares. Then it is up to the agent to get him a subtenant or a purchaser satisfactory to the remaining members of the corporation, at the best price for the individual owner.

It is the professional building manager, clothed with almost arbitrary authority in matters over which groups and committees are prone to quarrel or which they are reasonably sure to neglect, who has made the coöperative apartment successful in America, and largely inspired the revised attitude of capital toward such properties. One of the first questions the financiers ask when approached for a mortgage loan on a coöperative property is the name of the agent, and upon his reputation and experience as a manager of coöperative properties the decision as to granting the loan often hinges.

Keeping Off the Rocks

The bankers realize that coöperative enterprises based upon mutual effort and labor, which work successfully in Europe, have never worked in America. The individualistic American is disinclined to personal effort for the common good. He feels no especial need of the support of the group to which he may not be attached six months hence. He will coöperate with his dollars, but that is usually about his coöperative limit. He will not give time or thought to the details of any business out of which he is not getting his major income and interest in life.

Failure to recognize this American characteristic has wrecked many well-meant coöperative enterprises of various sorts. Some of the early efforts at coöperative home owning nearly went on the rocks because they were based on the plan of every tenant-owner and his wife having a finger in the pie. These early efforts, too, lacking professional and sound advice as to financing, cost their tenant-owners a great deal more than they had anticipated. I have not been able to find a record of a complete failure of a coöperative apartment house; but that there was none was due more to good luck than good management, until their operation was placed in professional hands.

I asked a banker, owner of a $75,000 coöperative apartment in one of the many such houses that line Park Avenue, what his board of directors really had to do.

"The only important matter which I can recall now," he said, "was to decide whether the door men should wear long trousers or knee breeches. We had quite a spirited debate."

The coöperative tenant-owner, except in emergencies like that, is under no more obligation to personal contact with the other occupants of the house than the tenant in an apartment house of the ordinary type. He has the assurance, however, that if he does make acquaintances in the building, they are persons who have passed the same standards of manners as have been applied to himself, and so are not going to intrude upon his privacy or otherwise annoy him

(Continued on Page 58)

DODGE BROTHERS, INC.
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(Continued from Page 54)

by doing things which he would not think of doing. The aloofness of the average New York apartment dweller arises not from unneighborly instincts but from fear of opening the door to too-convenient neighbors whose manners may be those of a totally different tradition.

Physically the nine-room apartment on the fifth floor which cost $24,000 is quite different from a nine-room apartment in a building designed to be rented. The cooperative apartment movement has begun something approaching a revolution in urban domestic architecture. The problem of designing apartments as permanent homes, rather than as profit earners for a landlord, has attracted some of the foremost architects, and some extremely interesting experiments and new ideas, both in exterior design and interior arrangements, have resulted. A new type of specification in which quality and durability are emphasized rather than cost has been developed. The result in this house is an apartment in which foyer, living room and dining room open up for entertaining in a clear sweep of nearly sixty feet across the front, while the three masters' bedrooms at the back, placed to get a clear sweep of light and air, are on a proportionately generous scale, and the intervening space includes, besides kitchen, pantries, two maids' rooms and laundry, a servants' hall and ten huge closets. The count of nine rooms is obtained by omitting foyer and servants' hall.

When the new tenant-owner takes possession of this generous slice of air he finds that such matters of taste as the wall decorations, the electric-lighting fixtures, the style of the mantel over the big wood-burning fireplace, the color of the woodwork and all such similar details have been left to him—or to his wife—to decide. He may have had the partitions arranged differently from the standard plan while the house was in course of construction. Perhaps at some future time he may wish to rearrange the room spaces. He is at liberty to do whatever he pleases within his own four walls; there is no landlord to say him nay. Of course he pays for these things himself, as he would in his own suburban house.

There is no top limit to what he may spend on the decoration and furnishing of his coöperative apartment. He is justified in indulging his taste, for he is furnishing for permanence. Some of the most sumptuously furnished homes in New York are in coöperative apartments. The maximum was reached by a young man of great inherited wealth who bought an apartment in a Park Avenue house for around $100,000 and spent $380,000 for its decorations.

Now what can the owner of a coöperative apartment do with his shares of stock besides file them as a souvenir? And what can he do with his apartment besides live in it?

Borrowing on the Stock

He can borrow money on his stock. It is good banking collateral, if the house has been properly financed. A banker will accept the fact of an underlying institutional loan as fairly convincing evidence of the soundness of the property. Of course the banker needs to be made familiar with the house and its whole plan of operation as he needs to be concerning any corporation on the shares of which he is asked to make a loan. Progressive bankers in most of the cities in which the coöperative housing idea has taken root regard these shares, generally speaking, as good collateral, particularly if the would-be borrower is the sort of person who is entitled to borrow on good security. Here, again, the established character of the house has a distinct financial value.

Some banks will lend as high as 80 per cent of the par value on individually held shares in coöperative apartment houses of the modern type. The purchases of slices of air are financed, in the great majority of instances, through such loans. Few buyers pay all cash. One corporation in New York, with $10,000,000 of resources, has been organized solely for the purpose of lending money to buyers of coöperative apartments, on the security of the shares, allowing monthly installment repayment over a period of from two to four years. As high as 80 per cent of the total purchase price is often lent in this way, so that the purchaser of the apartment just described needed to put up only $4800 of his own money in order to gain possession.

Should the borrower default, the lending company can either sell the stock or sublet the apartment at an excess above the payments called for in the lease and apply the difference to the loan. The managing agent is always ready to coöperate in a transaction of that kind, for which he gets the standard commission. In the better houses he has a waiting list of acceptable persons eager to buy or subrent an apartment.

The $24,000 apartment on Fifth Avenue has a minimum rental value, unfurnished, of at least $7500 a year—probably a thousand or so higher, as rents go in that part of Manhattan. Furnished, the owner might get $1000 a month for it. It takes but a bit of figuring to disclose that the investment is extremely profitable.

Profit in Subletting

In calculating the total rent paid by the tenant-owner we have allowed him 6 per cent on his $24,000, and an additional 1 per cent invested in the mortgage redemption fund, above his maintenance charges of $2460 a year. But he is getting $7500 a year at a cost of $2460 a year, or a net income on his investment of $5040 a year. Any way you figure that, it is 21 per cent of $24,000. The tenant-owner is getting that return for his money in the shape of reduced rent or increased accommodations, so long as he occupies his apartment himself; but all he has to do to realize it in cash is to gain the consent of his directors to sublet, granted as a matter of course ordinarily, and tell the agent to find him a subtenant acceptable to his associates. And that is always easy enough, for good tenants want to get into coöperative houses.

The question is often asked why, if there is a readily accessible investment yielding such a return as that, with such a degree of certainty, capital does not rush into it? There is a catch in it, though the investment return often runs higher than the 21 per cent just computed above. The catch is that nobody but the tenant-owner himself can get such returns on his capital, and he cannot be assured of getting them continuously in cash. To assume otherwise would be to assume permanency of tenancy by the subtenant. If tenants were permanent, owning an apartment house would not be the hazardous business which it actually is. Like the average farmer, the average landlord is dependent for large profits on the rise in his land value. But in the coöperative apartment, vacancies and the cost of filling them and redecorating for each new tenant, the largest expenses of the commercial landlord, are eliminated, which explains the seeming paradox of the tenant-landlord earning a large profit while the professional landlord gets a small one.

That is true, however, only in the 100 per cent coöperative house, which is the new thing in coöperatives in America. There have been 50–50 coöperatives for years, the tenant-owners occupying some of the space and relying upon the rental income from the rest to bring their own rent down. They are subject to all the hazards of the commercial landlord, and differ not at all in principle from an apartment house under a single ownership, although they have generally been successful in giving their owners, for a much larger proportional individual investment than in a 100 per cent house, greatly reduced rentals for themselves, and in some instances absolutely free rent for long periods of years. Their shares have no more collateral value, however, than those of any other apartment-owning corporation.

Under precisely the same general financial plan as this Fifth Avenue house, a group of Scandinavian workingmen in Brooklyn, nearly 600 families, have built more than fifty coöperative apartment houses for themselves. The only differences are in the social and economic standards involved. These are five-story walk-ups, built on land cheap enough to provide playgrounds for the children. They are of substantial, slow-burning construction and have cost, land and buildings, only about $1500 a room, as against the $5000 a room on Fifth Avenue. A five-room apartment, steam-heated, electric-lighted, of well-designed interior arrangement and modern plumbing, costs the tenant-owner $7500. Sixty per cent of this is covered by an insurance-company mortgage, so that the buyer has to pay only for his equity of $3000. Through the finance company to which I have referred he can make this purchase on an initial payment of $750, paying the remainder in monthly installments of $62.50 and interest over three years.

Expense for maintenance and operation is reduced to a bare minimum. One janitor attends to several houses, and his wage, split among thirty or forty tenant-owners, is the only labor charge. Repairs, insurance and taxes are proportionately somewhat higher than on Fifth Avenue. The biggest item is 6 per cent interest on the mortgage; the next, 3 per cent annual amortization, which wipes it out in thirty-three years, but every six months reduces the interest charge. The expenses tabulate about like this for the individual five-room apartment owner:

Interest on Mortgage	$240.00
Amortization	120.00
Labor	90.00
Taxes	100.00
Coal	40.00
Repairs, etc.	25.00
Insurance	30.00
	$645.00

That comes to $53.75 a month for an apartment of which the normal rent is from seventy-five to ninety dollars. Moreover, these payments are reduced as the mortgage is paid off and the interest charge drops. More than half the monthly charge represents savings and interest, so that when the mortgage is finally cleared off the tenant-owner will have to pay only twenty-five dollars a month rent, or less. Long before that time, however, he will be earning a good deal more than 20 per cent on his initial investment of $3000. His rental value is increasing, as is the underlying land value, and he can sell at any time at a cash profit. Some of the thrifty ones in this group have bought into several of the buildings and are making their rent income pay for their own apartments. Any of these tenant-owners with his stock paid for has a reserve on which he can borrow up to 80 per cent of its par value in an emergency.

The Financial Extremes

As I write I receive the announcement that one of the large insurance companies has granted a mortgage loan of $950,000 to a group composed entirely of members of trade unions, to finance the construction of a five-story coöperative house to accommodate 242 families, covering an entire block in the Borough of The Bronx. The house will be built around a central garden-playground, and the estimated carrying charges to individuals, above their initial investment of about $4000 a family, will be about fourteen dollars a room per month, including interest and amortization of the mortgage.

Houses of this general type are by no means the irreducible minimum in coöperative apartments, as the one on Fifth Avenue is not the possible or actual maximum. For seventeen rooms and seven baths in another Fifth Avenue house a New York merchant recently paid $150,000, while precisely two city blocks east and half a mile north coöperative apartments have been bought on down payments of $100 and ten dollars a month installments.

The pastor of a church on New York's upper East Side found his congregation

(Continued on Page 58)

You wouldn't drive with a Leak in Your Gas Tank

If you discovered a leak in your gas tank, you wouldn't lose a moment in getting repairs. Yet you drive with spark plugs as wasteful of fuel, after 10,000 miles or more, as a steady dribble from your tank.

Old spark plugs may continue to fire for you, but they are wasting gas every mile you drive.

And if even a single one isn't firing, all the gas going into that cylinder is wasted and you are actually running the risk of serious damage that will be costly to repair.

Your own garage man or car dealer will tell you there is no question about the economy of putting in a complete set of new spark plugs at least once a year.

When you change spark plugs at least once each year—as you should—put in dependable Champions.

Champion is the better spark plug. None other has or can have Champion double-ribbed sillimanite core or Champion special electrodes.

The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine.

Champions are factory equipment on the entire range of cars, from Ford all the way up to Rolls-Royce.

Champions are fully guaranteed. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents). You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed sillimanite core.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

To mark the place with beauty forever

WHEN in the course of life it becomes the desire of a family to erect a Memorial, it is natural to want a Memorial that will express appropriately the heart's sincere and tender tribute—a Memorial beautiful in design, texture, color and finish. You will want this Memorial stone to be everlasting—a stone on which the inscriptions will always be clear and easy to read. Such a stone is that from which Guardian Memorials are made.

Barre Granite

NESTLED in a valley of the Green Mountains, lies the City of Barre, Vermont, where we have our manufacturing plant and where we own extensive quarries that yield one of the world's most beautiful granites. It is even in texture, finely grained, with an almost diamond hardness; of a rich gray color that blends with nature's foliage; pleasing in appearance when either tooled or polished.

Beautiful Designs

We would like to send you a copy of our book about Guardian Memorials, so that you may see the beauty of our designs—their sense of peace, of rest, of calm dignity, of security; of all those things one wants a Memorial to express.

Practical requirements, as the size of the lot and the amount to be spent, are taken care of by the variety of designs, which range from small Memorials to Mausoleums.

Certificate of Security

WITH each Guardian Memorial, we give an engraved Certificate of Security, signed by an Officer of our Company as well as by your Memorial Dealer, which guarantees that it will not fade, check, crack or disintegrate; and that any parts found defective in material or workmanship executed by us, will be replaced without expense.

Guardian Memorials are distributed exclusively by retail Memorial Dealers.

Book of Designs

WE will gladly send you, without expense or obligation, a copy of our book, "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever", that will give you complete information concerning Guardian Memorials, together with names of Guardian Memorial Dealers near you. A post card will bring it free.

"Mark Every Grave"

THE JONES BROTHERS COMPANY, INC.
Dept. A1, 10 High Street, Boston, Mass.

GUARDIAN MEMORIALS *of Everlasting Beauty*

(Continued from Page 56)

dwindling as the character of the neighborhood changed. He talked over with his trustees the question of moving the church. The upshot was the decision to try to restore the character of the neighborhood.

The church had a small endowment fund, which could legitimately be invested in real-estate mortgages. It bought two houses, of ten apartments each, and sold the individual spaces to families which at least would not discriminate against the church. That was in 1920. Since then the church has bought four more apartment houses, accommodating sixty families, who are buying their apartments on easy terms and whose friends are moving into the district.

These are five-room and six-room apartments, electric-lighted and, in two of the houses, steam-heated as well. The tenant-owners pay from thirty to forty-three dollars a month, of which ten dollars to $12.50 is applied on the principal of the mortgage which the church holds. The remainder covers all operating expenses, taxes and interest, and so far has left a material annual surplus which has been applied on the mortgage. In the same neighborhood, in a house without either steam heat or electric wiring, the landlord gets forty dollars a month for the ground-floor apartments of the same size.

These church-financed apartments were sold on initial payments of only $100 and in some instances even less. Their tenant-owners take even more pride in their decoration and rearrangement than did the Park Avenue millionaire who spent $380,000 on his. He spent nothing but money; they put their own labor into theirs. One tenant-owner made such interesting and practical improvements in his slice of air that a small-scale model of it, shown at the New York Housing Exhibition, was voted an almost perfect type of workingman's home. He did the work of remodeling himself and added at least $1000 to the value of his property.

Each of these houses is owned by its individual corporation, which employs a secretary-treasurer to act as managing agent. His compensation is the same as that charged by the managing agent of the Fifth Avenue house—3 per cent of the gross receipts from tenant-owners.

The investment value of these apartments was demonstrated last year when one of the tenant-owners, who had been in possession only ten months, was offered a job in another city and wanted to sell. A young woman intending to get married paid him his $100 original investment and another $100 representing the ten dollars a month he had contributed toward the mortgage amortization. Pending her marriage, the new owner rented the apartment for forty-two dollars a month; her monthly charges, including ten dollars on the mortgage, were thirty dollars.

Suburban Coöperatives

"I told her she had better hurry up and get married," said the pastor, "as I did not form that corporation to enable owners of apartments to become profiteering landlords."

Two hundred and sixty-four dollars a year net return on a $200 investment does seem to smack of profiteering!

Whatever one's tastes and standards, there are coöperative apartments in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Washington, a dozen other cities, to fit them. As I write, my mail brings me news of a cooperative apartment house that has been projected for Miami and another under way in St. Petersburg.

Why, with all the loose land in Florida that has not been resold more than five or six times this season, anybody wants to buy an apartment when he might have a purple stucco bungalow, is somewhat of a mystery until one considers that the cooperative apartment often enables one to live where otherwise only the rich, and few of them, could find foot room. There is only a limited number of sites in St. Petersburg, for instance, from which one can get an unobstructed view of the bay; locations giving outlook upon the waterfront are few and expensive in Miami. Less than two miles measures the Fifth Avenue frontage overlooking Central Park. From only a few hilltops in San Francisco can one look upon the Presidio.

The coöperative apartment, however, is not exclusively a city development. Suburban cooperatives, provided with sand piles, gardens, tennis courts and accessible golf, are spreading the vogue of this new plan of home ownership. Half an hour out from Manhattan one development represents, so far, an investment of more than $15,000,000 by a corporation which combines the functions of promoter, builder, sales agency and managing agent. More than 100 cooperative houses hold ten or twelve families each; five-story walk-ups and six-story elevator houses. They are arranged in groups of twenty or more houses, separated by formal gardens and lawns. There is a golf course, tennis courts, dirt gardens for flowers or vegetables, playgrounds for the children. Five rooms and two baths to seven rooms and three baths is the space range, all on a fairly uniform plan which has been found to satisfy the average buyer. Some 1500 families, about 5000 persons, have bought slices of air in this development alone.

Comparative Costs

The plan of individual financing in this development is similar to that which prevails in Chicago. The selling company lends the money on monthly repayment terms to the buyer. A five-room garden apartment costing $10,400 calls for an initial payment of $2000 and monthly installments of $150, of which seventy-three dollars applies to the purchase of the $10,400 stock and the balance covers the upkeep charges and interest and amortization on the insurance-company first mortgage. When the stock has been paid for and the mortgage paid off, in about ten years, the upkeep charge is anticipated to run about thirty-eight dollars a month for an apartment which today rents readily for $150 a month.

Another semisuburban development, recently completed near the north end of Manhattan Island, has a group of houses around a central garden on a terraced hillside, so that every apartment has a view of the Hudson River and the Palisades. Prices for three to six rooms range from $4050 to $10,250, with moderate initial payments and provision for installment payments of the balance. Maintenance charges above mortgage amortization are approximately half the normal rent of similar apartments.

Ten miles or so south, in atmospheric Greenwich Village, a group of fifty authors and artists bought five old ten-family tenements, renovated the interiors, installed electric lights and modernized the plumbing and heating systems and are occupying them at an average individual first cost of around $5000, with average upkeep charges around forty dollars a month. A block away similar apartments rent for $90 to $135 a month.

Between these two geographical extremes 100 or more apartment houses have been bought by groups of tenants under the provisions of a New York statute of 1920 giving any such group the right to dispossess the old tenants and take over the property for their own use.

In Chicago, where the standard type of city housing is the three-story walk-up apartment house, the first coöperatives were organized to purchase existing buildings. Now many new buildings designed especially for coöperative sale and occupancy are being erected. Some of the fine, ten and twelve story apartment houses on the North Side's gold coast have also been sold to their tenants. Prices naturally run lower in Chicago than in New York for similar accommodation because of the lower land values. There is a larger number of desirable sites, too, because of the city's thirty miles of lake front and its sixty miles of park and boulevard frontage.

In Chicago, a seven-room apartment for which the normal rent would be $120 a month can be bought for $3000, covering the equity above the mortgage. By paying in cash the tenant-owner gets possession at a monthly charge of sixty dollars, of which about twenty-eight dollars is his upkeep cost, the balance applying on the mortgage. But many have been sold on initial payments of from $200 to $500, the buyer simply paying the normal rent of $120 a month until the excess has covered his purchase price of $3000. Small wonder that every Chicago real-estate dealer handling coöperatives properties reports a long waiting list and quick resales at a profit to the tenant-owners.

In Washington, a similar condition prevails. I recently saw reports of resales of coöperative apartments which had cost their owners $11,500 each at from $15,000 to $18,000. Such an apartment, with a normal rental value of from $175 to $200, required an original investment of about $4000 on the part of the tenant-owner, then about ninety dollars a month as payment on the stock and fifty-three dollars a month for upkeep and amortization.

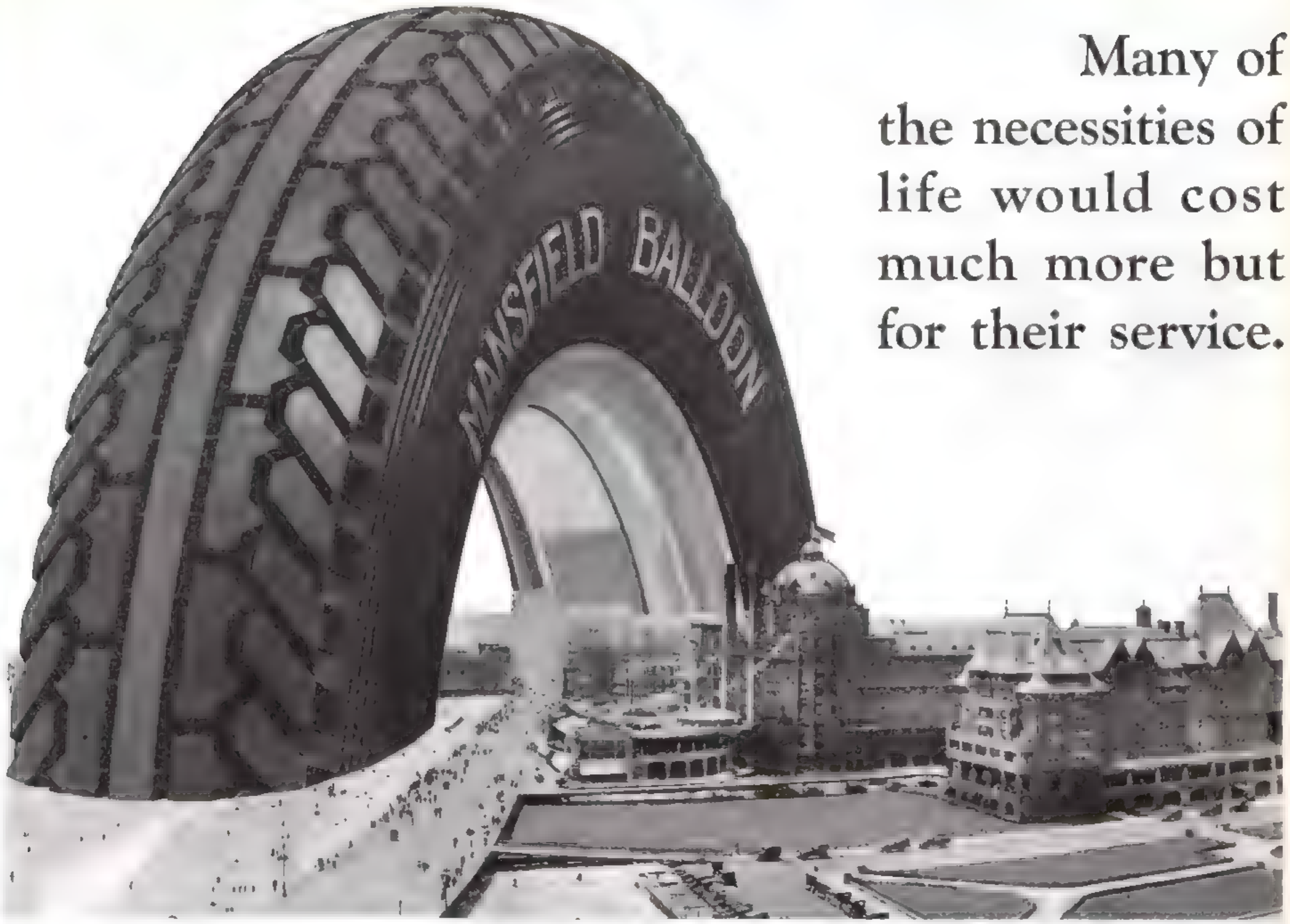
Cooperative apartments for occasional use, as at seashore resorts or as a *pied-à-terre* in town for the country dweller, are coming into vogue on both coasts. These are usually of the California type, equipped with all sorts of built-in and disappearing conveniences. One such house, on a fashionable uptown cross street in New York, has one-room apartments with ingenious closets into which bed, kitchenette and dining table vanish when not in use; there is a dressing room and a bath. The whole sold for $3000, with annual maintenance charges of $350 a year. It can be readily sublet in the off season, for the tenant-owner uses it only in the winter. He and his wife park their evening clothes there and use it when in town for the theater or shopping or when business keeps him in the city. Formerly he spent about $600 a year in hotel bills.

Lessons From Ab and Ung

New as the coöperative apartment is in America, it is merely a return to the most primitive principles of community life. No landlord stood by to prevent Ung, the cave man, from carving the charging aurochs on the wall of his particular niche in the rocks. Ab, the cliff dweller, owned his 'dobe-walled slice of air in fee and in perpetuity, and paid his maintenance and operating charges in kind. We have been traveling in a circle and are getting right back where we started from.

Europe got around the circle before we did. At Rennes, in France, there are coöperative apartment houses dating from 1720, some of the spaces still occupied by descendants of the original purchasers! In Paris within the last few years several very large coöperative apartments have been built. In Norway, Sweden, Holland, Finland, Italy and Spain the idea has gained great headway. In those countries, as in Germany and England, it is primarily a working-class movement, a development of the cooperative buying societies which flourish on the other side of the Atlantic but which have never taken permanent root in America.

We have Americanized the coöperative housing idea by introducing the professional managing agent, entirely detached from the owning group, by enlisting the resources of the great pools of investment capital and by making it often both financially profitable and fashionable to own an individual slice of air. In devising ways whereby the average citizen can coöperate in home ownership without diversion of his attention from the exciting occupation of making money to the prosaic task of lending a helping hand, we have adapted coöperation to American individualism.



Many of the necessities of life would cost much more but for their service.

Hardware Wholesaler Performs Great National Service

THE great Hardware Wholesalers of this country perform a service to the whole people which is little understood.

Every year they gather from the four corners of the earth over a billion dollars worth of merchandise which they distribute to the retail merchants of every city, town and village in the country.

This great variety of merchandise is distributed at remarkably low cost.

Hundreds of manufacturers have tried to distribute their products direct to retailers, or even direct to consumers, only to find that such direct distribution on any large scale costs more instead of less.

But the Hardware Wholesalers are more than distributors, they also are arbiters of quality—value—price.

They open the channels of trade to worthy products—close those channels to the unworthy.

Many of the necessities of life would cost appreciably more but for their service.

The cost of Retailing would be appreciably more but for the service of the Wholesaler in selecting, valuing and making quickly available in small quantities, the thousands of items which make up the stock of many kinds of merchants.

In the case of automobile tires, they use their lower cost of distribution to make possible a higher quality tire.

And higher quality in a tire means added miles of trouble-free service.

The public appreciates and understands this meaning of quality in a tire.

Mansfield Tires—chosen, distributed and censored by Hardware Wholesalers—are growing fast in public favor,—faster, probably, than any other tire.

When you buy Mansfields, and find you have bought a new low cost per mile of tire service, thank the Hardware Wholesaler for effecting a lower distribution cost and turning it into those extra trouble-free miles which The Mansfield so regularly delivers.

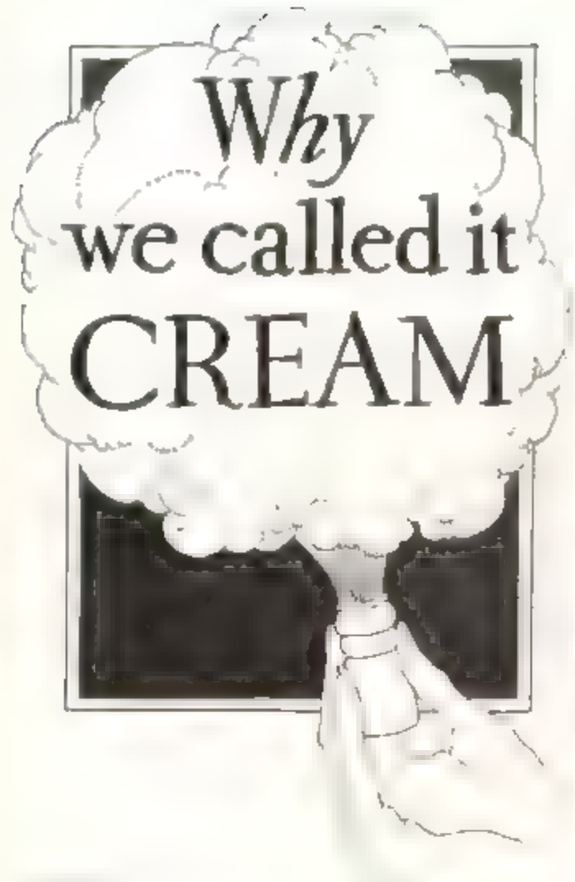
THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords *Truck Cords* *Heavy Duty Cords* *Regular Cords* *Fabric Tires*

Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

Garages Motor Car Dealers Accessory Dealers Hardware Stores



TEN years ago Mennen introduced a startling new improvement in shaving. The miraculous product was called Mennen Shaving *Cream*. It was well named.

Instead of a stingy, skim-milk lather, it gave a thick, rich, creamy lather such as men had never seen before.

"After me, the flood." As many "creams" sprang up as there are hairs on a he-face.

But any dairyman will tell you that there are creams and creams. Mennen Shaving Cream is Grade A, triple extra.

It's not only the bigness of Mennen lather. It's the way it softens bristles by dermutation. It's not only the wetness of Mennen lather. It's the way it *gets* moist—fast,—with any water,—at any temperature.

If you're trying to match thin, puny lather against heavy-weight whiskers, switch to a diet of rich cream—Mennen Shaving Cream. Whacking big tubes cost 50c.

Mennen Talcum for Men is the Cream's silent (and invisible) partner. It matches your skin and doesn't show. Feels mighty fine after bathing or shaving. 25c.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Regular type tube with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top

FASHIONS IN FLOWERS

(Continued from Page 38)

"'No,' said mamma, 'is it any good?'

"'Fine! And there's a girl in it with a lot of make-up who looks quite a bit like Helen; and her name is Helen, too—Helen Montmorency.'

"'Let's go around, Helen,' urged mamma.

"But I excused myself on the ground that I was behind with my studies—which certainly was well inside the truth—ran up to my room and sneaked out the back way.

"And that night, right in the middle of my big scene, whom should I see down in the third row but mamma, glaring up at me and violently shaking her head! She looked as if she were going to climb right up over the footlights that minute and spank the younger generation before the assembled crowd. I never saw mamma look so mad! I never did faster thinking in my life. Soon as the curtain fell she burst around back and read the riot act. I had just about half a minute to sell her the big idea of her daughter as an actress—and I did it, the manager backing me. I toured Canada a while, then we went into the war, and I started out to sell thrift stamps. I sold more than four million dollars' worth. So you see"—she laughed—"with that background, selling flowers isn't so hard. First, you've got to sell yourself and after that you can sell anything.

"Mother had a little florist shop, but it was in the wrong neighborhood. The people who passed weren't the kind who bought flowers. Consequently trade was dull. We barely made expenses. I'd gone back to helping her then.

"'Mamma,' I said one day. 'I've been figuring on this thing, and I've decided we're in the wrong part of town. We ought to have a shop in the smart shopping district, where the big stores are and people have money to spend.'

"But my mother was timid; she'd had a hard life and was afraid of the high rents.

"'Some of these days you can start a smart shop, daughter,' she said, 'but I'm too old to change.'

"Then she died and I decided to take the plunge. So I leased this shop on the corner. There were two other florists in the neighborhood—Greeks. One of them had paid $8000 for his fixtures alone. Think of it! And I hadn't one-tenth that sum. When I incorporated I had a bank balance of exactly $500. So I decided to turn my shop into a green bower of hanging baskets and potted plants. Those were my fixtures. I'd keep them a month, make a quick turnover and get in fresh ones, see? So I sold my fixtures over and over and made money on them too."

Landscaping a Window Display

"Still, $500 was a narrow margin. Of course, I couldn't pay spot cash for everything. Some things I bought on credit and took my thirty days. But there were certain bills I paid right on the nail in order to keep my standing good. Most important of these was my rose bill. Everybody loves roses, and I couldn't afford not to have the finest quality, fresh every day, so I didn't crowd my credit there.

"Well, it was close sailing at that, but almost right away my books began to show a pretty brisk trade. I was up day and night, for at first I couldn't afford to keep help. The hours in a florist shop are ghastly, but what can you do? In comes a client wanting a big funeral design at once, and you sit up most of the night. Making funeral wreaths is an ugly task, for the wires are harsh and cut the hands. Really, it's a man's job. But this business requires brawn as well as brains.

"As the weeks went by, customers began to come in with all sorts of demands. One day the manager of the new moving-picture theater dropped in to consult with me on a decoration scheme for the lobby and upstairs reception rooms—something beautiful, vivid and yet restrained, to be worked out with electric lights, fountains and Greek urns. Well, that order netted me quite a sum, besides a lot of advertising on his tickets. Then one morning the vice president of the bank walked in and asked me to liven up his bank with potted plants. The owner of a furniture store wanted help on a big spring window display of wicker stuff.

"He said, vaguely, 'Let's have something bright and gay. Potted palms, ferns and so on.'

"But I replied, 'I don't believe you want all that perishable material. It requires too much care. Suppose we use some of this artificial green grass for a lawn, intersect it with gravel walks, mark the corners with artificial box trees to simulate a garden, add a gay-striped beach umbrella with a green-painted iron table and bench, and then, facing the lawn, build a bungalow porch and display your wicker furniture there.' And so I composed his scene.

"Or again, the telephone rings. This time it was a lady who had just moved into a big new house. 'I wish you'd come over and tell me what to plant in my garden,' she said. 'Sort of landscape it up for me and give me an estimate.'"

Bluffing a Bootlegger

"I jumped into a taxi, rushed out to a friend who has a greenhouse, got his price book and took it along with me.

"'Just look in this book,' I said, 'and pick out what you'd like.'

"She waved it away. 'Good gracious! I don't want to pick prices out of a book. I want you to give me some good landscape advice. We'll discuss estimates later.'

"So I went over the ground with her, sketched out a garden, and that night I checked up the whole thing with a good garden book. In addition to these specialties, there were the functions, dinners, luncheons, bridge parties, teas, formal and informal, expensive and simple, which filled my days so full that I couldn't get to sleep at night because of the ache in my feet. For a while I was pretty close to a breakdown.

"All through these first hard weeks I was still carrying my mother's two-year lease on the other florist shop which I'd had to close out. In order to get rid of that drain, I called up the owner of the place, explained my circumstances, and asked him to release me. I offered him two months' payment in advance, which would give him time to find another tenant. He refused. He was very nasty about it and threatened to sue mamma's estate. She didn't have much of an estate to sue—still, I didn't want a lawsuit on my hands, so I turned the matter over to a lawyer. He reported no success. It was pay or be sued. Of course, it was unfair, for I didn't make that lease and I discovered also that he was charging more for it than other business places of like character in the same block. In fact, he'd been stinging mamma right along and she'd never found it out.

"Well, I thought over the situation and concocted a little scheme." She laughed at the recollection. "The next morning I dressed in my prettiest clothes and went down to his office. Part of my strategy was to do all the talking myself, not permitting him a single word. I began rather meekly, rehearsed the outlines of the case—my mother's death, no money, my struggles to get started. I stressed the fact that my mother had been a good tenant for years and paid her rent on the nail.

"And then I wound up my discourse like this: 'Now, such being the situation, and knowing you desire to do the fair thing, I have two propositions to make. And I'm going to state first the one I like best. You dissolve that lease and I'll pay you for two months' rent.'"

But the owner refused. Upon which, the young flower merchant, having spoken him fair to no avail, opened up with Proposition Number Two.

"I looked him square in the eye," she laughed, "and raced along with the set speech I'd already arranged. 'In case my first proposal doesn't meet your approval,' I said, 'I have still another, which perhaps you'll prefer. I shall swear out a warrant for your arrest as a bootlegger. I happen to know you're selling liquor against the law of this land and I can prove it on you too. I've got eleven witnesses.'"

You are to picture her, a slim, trim little figure in a tweed suit with a gay-painted scarf, her sports hat jammed down over her curls, her cool gray eyes boring into the bootlegger as she delivered her ultimatum in a brave little rush of words.

"Of course," she confessed, "I hadn't any eleven witnesses; I just threw them in for good luck. But I'd heard rumors in the neighborhood of his bootlegging activities and I thought I might bluff him into playing fair. So I gave him twenty-four hours to think over my two propositions, and retired. I hadn't more than got back to my shop before he rang me up and accepted Offer Number One. 'On account of your mamma's being such a good tenant,' he said."

And that finished the bootlegger. It was just as well, for now the big Easter rush was upon her—the season when florists tumble into bed at cockcrow with their boots on to snatch a moment's sleep. She had plenty of problems to vex her. How much Easter stock should she carry? A newcomer in the neighborhood, she could not accurately estimate how much floral merchandise her patrons could absorb. What was their saturation point? She did not dare to overload too heavily, for her margins were still very slim. Nevertheless, being of a blithe, venturesome spirit, she decided to take a gamble and play the game for all it was worth, using caution and common sense. Then suddenly a bolt fell out of the blue, and without a minute's warning ruin stared her in the face.

Fly-by-Night Competition

"The first thing I knew about it," she said, "was one late afternoon when the florist down the street came rushing in excitedly and exclaimed, 'Have you been out in the square?'

"'No,' I replied. 'Too busy. What's out in the square?'

"He explained. A man was unloading a truckload of potted plants and Easter blooms in a vacant lot overlooking the square—a lot condemned by the city for a bridge. This man was starting an open-air flower market on that condemned lot. 'He's going to sell Easter plants at one-third of what we can afford,' cried the florist. 'He'll ruin us! So I came in to see what you could do.'

"'Do?' I repeated. 'Why do you put it all up to me? I'm a newcomer here. Why don't you think up something yourself?' But he begged me to do something and hurried out. You see," she explained, "some of my family having been connected with politics in the past, I suppose he thought I might have some influence.

"Well, that news took the heart right out of me, and as soon as I had a minute free, I ran around into the square. Sure enough, there they were—two men unloading pots and plants and flowers as fast as they could. And with no rents, no overhead, why, of course, they could skin us alive on price. And yet it didn't seem fair. We had to stay and pay our bills the year around, while these fly-by-nights jumped in, grabbed our market, undercut us and then dipped out. I strolled around and asked them, pleasantly enough, when they were going to open. Tomorrow morning, they said. I walked back to my shop, boiling with rage. What right had they to use condemned city property? Back at my shop, I met the second florist coming out of my door.

(Continued on Page 62)

New Delight Every Moment With the Hupmobile Eight

MANY a man, and woman, too, is bored with motoring monotony. Many have even given up driving their own cars. The Hupmobile Eight, with its eager dash and spirit, almost always awakens new interest and enthusiasm. But see how they tell you about it in their own words.

H. P. J. (*Name on request*) is a prominent business man, accustomed to employ a chauffeur for his previous high-priced cars. He owns an Eight now, and this is what he says:—

"I have never had the 'kick' out of motoring that I now get out of driving the Hupmobile Eight myself."

This Eight is a revelation to seasoned motorists, because they had given up hope of ever finding the kind of performance and ease it brings them.

Andrew G. N. (*Name on request*) just wondered to himself if the Hupmobile Eight really could be as great as represented. He sought to satisfy himself with a 200-mile run over mountains, country roads and in traffic. When he came back, he bought on the spot, and now says the Eight is a truly wonderful automobile.

We can't blame a man today who is inclined to salt motor car claims before taking, but Dr. R. D. McK. (*Name on request*) says something we like to hear, namely, that the manufacturer's claims for the Eight are conservative. He has driven cars for 15 years.

"No car," he says, "has given me the all-around satisfaction of my Hupmobile Eight Sedan."

The ease of the Hupmobile Eight adds much to both the convenience and the genuine pleasure of those who own it.

W. D. F. (*Name on request*) spends more time with his family this summer because he drives an Eight Coupe. He says he now makes several trips per week between his business and his summer home, instead of only week-end trips as formerly, because he drives the Hupmobile without strain or effort.

Road work—it's a good descriptive term for many cars. It's actual work to drive them cross country. But it's a different story with the Hupmobile Eight.

Emil L. E. (*Name on request*) travels between Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Youngstown and other points within 200 miles of Cleveland.

"I've given up the trains in favor of my Hupmobile Eight Sedan," is what he tells us, "and I make all my calls now with the car. No other Eight I have owned—and I have had several—compares with the Hupmobile in performance or riding qualities."

The man who knows cars is the man of all men to pass judgment on the Hupmobile Eight—and nine times out of ten he will agree with James H. G. (*Name on request*) Mr. G. frankly says he tried all the best cars obtainable and then bought a Hupmobile Eight because he could not find a better car at any price. Moreover, it more than fulfils his expectations.

Try it once for yourself. You'll find yourself getting, once again, the thrill you got from your first car.

Sedan, Now $2195; Roadster, Now $1795, Coupe, Two or Four Passenger, Now $2095; Dickey-Seat Roadster, Now $1895; Touring Car, Now $1795, F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

TIP-TOP THE OCTAGON

White dial $1.75
Radium $2.75

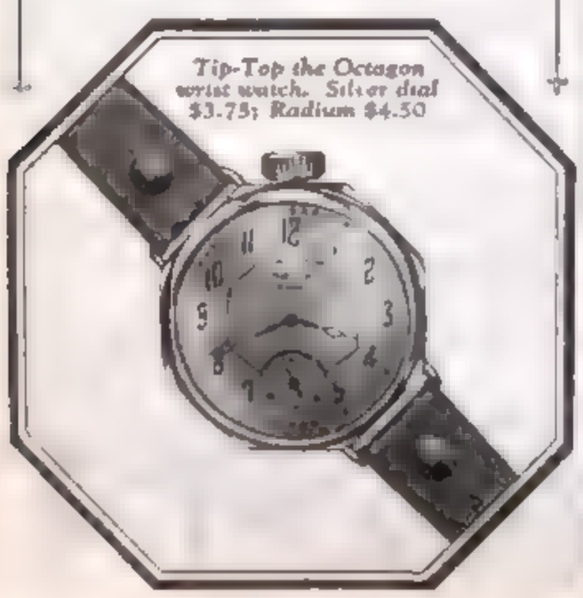
Tip-Top
the watch with
the wizard brain

TIP-TOP the pocket watch is the faithful sentinel of time. He won't let time lag. Won't let time run away. The seconds, minutes, hours pass under his hands in exactly their appointed order. Each winding surely keeps him on the job 24 hours at a stretch. You can treat Tip-Top rough and he keeps on guarding just as steadily . . . though his soft, honest ticking you can scarcely hear.

Tip-Top belongs to the True Time Teller family. Handsome . . . *octagon* shaped, with clear beveled glass crystal, cubist numerals, pull-out set. And sturdy about economy. $1.75 only, or with radium luminous dial $2.75. See Tip-Top at your dealer's.

See also another *octagon* True Time Teller. Tip-Top the wrist watch. The smallest low-priced wrist watch made. With silver dial $3.75; radium luminous dial $4.50.

THE NEW HAVEN
CLOCK COMPANY
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT



Tip-Top the Octagon wrist watch. Silver dial $3.75; Radium $4.50

(Continued from Page 60)

"'Been out to see the square?' he asked.

"'Yes.'

"'What are you going to do about it?' he inquired anxiously.

"There it was again! 'What are you going to do about it yourself?' I retorted. 'I'm not the whole Florists' Association.'

"'We've got to do something right away,' he urged. 'They'll kill our trade.'

"Well, I didn't need him to tell me that. But what could I do? I was rushed off my feet and not a minute to think. About seven o'clock I put on my hat and ran around to the mayor's house. His wife had been kind to me. In my head was just a ghost of a plan.

"'Mrs. Smith,' I began, 'I've come to ask you a very great personal favor.'

"'What can I do for you, my dear?'

"'It's about my florist shop. Something has come up which is simply going to ruin my Easter trade. I want to speak to the mayor—just five minutes. Could you—would you arrange it for me?'

"'Well,' she began doubtfully, 'the mayor's dressing for a banquet. He's late already. However, wait a minute. I'll see what I can do.'"

The mayor was kind and received her. Rapidly she outlined the case.

"'The man's a squatter, Mr. Mayor, and that's condemned city property he's on. What right has he to come in and steal the trade of respectable florists of this town who are obliged to pay rent the year around and meet their bills? I know the Florists' Association will resent this affair. And it's not, Mr. Mayor, as if we were charging high prices; we're not. But it all boils down to who is entitled to receive the most consideration—fly-by-night squatters or honest, reputable citizens of this town. And I thought perhaps you could use your influence ——'

"'I see,' said the mayor kindly. 'But I can't do anything tonight. I'm late already.' He glanced at the clock. 'But you just step around to my office tomorrow morning and we'll see what we can do. Tomorrow at eleven.'"

An Unpublished Editorial

She hurried back to her shop, heavy-hearted. Eleven! And that squatter would be getting her trade right from under her nose all the while she scurried around baiting the trap for him.

It was the eve of Good Friday. Every florist shop in town was open. Customers streamed in thick and fast. All the world wanted a nosegay to celebrate the resurrection of our Lord. She wrapped flowers, rang up change, was boutonnière artist and lovers' confidential adviser all in one. Presently the editor of the morning paper strolled in. He had known her as a thrift-stamp girl and helped her with publicity.

"'Well, how's the florist trade?' he demanded genially, as he ordered a potted azalea for his wife. 'You seem to be doing a land-office business here tonight. Look out the bandits don't lift your till.'

"And it was right at that point," she said, "that I got my inspiration!"

The upshot of it was that she unburdened her soul to the editor on the case of the regular florists versus the squatters.

"'And don't you think the florists have got a case?' she demanded.

"'You bet they've got a case.'

"'Well, then ——'

"'Just you leave it to me, sister,' said the editor, still jovially. 'This is my meat.'"

She explained she had seen the mayor, who had promised to look into it tomorrow.

"'But if they don't do something right away it'll be too late.'

"'They'll do something right away,' promised the editor grimly."

And he betook himself straightway back to his office, sat down at his desk and wrote a red-hot editorial defending the rights of florists of his fair city against squatters who jumped in with cut-throat prices. It was loaded with buckshot, that editorial; and having finished it, the editor reached for his telephone and rang up the mayor's house. His business was urgent, he said. It concerned an editorial to be printed in the morning's paper upon which he needed the mayor's advice. He would like to read it over the phone and see if the mayor thought it advisable to print the same. He read it. The mayor listened. Should it be printed, the editor inquired. The mayor opined not. The editor heartily agreed. Each bade the other a cordial good night on the wire. The editorial died in the egg.

Establishing a Vogue

The following morning quite early, before shoppers were afoot, the young florist having business in the square beheld workmen hurriedly loading aboard a truck the selfsame plants they had unloaded the day before. She watched them for a moment; and then, breathing a sigh of relief, she hastened back to her shop. Mr. Bertram Atkey's famous Miss Winnie O'Wynn had nothing in the way of business acumen on this rising young flower merchant of twenty-three. First, she had sold the theatrical manager. Then she sold her mamma. Then she sold the American public to the tune of sundry million dollars' worth of thrift stamps. Then, in rapid succession, she sold the bootlegger, the editor and the mayor. To sell her Easter blossoms was a very simple affair, and she told me she had made a clean sweep. The truth was, she was a born saleswoman.

This little chapter of reality demonstrates two truths: First, that it requires a knowledge of higher, two-legged animal life as well as of plant life to be a successful florist; and second, that in business one is bound to have enemies, but it is more than an even stand-off if also one has friends.

Another woman flower merchant. Manhattan this time. America's newest Gold Coast, the Street of Millionaires, of marble palaces and de-luxe apartment houses, of promenaders who appear in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday press, *nouveaux riches, vieux pauvres*, movie sheiks and princes of the blood, cake eaters and tame robins, deflated aristocrats from Russia's demobilized upper ten—proud and pretentious Park Avenue. To make good here financially—and in this quarter little else counts—is a very different proposition from succeeding in a friendly small town where everybody knows your uncles and your cousins and your aunts, and who your latest steady is. You can't skip over to the mayor's when you get into a jam, or confide in the local editor. It isn't done—not on Park Avenue. But underneath these superficial differences, the elements of success are the same here as in any other street—initiative, hard work and a well-furnished little bean.

The interior of this particular florist shop gleamed like a jewel box; paneled walls in delicate hues, crystal chandeliers, gilt mirrors and a profusion of exotic, fragile flowers. Behind a counter a high-priced boutonnière artist concocted an expensive orchid trifle; another fashioned a vivid shoulder corsage for an evening frock; stationery and boxes were the final word in decorative chic. It was the kind of shop to lure the senses and at the same time to awaken a premonitory pain in the region of the pocketbook nerve.

"We have to maintain these high standards," said the owner, a young woman still in her twenties, who had taken her practical training in a metropolitan florist shop and started a small try-out place of her own in a quieter street before staging her début on Park Avenue. "Exquisite perfection of detail, combined with charm and originality of design—that's the secret of success with my clientele. They demand style, personality, chic. It means a great deal to a woman, when a man sends her flowers, to have them arrive in a charming box, from a smart shop, with filmy wrappings and dainty ribbons attached. That's part of her pleasure, her surprise. It's romance. Ask any woman! So we try to have every order, no matter how small, express distinction, charm. You see, what I'm working for now is to establish a vogue—a vogue based on those two qualities. I may not lay aside much in the first few years, for all this attention to perfection of detail costs money; but right now I'm building for the future. Every order that goes out is under my personal supervision. For with flowers, just as with clothes, what counts is the personal touch—in a word, individuality.

"Becoming the vogue is a curious thing. Nobody quite knows what causes the tide to set strongly in one direction or what causes it as suddenly to recede. Advertising—yes. That is, the right kind." And she laughed. "Also, the personal recommendation among friends. Of course, after you have achieved a vogue, everybody comes to you—especially women. But when you're establishing a vogue based on distinction, originality, something different, you have to deliver the goods every time. A failure at a big dinner party or wedding may set the tide against you. For this reason, when I have a luncheon or dinner, I consult, of course, with the hostess on color schemes, table decorations and lighting, and then I go over and superintend it myself. For no matter how good your helpers are, it's the final touch which makes or mars the whole thing."

Some "Don'ts" for Decorators

"Then, too, to be permanently successful in a business like this, which is semi-artistic, you have to have a real flair for flowers. Everybody knows that clumsy fingers can spoil the loveliest materials in the world. And with flowers, there must be not only the utmost freshness, naturalness and beautiful color combinations but your design must have unity; it must hang together as a whole, produce a single effect. Remember, too, in planning the table decorations for a big dinner party, let us say, to include the guests in your design. Some women decorate a table without any thought of the guests who are to sit at their board. Taken by itself, the table may be lovely; but with the guests seated, it gives a heavy, overelaborated effect like a fat woman loaded with jewels.

"The same principle holds true of big functions, weddings and receptions. Plan your decorations with a crowd in your mind. Don't set tubs of greenery on the floor where guests will stumble over them. Mass your colors high so they'll create a charming back drop for a roomful of guests. Think of the thing as a stage. I've heard women groan, 'My rooms were so lovely before the people arrived. But they just wiped out my whole scheme! You couldn't see a thing.' Of course you couldn't. They had forgotten that their floral scheme should be simply the setting for their guests and had made it the whole show.

"There's still another rule to observe in floral decoration if you're after chic. Chic, at bottom, means simplicity. It's the fine art of naturalness. Keep your decorations simple, natural. The minute your flower designs depart from simplicity, they become artificial, set, and the very essence of their charm has gone. Sometimes a design which seems all right in your head doesn't work out well because it's overelaborate. It clashes with the essential naturalness of the flowers themselves. Fortunately, except at our funerals where we still cling to them, we've got away from those big, stiff, heavy, artificial designs into a simpler, more artistic age.

"In creating a vogue, originality and charm are not the only considerations. The prices, also, must be moderate. They must fit the average purse. It doesn't pay to charge extravagant prices. You're playing then not to the many but to the few, and a flower shop of this character cannot be sustained by the few. So we depend on volume of trade to float us, rather than high rates. What makes this easier is that everybody nowadays buys flowers. Men used to send girls candy. Now they send them shoulder corsages. The girls demand it.

(Continued on Page 64)

News of First National Pictures

Edwin Carewe presents "Why Women Love"

THERE are queer craft in this absorbing sea picture and queer craft make good stories.

Picture a rum-running pirate, a lighthouse filled with explosive gas and a beautiful girl risking her life to keep faith with the dead! These are the factors that lead to a climax in the romance of Molla, played by Blanche Sweet. She had given her word to protect the daughter of the dead lighthouse keeper. Through a series of nerve-wracking experiences she redeemed her promise in this isolated castle they called a lighthouse.

Robert Frazer, Dorothy Sebastian and Russell Simpson are also featured in this picture, adapted from Willard Robertson's stage success, "The Sea Woman."

As the lighthouse burns (circle) and (below) Dorothy Sebastian and Alan Roscoe in "Why Women Love."

Blanche Sweet (left) as Molla in "Why Women Love."

"What Fools Men"

JOSEPH GREER became a power over night. The same freak of fate that made him a millionaire pauperized him in an eye wink.

The story's force lies in the reaction these flickers of fate had on his daughter—a chip of the old block. Between tides of hatred and love, hope and disappointment Joseph Greer marveled as varying moods brought out his own distinctive traits in the romance of this unusual girl.

Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason, David Torrence and Barbara Bedford are featured. Directed by George Archainbaud with June Mathis, editorial supervisor, from Henry Kitchell Webster's novel, "Joseph Greer and his Daughter."

"I hate you."

"I love you."

John Patrick talks to Barbara Bedford in "What Fools Men." (The two scenes above show Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason).

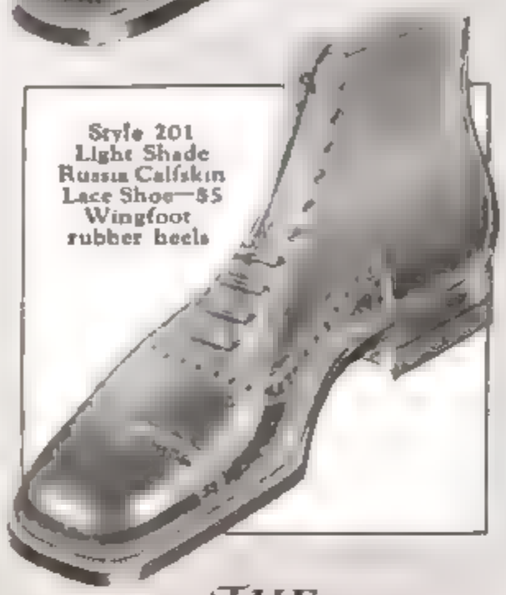
You'll Also Enjoy

"Classified"—The romance of the working girl. Corinne Griffith's latest and best, adapted from Edna Ferber's work and directed by Alfred Santell with June Mathis, editorial supervisor.

"The Dark Angel"—The screen's finest story of love and sacrifice with superb acting by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn as a George Fitzmaurice production from H. B. Trevelyan's stage success.

"The Half Way Girl"—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes in a Far East melodrama that culminates in the explosion of an ocean liner, one of the most thrilling scenes ever filmed. Directed by John Francis Dillon under Earl Hudson's supervision. From the story by E. Lloyd Sheldon.

"The Knockout"—The life of a ring champion as it's lived, with beautiful scenic backgrounds of the Canadian lumber country. Directed by Lambert Hillyer from M. D. C. Crawford's story "The Comeback." Starring Milton Sills. Produced under Earl Hudson's supervision.



THE
Hanover
Shoe
FIVE DOLLARS

Twenty-five years ago Hanover Shoes set out to prove that quality footwear *could* be sold at a reasonable price. Today 100 Hanover Shoe stores in 74 cities *are proving* that you *can* get good-looking, long-wearing, comfortable shoes for Five Dollars. If there's no Hanover Store near you write for free booklet.

The Hanover Shoe
Hanover, Pa.

Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are every bit as sturdy and good looking as "dad's." They sell for $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

(Continued from Page 62)

And the right kind of shoulder corsage makes an evening gown.

"There's a difference in the buyers who come into my shop. Some spend extravagantly, some shrewdly, some because they love flowers and some because they love show. Women are usually thriftier buyers than men. They want to be sure they get their money's worth. Some even count the roses on me! Men are much more likely to leave the whole thing to my judgment. 'Fix up something pretty,' they say; 'something you'd like to receive yourself.' And then, of course, I work my head off to please them—you know how it is when a thing is left up to you. So generous-mindedness brings its own reward. As a rule, men—and they are the biggest buyers except for functions and the like—use very good taste in the selection of flowers. American men, however, are not like foreigners, who go in for very subtle and often far-fetched symbolism, with all kinds of deep inner meaning attached. White flowers for purity, violets to confess they're sorry for some misdeed, mignonettes and forget-me-nots for sentiment, and for love the red rose. Not a whole bunch, mind you! A single, perfect flower!"

The Universal Masculine Taste

"Most men like roses—red roses. That's the universal masculine taste, and a very nice taste too. But sometimes a customer who's been sending roses regularly to a certain address will drop in and say, smiling, 'No, no roses today. She's mad at me. Let's try something else—see if we can't sweeten her up.' Or another will confess, 'She's cold to me these days, a regular east wind! Br-r-r! What do you advise to take off the chill? Something extra special.'"

In another city a woman florist has built up a large business, based, likewise, upon personality, good taste and unlimited capacity for hard work. Starting with a meager capital of $1000, she was able, inside of a few years, to buy a new building whose purchase price was $100,000.

"More and more," said this artist in flowers, "the women of America are becoming interested in gardens; and that, of course, develops their appreciation for flowers. I teach them how to arrange their tables and show them different color schemes. For this purpose I keep on sale in my shop a large variety of pottery, vases, glass and table ornaments. Formerly most of these articles were imported and therefore beyond the means of the moderate purse, but now they are being made in this country and are both effective and cheap. Take, for example, this sapphire-blue glass set. A lovely low dish for the center, a graceful figurine in the water in which floats a single rose, with these four glass candlesticks with the mermaid design—altogether it makes a delightful set for a country house. And here are amethyst and green. Italian pottery also is very gay and charming for table decoration. Silver is somewhat on the wane for informal use, though, of course, it will never go completely out for formal functions.

"In lecturing before garden clubs and women's associations upon the elementary principles of table decoration, and how to combine glass or pottery with flowers, I usually take along with me various types of pottery and glass and work out different color schemes before their eyes. People don't use wild flowers here in America as much as in England; and that seems a pity to me, for there are lovely decorations which can be made with them, especially in country houses. Perhaps the greatest single influence in arousing women to the beauty of flowers has been the Garden Club of America. Its shows, exhibitions, lectures and awards have stimulated women to take an interest in gardens, and I can see myself how greatly they have developed within the last few years in intelligent appreciation and taste."

Talks with other women florists revealed that in practically every instance they had entered the business from the selling end, with little training or scientific knowledge of horticulture, depending for success upon their personality, artistic perceptions and good taste. These qualities they capitalized to their financial advantage, like artists in any other field. Within recent years a few women have studied flower growing seriously in the state agricultural colleges; and near Philadelphia there exists an excellent horticultural school for women which trains them scientifically and practically in this particular field.

Speaking upon the subject of training, a well-known florist, who arrived in this country from his native Austria as an impecunious young student of horticulture, without even a knowledge of our speech, set about at once becoming a citizen, built up a successful business and founded free schools in floristry for both men and women, said to the writer:

"In Europe women have been employed in floristry ever since there have been flower shops, for the average little florist or grower usually has as first lieutenant either his wife or his daughter. Perhaps this is the reason why big flower shops abroad have always employed women; they could draw on the members of gardener families from the suburbs or smaller towns. In America, also, the little grower who supplied a small district not only with cut flowers but also with young vegetables and stock for planting was forced to accept the help of his womenfolk.

"But in larger cities the services of women have been greatly restricted and it has been only very recently that florists in cities of the magnitude of Boston, Detroit and Cleveland have engaged and trained women in the trade. The only city which really has not accepted women in the sales department or as designers is, without doubt, New York. Perhaps in our cosmopolitan town business life is different. It is true that there are a few exceptions to this general rule. Now and again we find a woman florist who has achieved her position through marriage, death or because she was socially well connected; but these instances are rare."

The Need of Brains and Brawn

"One reason why women were not employed in the larger institutions was the hours. It spoiled discipline to have women employes march in at 9 or 9:30 and leave at 4:30 or 5. Florists' hours are long, and with few exceptions women demanded special hours and attention; and even when they were willing to work the extra time, they were restricted by the labor laws. Thus, in New York at least, they had little opportunity to learn the trade from the inside and from the ground up, which is how business recruits are made.

"Personally, I have had a very good experience with women, but my place of business is exceptional; we open at 8 and close at 6:30; and to my mind women, who are more continuously active than men, pay more attention to orders, have more patience and are more exact in detail, compensate by these excellent qualities for the shorter hours.

"Hitherto, very few women have gone into the florist business with the idea of actually building up a future. But of the few who have entered with such intentions, most have made good in a large way. I know an instance in which a woman took hold of a run-down florist business and within a few years had turned it into a first-class success. She put into her work not only brains but brawn. I recall another who rose at four, and after attending to her greenhouse heating, pulled a sled three miles to the railway station in order to call for boxes of cut flowers, pulled it back again to her city store, returned to her greenhouse, gave it her attention until eight o'clock, when the hired man appeared, then went back to her florist shop for the day. That is the stuff out of which very often success is made."

Absent-Minded Telephone Operator Enjoys Spaghetti Dinner

Openings in Floristry

"The Garden Club of America has been very active in creating throughout America an appreciation of flowers. Another constructive and far-reaching influence is the work of the Federal Horticultural Board—more particularly the act called Quarantine 37. At first this act was much resented in certain quarters, because some feared that, with foreign importations curtailed, there would ensue a dearth of plants and flowers. No doubt, importers and some nurserymen who specialized in the European products suffered quite extensively; but the great majority quickly adopted native substitutes, which could be more easily produced than the foreign importations.

"There is still considerable controversy over the question. Some nurserymen, florists and also women amateurs made widespread complaint and lectured on the subject.

"'Where,' they exclaimed, 'shall we get our *Cydonia japonica*, our *Azalea chinensis*, our English hybrid rhododendron?' Some of the nurserymen tried to prove how many of our plants are Chinensis, Japonicas, Africana, Asiatic or Bermudiensis; they implied that nearly everything in our gardens and greenhouses must come from Siberia, India, Borneo, Sumatra or other far-off places, the inference being that practically nothing beautiful was native to America. I have very little patience with that point of view. I myself come from Europe. I have had European training in horticulture, and therefore I know that there is no other country in the world so rich in native plant and flower life as is America. A friend from Europe in the business came to me and pleaded with me three days to fight Quarantine 37.

"'Why, man alive,' I said to him, 'don't you know that America is the most wonderful country on earth for the florists? Why, we've got everything here! Richness of soil, unparalleled variety of plants and chance for men to forge ahead. In Europe they sit on you as soon as you make a little success. Here you can climb. Instead of fighting America, why don't you move over here and take advantage of its benefits?'

"Heretofore there has not been enough incentive for intensive training in floristry, because everything we needed was handed to us from Europe on a platter. Our stock was European; our growers were European-trained. But with the necessity for production in this country, both men and women in the business see a broader field and a brighter future. Like everything else, improvements take time. Through the ever-increasing activities of our colleges and the continuous growth of horticultural departments, many young women are now being scientifically trained in the growing of plants and flowers. And in this ever-widening field there is plenty of opportunity for women as well as for men—provided they are good florists and know their jobs."

ATWATER KENT RADIO

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, THE ARTIST, HAS SELECTED THE MODEL 20 COMPACT FOR INSTALLATION IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO. THIS SET IS PRICED AT EIGHTY DOLLARS.

THE SIMPLICITY OF GOOD TASTE

For those seeking unobtrusiveness in radio, we have designed the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact.

It is a set with the same parts as our famous Model 20—its performance is the same—yet it occupies only half as much space.

On an end table or a console, a taboret or any other small piece of furniture, it takes its place naturally without disturbing the scheme of decoration. It is as unobtrusive as a well-trained servant.

And its simplicity is the simplicity of efficient design as well as good taste. With the Model 20 Compact it is easy to get the smooth all-round performance you naturally expect from Atwater Kent Radio.

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Thursday evening at [illegible] Eastern Standard Time) through stations—

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Write for illustrated booklet telling the story of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MFG. CO
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4703 WISSAHICKON AVENUE
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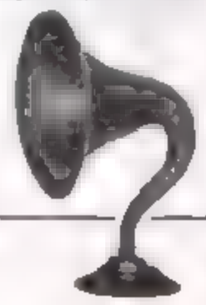
MODEL 10 (without tubes)—$80



RADIO SPEAKERS
priced from $12 to $28

MODEL 20—$80

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada

RIDING THE CIRCLE ON HANGING WOMAN

(Continued from Page 7)

"You-all" and address a lady as, much to my astonishment, I was requested to address the Queen of England, as "Mam."

Southerners and English. The early days saw great English cattle companies formed out here and many of the men who represented them still remain. I saw one not long ago at the county fair judging work horses; great animals with marceled manes and feathered hocks. Yet he will be an earl before long. Or rather he won't be, because he is turning his title over to his son and staying right here. And a fire this spring destroyed a ranch house which contained many gifts from Queen Victoria to the historic family which owned it.

So one perceives that a social hour at Birney may be a great deal more than it appears to be. Here is a tiny Western town, so small that it could be built in the corner of any moving-picture lot; a dirt road without sidewalks, a dance hall over the store, reached by a flight of wooden stairs outside, and a row of horses tied to a hitching rail; within, men in Stetsons, chaps and spurs move about and women meet and talk and, perhaps, drink delicately out of one of Aunt Mamie's silver goblets.

Silver goblets? Why, certainly. They were as black as ink, Aunt Mamie says, when they came up out of that pond, but they are bright and shining now.

Maybe we need to revise some more of our ideas about this last pioneer country of ours.

I know of one little white ranch house where the water is brought up in a tin pail on a wire trolley from the creek below, and is served on a table set out with fine old Georgian silver. And there is a genuine Adam sideboard there which Eastern people always want to purchase, and old painted window shades that came over from Holland when the Dutch discovered New York.

All the Comforts of Home

Carried in wagons over any sort of road too; sometimes no road at all. They will put anything in a wagon, these people, and cart it along to make a home. And they make homes too.

It is haying time now, and only the other day a man and his family engaged for the haying on the next ranch to this. They had lost their property in Montana in the recent hard times and so they started out as a family to earn.

They drove up in an ancient car with a trailer, the father, the mother and three young sons. And out of that car and trailer they unpacked their household goods; a phonograph, a cat, a dog, a coop full of chickens, a canary bird and a sewing machine. The bunk house was old and dilapidated, but in a few hours it was a home. There were curtains at the windows and rugs on the floor. The cat was on the doorstep, the dog was in the yard and the chickens in a runway. And the canary bird had been loosed for its two hours' freedom a day and was singing in a cottonwood overhead!

The cow country still raises something more than wheat and dudes, you see. It raises men and women.

But it also still raises cows.

The evening after the invitation came I had a heart-to-heart talk with Lizzie. She and Dorothy had likewise been invited to the round-up, and I was feeling Lizzie out.

"How," I said tentatively, "do you feel about cows, Lizzie?"

"I don't care about them," she replied promptly, "and I don't mean maybe!"

"But a horse can run faster than a cow," I argued, largely for my own comfort. "And they said a cow-and-calf round-up. That doesn't include bulls."

"Still, I daresay the bulls will be hanging round," she observed pessimistically. "They generally are."

Dorothy, on the other hand, was quite placid about it. Living in New York, as she does, she was entirely fearless.

"They never attack people on horses," she said, with an air of finality. "Of course, if one is thrown —— The thing to do is to stick to your horse, of course."

Well, that sounded simple enough at the time, and on that basis it was decided. None of us, you see, had ever heard of Pink and his ability to turn on a dime and have a nickel left over; later I was to ride Pink and to be a party to this celebrated performance of his, but I did not know this at the time.

And so, on a soft summer day, we started.

There was nothing particularly dressy about us as we left the ranch. Lizzie wore a battered sombrero, riding breeches, boots and an ancient leather hunting coat, into the pockets of which she had stuffed everything she had forgotten to put into her bag. Dorothy was similarly equipped save that her pockets held two packs of cards and a bridge score. Personally I had abandoned a brilliant red neckerchief for one of a color more soothing to the bovine eye, and carried a stub of a pencil and some sheets of paper.

"If we get through all right," I said, "there may be some material in it. After all, what do we know about our beefsteaks, except that they cost too much?"

"Well, we're going to know more," said Lizzie gloomily. "But if you ask me, I'll take my beef hereafter on my plate and not on the hoof."

Our saddles were lashed to the running board, our bridles lay at our feet in the rear of the car. We stopped in Sheridan for ice-cream sodas, on the theory that we were going into a dry and thirsty land, and then struck out for the Montana line and what lay beyond.

The Prairie Dog's Habits

Almost at once the country began to change. The mountains receded and we found ourselves in a maze of low and barren buttes, among which the road threaded through empty country, except where at long intervals a rough track struck the main highway, and where at such intersections there were mail boxes. But not the neat boxes of the Eastern rural free delivery. Mounted on a post at intervals of a few miles would be, sometimes, a corrugated zinc washtub, set on its side against the weather, or a rough wooden box, and even now and then a tin gasoline can with the end cut out. Sturdy little points of contact with the outer world, to many a rancher in this back country his three-times-a-week trip to these small outposts is the only break in the dull and arduous routine of his days.

A post card from Aunt Sallie down in Colorado, even a catalogue from a mail-order house, are like sounds to break his silence and to remind him of a distant life from which he is cut off.

Prairie dogs everywhere. Sitting up on top of their burrows, their tiny tails wagging up and down instead of laterally, and their bark rather like the squeaking of an unoiled gate. It was hard not to run over them as they dashed across the road; my heart was in my mouth, for I have a weakness for prairie dogs. Indeed, I bid fair to become one of the world's great experts on prairie dogs, for I own two of them.

Thus I am able to state that it is the custom of the prairie dog to live in the wood bin beside the fireplace; to make its private and particular home in a small wooden box with a hole cut in the side, and to close the opening to this box after his entrance, with a teacup; that by preference he lines his nest with hairs from a fine polar-bear rug, that he sharpens his front teeth on the legs of wicker chairs and whenever possible on the fingers of the human hand, and that while he will eat oats and bread, he greatly favors the sunflower seeds a parrot spills on the floor, candy and the icing from cakes.

Yes, I have a parrot. He was wished on me recently. He has a cold and fishy eye, but after I heard him sing "Good-by, my lover, good-by," in a sort of adenoidal soprano, I simply had to have him.

Well, to go back, prairie dogs everywhere, and once in many miles a homesteader's cabin, mostly abandoned; a one-room log shack falling to ruins, a tiny barn built to house hopes that never materialized, and here and there evidences of what was once a plowed field, the only crop now the ever-present sagebrush.

But as the road winds on, the country improves. It grows more rugged, and the brilliantly colored buttes show unexpected trees. It is like Arizona. Now and then one glimpses the Tongue River, and here and there ranch houses surrounded by green and irrigated fields. But all about and above them lie the dry hills, almost the last open cattle range in the country.

And then Hanging Woman Creek, and the ranch house, and a hot-and-cold shower, and supper.

The next day was given over to getting ready for the round-up. Near the corral, Dad had set up the cook tent and the mess wagon, and was experimenting with a new stove. He exuded all that day a spicy odor of boiling ham and an air of joyous anticipation. For Dad dearly loves a round-up, and he loves to cook.

Out here a man numbers cooking as a part of his necessary accomplishments; a considerable part of his life is spent on the range—not cooking, but mountain—and the efficiency of the outfit depends largely on its food. But then, what doesn't a man have to know out here? He has to be able to shoe a horse in the field without most of the necessary adjuncts, he has to be a carpenter, to repair his own automobile, to be a hydrostatic engineer of sorts, to cook, to break horses, to farm, to handle wild cattle, in emergency to do minor surgical operations, to build and keep in order his wire fences and his gates, to raise his own vegetables and to slaughter his own meat.

And by that same token, on the evening of that day, we slaughtered. We had to have fresh beef for the round-up.

"How's your shooting?" Little Bones asked me casually after supper.

"Pretty bad," I replied modestly.

"We're going up to kill a beef steer," he said. "I thought maybe you'd like to shoot him."

"Shoot him!" I echoed faintly.

I had read, by and large, a good bit about the slaughtering of beef animals, and I had an idea one knocked them on the

(Continued on Page 71)

A Lone Cowboy Bringing in a Herd of Cattle Over a Snow-Covered Range

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Only the vast facilities and natural economies of a great organization make possible such a combination of quality in a car: Greater Beauty, plus Finer Performance, plus Lower Price —not one, but all three.

To appreciate this latest Oldsmobile Six—to know how swiftly it accelerates —how smoothly and quietly the motor purrs at all speeds—how easily it steers —how quickly it can be stopped—you must actually take the wheel and go!

Let this automobile tell *you* its own story—because to appreciate fully its many superiorities you must actually experience them. Your Oldsmobile dealer will gladly arrange the demonstration. And then you'll agree that never before has a car so moderately priced displayed such satisfying performance from every point of view!

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Above, Gold Seal Inlaid, Belflor Pattern No. 204[illegible]

Above is Gold Seal Inlaid, Dutch Tile Pattern No. [illegible]

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All *Gold Seal Inlaids* are guaranteed to give satisfaction when laid according to directions. For your own protection be sure to look for the Gold Seal pasted on the pattern or the name "Nairn" printed on the back.

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Even the artist who painted this picture exclaimed at the delightful play of color-tones in the tiles, an effect exclusive with *Belflor*. And he was equally enthusiastic about the *Belflor* used in the dining room—large tiles in a rich combination of mulberry and black.

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NAIRN
GOLD SEAL INLAIDS
TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 66)

head, or something. Anyhow it was scientific, and every ounce of the carcass was used, for food and glue and buttons, and so on. And all the profit the packers made was the buttons. Or was it the glue? But to go out in cold blood and shoot one!

However, the creature was going to be shot, and for some reason everyone seemed to think I was the logical person to shoot it. So at last I took the rifle and we started out. On the way I deliberately hardened my heart. I counted all my old scores against the race of cows. The time one chased me along a country lane because it didn't like my parasol; the other time when another one flew after my Airedale dog and the idiot of a dog ran to me for protection.

And I think—I still think—it would have been all right when we got there had not the creature stood gazing at me ruminatively. And it looked exactly like a woman who had lived next door to me when I was a little girl, and I couldn't do it; it would have been murder.

So Little Bones dropped on one knee and shot him. It was neatly done, and the steer just fell down and lay still. Percy ran over and cut his throat, and within a minute they were skinning the hide off.

Somewhere Lizzie had secured a folding seat. Like the story of the little boy who said the spinal column was a long thin bone, your head set on one end and you set on the other—this seat consisted of one rodlike support, with a point stuck into the ground at one end and Lizzie at the other. And as the proceedings went on, this seat began visibly to wabble. It was not until the enormous stomach was rolled out, however, that Lizzie rose feebly from her perch and moved to a distance.

"I am perfectly all right," she said in a small voice. "I was just thinking about tripe, that's all. I used to be fond of it. Tripe and onions, you know."

She shuddered and moved away.

The hide lay on the ground. Thus stretched out it looked enormous, but it is only worth a dollar and a half today. The boys will sell it for that and later buy back its equivalent in leather for fifty dollars or so. Made into shoes or suitcases, it will bring several times that amount.

Raiding in Pairs

Long knives now, and the beef being cut into segments for transportation. The dogs are being fed choice bits from the head; the rest is being placed in the meat sheet, a canvas as large as a tent, later to be stowed in the mess wagon along with the stove, Dad's bed, the bags of potatoes, the condensed milk, the canned stuff and those fresh vegetables and fruits which had been added in deference to our Eastern stomachs. The real round-up dinner consists of beefsteak with plenty of gravy, potatoes, canned corn or peas, sirup and, as a great delicacy, sugar-coated prunes.

It was the next day in the hills that I saw Lizzie sitting on the ground with her plate in her lap, surveying a slice of roast beef thoughtfully. Then she shoved it gingerly to one side and began on potatoes and beans.

The outfit started out in two divisions. The first included the mess and bed wagons, which went by a roundabout route, up the east fork of Hanging Woman; and the cowboys and the cavvy, which started up Roberts Gulch, went along Timber Creek and then over the divide.

But before we mount Pink and start off with this second division, let us study this little Wild-West show of ours. The discipline and organization of a cow outfit in the field is almost as fixed as that of a military unit. It must be both mobile and self-supporting, and it must work without friction. And whether the outfit is large or small the procedure is the same.

Take the wagons, for instance. The cook, in our case Dad, drives the mess or chuck wagon. And that mess wagon is worth more than a cursory glance. Just inside the end gate stands erect the original kitchen cabinet, with a front which lets down to form a table, and with numerous compartments for dry groceries. In the body of the wagon is packed the steel camp range and the stovepipe, the cook tent, the meat in its heavy tarp covering, kitchen utensils, a spade for digging out the water springs, boxes and bags of provisions and the cook's bed roll.

The bed wagon follows it. It is driven by the nighthawk, that unfortunate who sometimes drives the wagon all day and always guards the horses at night, and who is lucky if he gets a cat nap when the animals lie down between midnight and two A.M.! This wagon contains the round-up beds for the men, which have twelve-foot strips of tarpaulin, one-half to be doubled over the blankets within against rain or heavy dew, the rope for the rope corral, and the nighthawk's saddle. Along its end gate is frequently built the rack to hold the branding irons.

Earning Their Forty Dollars

But this division of the unit is still incomplete. Of what use is a wagon train unless it gets to where it is wanted? By custom immemorial, the wagons are led by a pilot, a cowboy on horseback who knows the country. This individual has certain specified duties of his own. He picks out the camp sites, opens and closes all gates, and, riding ahead of the mess wagon, generally clears the way for it. And although it is the duty of the wrangler to carry water for the cook, it is the pilot's job to dig out and clean up the spring ready for him.

The second division consists of the loose horses, or cavvy, and the cowboys. Extra horses must be carried always, as riding two circles a day may easily involve fifty or sixty miles of hard going. Up and down the mountainsides, into creek beds and out, the horses work hard and must be changed often. And even with a small outfit like this of ours, only sixty horses in all, it is impossible to carry any grain for them. They must graze at night in pastures where the July sun has burned the grass and the creeks are almost dry.

This division is the outfit proper. It throws off the cattle from the high meadows into the bottom lands and bunches them. It drives them in to form one vast, nervous and milling herd on the top of some piece of high ground, for cattle are snuffy in low places with timber above them; it cuts out the cows with unbranded calves, and later it ropes and brands them. And at the beef round-up it bunches the steers for market and drives them slow, endless miles to the railroad, through days of noise and thick dust clouds and nights of constant watchfulness. And when it is apparently all over, the cars waiting and the cattle finally being pointed into the pens, it is this outfit which sees the switch engine come along, shriek horribly and dissipate their herd to the four points of the compass and all the intermediate directions.

Anyone, you see, who thinks the cowboy does not earn his forty or forty-five dollars a month and board knows very little about it. In the old days it was easier for him. When he came in from the range he shod his horse, cleaned up, drew his pay and was free to go to the nearest town and spend it after his own fashion. But today he does his share of the ranch work also; breaks horses, builds and rides fences, wrangles, perhaps, even tries his unaccustomed hand at a bit of farming. But he will never be a farmer. If he could farm from the back of a horse he might succeed.

It was with this division of our outfit, then, that we started out early that morning. Even earlier the wagons had pulled out, taking with them our tents, in which were packed our extra garments, our cold creams and mirrors, our woolen pajamas and toothbrushes and combs, where, so far as I am concerned, most of them rested undisturbed until our return! Our nine cowboys rode ahead; they seemed to be in a hurry, and in the dust cloud behind them we trailed along.

I have a faint recollection that in some upper meadow we picked up our forty-odd loose horses; hazily, too, I recall seeing Lizzie and Dorothy at the start. But from that time on for some hours I was entirely absorbed in a personal matter of my own. The matter was this: Were Pink and I going to see this thing through together, or were we not? Pink! The Artful Dodger was the only name for that cow pony, velvet-footed, strawberry-colored little son of the lightning that he was.

"He's a great little cow pony," said Irving—who is Little Bones—eying him proudly. "Why, that horse can turn on a dime and have a nickel left over."

"I dare say," I observed rather tartly. "But how about his turning on something and having me left over?"

"You just hold on," he said easily, "and leave the rest to him. Just indicate what cow you want and he'll get it. You don't have to worry."

"But I don't want any cow," I said. "I can't think of anything I want less."

However, as his animal, Alice Ann, at that moment gave every indication of breaking in two—which is an entirely too light-hearted term for bucking—I said nothing more.

Pink and I went on. We climbed and climbed. Overhead was Poker Jim Butte, named for that historic gentleman who played poker all winter without any luck and in March drew a pair of sixes and lost all he owned on them. Slowly we moved on and up; across creeks, up great sweeping upland parks bordered with trees, where the antelope lie in the heat of the day and the coyotes skulk at dawn and evening. Sixty horses and, perhaps, fifteen riders, and eighteen miles to climb. On and up. The creeks end and we are in the high country. Over across are the buttes which mark the Indian reservation, glowing pink in the midday sun. We are hot and dirty, for there has been no rain and the cavvy ahead stirs up clouds of dust. On and up. Wild horses, called broomtails, come careening over the meadows, stop to look at us, then wheel and disappear over a ridge. On and up. Pink has picked out a bunch quitter of a blue roan and goes after him; in the wild dash I lose my Stetson, my hair net and hairpins and most of my sense of personal dignity, but I keep my saddle.

Still Going On and Up

I begin to feel an affection for Pink, so gallant, so soft of foot, so—well, so damnably efficient. The same sort of affection the head of the family used to feel for a pair of ferrets after they had stopped biting holes in him.

Midday and boiling heat, and Irving beside me once more on Alice Ann. He leans over and pats the creature's neck.

"He's tricky," he said, "but he's a good horse."

"Why is he called Alice Ann?" I ask. My horsemanship is strictly limited to sitting my saddle under favorable conditions, but he does not look to me as though he should be called Alice Ann.

"Because that's his name," says Irving calmly.

It was, I think, the next day that Alice Ann, having submitted tamely enough to being roped and saddled, attempted to dislodge Irving from the saddle in a series of wild rushes, squeals, rearings and kicks. And it was then I learned that Alice Ann was really Alizan, and that for several years before Irving began to gentle him he was a famous bucking horse in this part of the world.

But that is getting a trifle ahead. We are still, as I have mentioned before, going on and up. Pink has abandoned the blue roan for a buckskin loafer; my face is swollen with sunburn and my throat cracked with thirst; Lizzie is humped over the saddle and Dorothy has lapsed into a sort of fatalistic lethargy. We see a few cattle staring at us curiously, but we pass them by. Time

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You say I'm getting lyrical? You bet—and so will you when you first top off a shave with Mennen Skin Balm.

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Now you'll look forward to the end of your shave—to the minute-massage with Skin Balm.

As the silky balm disappears you feel a man-style bite, followed by a flood of refreshing coolness. Nothing is left then but a most agreeable odor and a well-groomed look you'll like.

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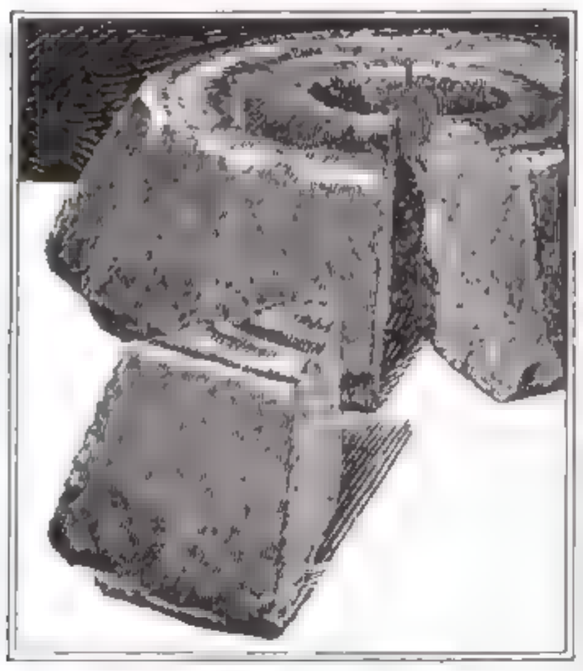

MOLASSES ORANGE CAKE

With 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses mix ½ cup shortening (melted), two eggs (beaten), 1 tsp soda dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm milk or water, 2 cups flour and ½ cup whole wheat flour, sifted together with ½ tsp. allspice and 1 tsp. ginger. Add grated rind and strained juice of 1 orange. Bake in a flat pan in a moderate oven for 35 minutes. When done brush over with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar mixed with powdered cinnamon, and return to the oven for 5 minutes. Simply delicious and very novel!

THE same tantalizing flavor that you loved in childhood. The good old-time molasses taste that you've always wanted. The taste that wasn't to be had since the days of "open-kettle" boiling, till you found it again in Brer Rabbit.

See how light and mellow, how well textured they are, the cakes you make with Brer Rabbit Molasses. And the cookies, the gingerbread men, with what crisp tenderness they scrunch between your teeth!

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to get them when this valley is being worked later.

The cowmen eye them.

"Look pretty good," they say, and move along.

Then at last the top of the world and a dip just beyond it. And in that dip are Dad and the wagons and the cook tent. Water from a good cold spring, too, and cold cream if one would go to the tent and hunt it out. But I am past caring for my skin. All I want is to lie under a tree on a cool bank, which keeps perfectly still and neither walks, trots nor canters, and drink water and drink and drink.

Dad was well set up. A long white tent covered the mess wagon, the stove and a long folding table. The steel range was banked with earth around its base and an asbestos ring protected the tent where the stovepipe went through it. Working at the board in the mess wagon was Dad himself, in spotless white and rolling out pie crust with a beer bottle filled, he assured me, with spring water!

The Hard-Working Horses

For unlike Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, Dad can make pastry. Charley in the early days was cooking with an outfit and decided to try his hand at pies. The next day two of the dogs were dead and most of the men and the other dogs were laid out good and proper.

"So the old man," says Russell, "he came around to me, gentle-like but firm, and he says: 'You're a good boy, Charley, and we all like you. And you're a fair-to-middlin' cook, too, and I'm not complainin'. But in the future I'd be thankful if you'd stick to meat and potatoes, and for God's sake keep your hand off pastry!"

But we were not ready for Dad. The first duty on the range is to care for one's horse. One is a tenderfoot indeed who does not know how to unsaddle, for instance, and where; to lay the saddle on its side, to fold the saddle blanket with the moist side in to keep it soft, and to place the bridle neatly on the top.

But the round-up has its own convention of unsaddling, at that. With the arrival of the bed wagon at the camp site, our wrangler had at once set up his rope corral. Tying the center of a long rope to one of the wagon wheels he had carried it out on crotched sticks until he had a circular rope inclosure with an open end, or gate, at one side. Our first duty, then, was to unsaddle outside this impromptu corral and to line up our saddles neatly near the entrance. But that day our horses were turned loose, and we stood by to watch them.

It is a poor heart which does not swell a bit when tired horses, freed of saddles or of packs, lie down to roll their weary bodies on the ground. And these Western horses have so little and work so hard; they must climb, carrying their burden of pack saddle or of man, up cliffs I would not dare to try afoot; must slide, with slipping rock and treacherous shale, down steep descents with every muscle tense. Only the pampered few can have grain; most of them have only grass and that what they can pick up for themselves. Yet so strong is the strain left by the early explorers, with their Spanish or Arabian animals, that these grass-fed range horses can outwork and outlast our Eastern Thoroughbred stock. Only the fit have survived and bred, and the result is an extraordinary vitality, plus the intelligence of all creatures who have largely to fend for themselves.

So we stood by to watch them, first as they drank and then as they rolled. Standing in the little creek, some drank sedately; others, like naughty children, splashed and pawed the water, then lay down in it. Their thirst quenched, they rolled on the ground, scratching their sweaty, saddle-worn backs. Their sixty sets of legs were in the air at one time, all colors, all lengths. The hot sun shone on their gleaming shoes, clouds of dust rose above them, and like a chorus of relief came to our ears their gruntings, snorts and plaintive whinnyings. Yes, there is something wrong with us when it does not mean anything to see a tired horse roll upon the ground.

And now we have set our stage; the long cook tent, with the stovepipe rising through an asbestos ring in the canvas, and, at a discreet distance, our own tepees, white—and hot—in the sun; down the hill a bit, near the creek, the rope corral and the bed wagon; wood being cut and water drawn near by; and in the midst of the herd mounted men getting ready for the night. They drive the other loose horses to a green meadow near by, where the nighthawk will watch them, moving them slowly along toward higher ground and napping in his saddle when they lie down, between, say, eleven-thirty and two. He will choose for this purpose a horse which can see well in the dark.

All night horses are carefully chosen for this ability, for there is a great difference in horses in this regard. I have ridden them when I could not see the ground beneath their feet, only to have them pick out the trail unerringly. But once or twice I have had animals who grew confused, who stumbled and hesitated, conveying to me their own helplessness and insecurity.

A horse is practically never wrong in his sense of direction. Again and again I have given one his head to test this out. But his instinct ends there. Unless he knows the road by experience, has actually traveled it, he will often lose it and start directly back, to bring one up unexpectedly at the edge of a rim-rock cliff, perhaps, or against the wire with no suspicion of a gate.

Only yesterday Prince and I had an argument on this matter. We had circled the top of the Red Cañon and were some thousand-odd feet above the ranch when twelve o'clock came. Now, at twelve o'clock hay is spread in one of the corrals for the horses. And Prince looked at me and said flatly that it was noon and lunchtime.

"Very well," I said. "Try it and see what you can do."

So I gave him his head and he threw his ears up and started for the top of the cliff. Maybe he could have made it; I don't know. But I could not, and I told him so. And he sulked all the way round and down!

Getting Up in the Morning

So below us the night horses are being hobbled and the preparations for the next day begin. Some of the men ride off to take a sort of general survey of the situation; Burton comes up on the little devil of a buckskin which provided considerable excitement during the whole period of the round-up. Burton is a "rep"—that is, he represents another outfit, his own, which also runs cattle here. As any round-up gathers in all the cattle to be found and then cuts out and brands its own calves, Burton is here to look after his own interests, to mark his own if any turn up, and generally to lend a hand when it is needed.

A cowboy from another outfit rides by, on his way over the divide, and announces a small forest fire a few valleys over.

"How far?" I ask languidly.

"Ten miles or so."

I subside again upon my bank. It is too far; let it burn, or let somebody else put it out. Only let me stay where I am, to drink the lemonade Dad has made in a great tin pail, and to sit quiet on something which neither walks, trots nor canters.

Late that night I sat up in my tepee and made careful notes on the events of the day. My light was a candle stuck in the top of an empty tomato can, my desk was my pillow, held on my lap. Somewhere in the bedding beneath me were my toilet articles, my fresh riding shirts and my pajamas. But I did not hunt them out. After a time I took off my hat and my boots and spurs and, putting my desk under my head, blew out the candle and went to sleep.

"Roll out!"

A stentorian voice was calling it over and over. I opened my eyes on black darkness; it was raw and cold and my blankets felt damp to my hands as I drew them up around me. I closed my eyes again and went to sleep.

Sometime later Dorothy spoke to me in a strong firm voice. I opened one eye and looked at her. It was gray outside by that time, and I could see that she had brushed her hair and her teeth and was looking smugly virtuous.

"What time is it?"

"A quarter to four. Hurry up!"

So I sat up in bed, pulled on my boots, shoved on my hat and was dressed. I did crawl around on my hands and knees looking for my toothbrush, but my efforts were half-hearted and I did not find it. Who ever heard of brushing teeth at a quarter to four in the morning anyhow?

"I'm coming," I said querulously. "But I haven't been up so early since the last time I was up so late."

I stood up. My boots were damp and shrunken from the dew; unreal shadowy figures were standing around the cook tent, morose and dreary, and drinking hot coffee; and running in with the cavvy was Pink, undoubtedly rested after his sleep of from eleven-thirty to two, and ready at any minute to turn on a dime and have me left over.

The Start of the Round-Up

Four o'clock. The horses had been driven into the rope corral, and the work of catching and saddling began. The wrangler held the gate, that loose end of the rope before referred to; under his direction only two men worked inside, and they worked quietly and cautiously. No wild throwing of the ropes now, but an easy cast from the ground. The noose rose and settled on the neck of the animal wanted. The horses milled, first this way and then that, and out of the mist and dust the captured bay, or roan, or buck, came mildly enough to be saddled just outside.

The first pink of the dawn touched Poker Jim; the old gambler had drawn a flush at last. The line of saddled horses grew; cinches were tightened, and chaps and spurs buckled on, followed by careful, easy mounting by the cowboys as they tested out horses, never too well broken and always fractious at this early hour; then full dawn, the soft creak of leather on leather, the faint musical jingling of spurs and the dull thud of horses' feet on the dry meadow as we moved off.

Percy was the leader. Riding the high circle, at the top of each valley he deployed two men, one to throw the cattle down from the hillside, the other to bunch and hold them at the bottom. Technically, I believe every such bunching is a round-up, but the real round-up of the morning comes when all these smaller herds, driven in, are gathered together at some designated spot.

The men took the orders as they came, gathered up their reins, spurred their horses and disappeared. We rode on and on. After what I figured was high noon and lunchtime, I asked Lizzie to look at her wrist watch. She did so and then held it to her ear.

"It's stopped," she said. "It says six o'clock."

But it had not stopped!

Underneath me Pink moved sedately along. He had the air of an old hand at the business and of being slightly bored at the preliminaries. And I was growing increasingly easy. We had seen no cattle; maybe I was not to see any cattle. It was a fine morning; the sun warmed my back, and Pink's delicate tread was like a rocking-chair beneath me. I yawned. And then somehow or other I was riding down a valley with Irving, and Irving was glancing right and left for cattle, and Pink was gathering himself together and getting ready. Ready for what?

"Wha-what am I to do?" I inquired in a thin voice.

"You just sit tight," said Irving comfortably, "and let Pink do it. He knows.

(Continued on Page 74)

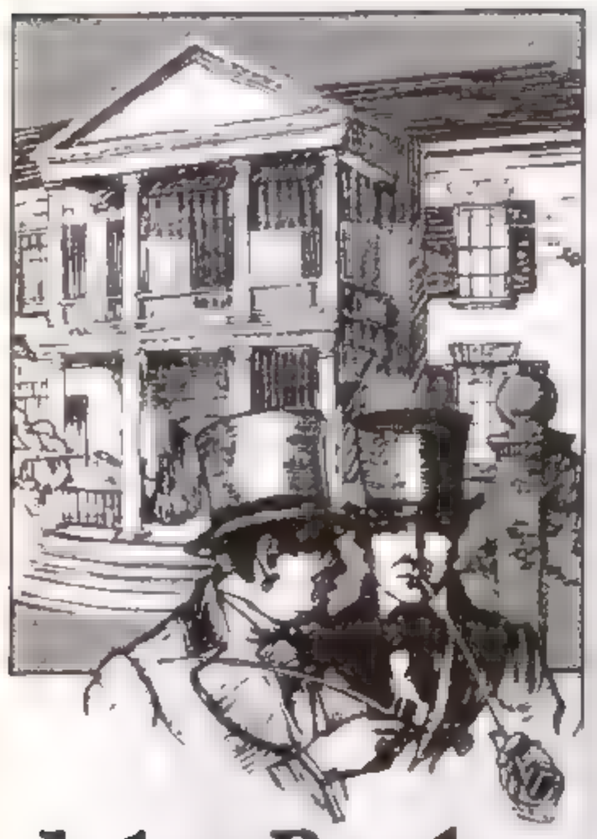
The FLORSHEIM SHOE

YEAR after year FLORSHEIM SHOES continue as the choice of careful buyers. The reputation that holds so many firm friends for FLORSHEIMS is a reliable guide for all who seek quality.

Most Styles $10 THE ROLLS Style M 184

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers CHICAGO



John Bagley created a marvelous *Aroma*

YEARS ago . . . oh, many years ago . . . . John Bagley of Ole Virginny perfected a wonderful blend of pipe tobacco. Buckingham he called it, Sir . . . and never did tobacco have so sweet and pleasant an aroma. Even the ladies liked its irresistible fragrance . . . no reproving household voice was raised when the master filled his pipebowl with golden Buckingham!

We've brought this marvelous Buckingham back from its rich and romantic tobacco past . . . *your dealer now has it.* Sun-cured . . . as John Bagley cured it. Blended . . . as John Bagley blended it. Aged . . . as John Bagley aged it. Fragrant and sweet as of yore!

Smoke a pipeful of Buckingham today . . . you won't be disappointed

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-sized package.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
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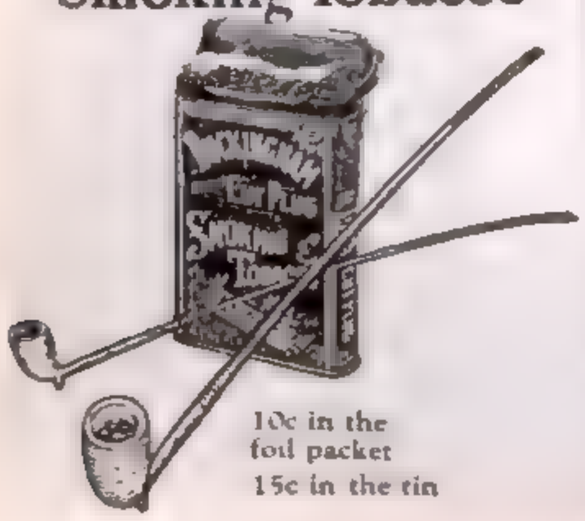
Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

(Continued from Page 72)

Only watch him when he whirls. That's all."

Four hours later Irving and I drove our herd up the long slope to the rendezvous. There on the top of the hill were the other bunched cattle, milling wildly and emitting a sound not unlike the roaring of an angry sea. Our bunch saw them and tried to turn; in a second Pink started for them, and then and there did I give such an exhibition of pulling leather as I hope not to give again. He whirled and ducked, he flew and leaped, and to his back, helpless, I clung and prayed. And he did the job. He rounded up that stampeding herd and pointed it where it should go. And when it was over I let go the saddle horn, took my first full breath in five minutes and straightened my hat.

"Hey!" called a cowboy, as we moved on, "that's working them! How'd you like to join the outfit?"

"Oh, I'm learning," I said composedly.

I moved on. Lizzie and Dorothy were already back and stretched out under a tree.

"How far did you go?"

"Fifteen miles or so. How about you?"

"Oh, Irving and I took the big circle." Very, very casually. "Thirty miles or so, I believe."

Gently and gingerly, I got off Pink and laid me down on the ground. It was soft. It was wonderful. I closed my eyes. Bedlam was raging all around, but I cared not. Cows were shrieking for their calves and as many calves were crying for their mothers. Two great Hereford bulls were facing each other, heads down, and pawing up small sandstorms of dust with their forefeet. Frantic animals were trying to dart out of the bunch and being run back by watchful herders.

Under ordinary circumstances I should have climbed the tree above me, but these were not ordinary circumstances. Let Pink step on me if he wanted to; let the bulls come and fight across me; let the whole darned herd stampede and run over me. I lay on the ground with one of Pink's reins under my head and closed my eyes. Sometime later I raised my voice above the turmoil and asked Lizzie the time.

"Ten o'clock," she said.

Ten o'clock, and I had lived a lifetime!

At first it was comparatively easy. Irving did the work and I rode along. He would ride up a coulee or small valley above the cattle and then with a shrill cry start them down to me. It was my business—and Pink's—to see that they did not run past me, but headed on in the direction we were going.

Heading Off the Bunch Quitters

But as time went on and our little herd increased, so did the attempts of the bunch quitters. With sudden resolution, they would dart out from the rest, turn and beat it. And if anyone believes that a two-year-old steer cannot run, I am here to set him right. Naturally, the only way to head him off is to run faster than he does, and here Pink got in his best work. Seizing the bit firmly in his teeth and disregarding my pleas to let Irving do it, Pink was off. Into washes and out again, skirting gopher holes, jumping rocks, Pink carried me madly after his quarry. And in the end the creature would succumb; would turn meekly back after the others and I would release my death grip on the reins and mop my streaming face.

As time passed on, however, I grew more cheerful. No cow as yet had pointed at me with dire intent her long and deadly horns; no bull had lowered his head and roared. To be honest, I had seen no bull at all. To all intents and purposes our herd was purely a matriarchy and our calves were fatherless.

And then, suddenly, the worst came. Irving, above me in a valley, called that there were cattle hidden in a dry creek bed below. The creek bed was like a cañon; Pink slid and scrambled down into it, and between its high and unclimbable banks we moved along. The cattle were hidden beyond a bend, and around this bend we went.

And there, without warning, we came face to face with an enormous bull. He looked as large as a locomotive, and he was barring the way with his wives and children behind him.

The moment he saw me he lowered his head and began to paw the ground! And there we were!

I attempted to turn Pink around, but he refused to turn. Instead he tried to make for the creature, and it pawed the ground again and stared at me with red and horrible eyes. I moistened my dry lips and spoke to it in a small faint voice.

"Go on!" I said. "Get along there!"

"Just an inch nearer!" said the bull in effect. "Just one inch!"

"Irving!" I called feebly. "Irving!"

But he did not hear, and Pink was tugging at the bit, and the cows had set up a sort of melancholy chorus. I tried other tactics; I spoke gently and kindly.

"Go along," I said. "Nice old fellow! Go along, like a good boy!"

Cowing a Bull

I even whistled; I cannot really whistle, but I have a small faint pipe I use to call the dogs, and when I could pucker my trembling lips I tried that. But the whistle after all did the work, for while it had no appreciable effect on the bull, Pink took it as a signal and dashed at him. And the craven creature instantly threw up his tail and started off. Some few minutes later I rode up out of the creek bed, driving my monster and his harem before me. And Irving, waiting on the bank, surveyed my catch with approval.

"Made quite a pick-up," he said.

I nodded.

"Took a little time," I said easily. "That creek bed's a poor place to work."

Our bunch was augmented gradually and as it increased it grew more unwieldy. Almost any cover served as a refuge. But I had a lesson in patience from Irving as he followed them into the bogs and creek bottoms, the thorny thickets and swales where they tried to hide themselves.

"Get along there, little feller," he would say to some fugitive in his soft Southern voice. Never did he frighten them, or push them too fast. He watched the calves, too, and in that last four dreadful miles of creek bottom, bog and heavy low-growing trees he worked them through without haste and without the loss of a single animal.

Out of all the other valleys, converging to the high rendezvous, moved other bunches and other cowboys. The broiling sun glared down, the calves bawled, the mothers wailed, the horses worked and sweated.

And at last ten o'clock and dinnertime, and just a third of the day's work over. Another circle in the afternoon and branding after that, and then—and only then—the tarp bed on the ground and sleep, until a voice roars the call to "Roll out" and, long before day, another day begins.

We branded that evening. That is, the men branded, Pink and I remaining interested onlookers outside the log corral. Once indeed we took a part; a calf escaped, leaping the gate and starting with extreme rapidity for parts unknown. In a weak moment I started after it, but the last I saw of it it was headed for the Cheyenne Reservation and like the darky in the war, if it had had a feather in its hand "it would have flew." Curiously enough, a calf which loses its mother will always go back to the last place where it suckled; as the mother does the same thing there is practically no such thing as a lost calf.

But, generally speaking, we were onlookers. At this particular spot there was a rough log corral, and the branding was somewhat simplified by that fact. Corral, or no corral, however, the procedure is essentially the same.

While we had been having supper, then, at four o'clock, the herders had been busy cutting out the cows with unbranded calves and driving off the rest. Gladly enough they went back to their coulees and creek bottoms again, leaving behind them those who were to have their baptism of fire. This smaller herd, lowing and anxious, now awaited us at the top of a hill about two hundred yards from the ancient log corral.

The branding irons had been brought out from the rack in the bed wagon, and inside the corral a fire had been built. These irons generally consist at the branding end of a quarter circle, a full circle and a bar. When, as with the Rocking Chair outfit, a special brand is used, that outfit carries it, and the others, picking up a Rocking Chair calf and mother, do their best with the tools at hand to etch a rocking-chair on the calf's side! Thus, picking up a Skull and Crossbones calf, we did a fair job with the full circle for a skull and two bars for the crossed bones.

But although the corral was ready for the cattle, the cattle were not yet in it. And this proved to be a difficult and delicate operation. Wide-spreading jaws or wings of logs reached out from the inner circle, and the cattle moved docilely enough until these were reached. Behind them the line of mounted cowboys, moving slowly, was closing in on them. Ahead of them was the opening into the corral. The lead cow would stop, gaze about and nine times out of ten make a bolt for freedom, and the entire bunch would follow suit. But the inexorable line of horsemen waited behind, and gaps were instantly closed. As the jaws of the Y narrowed, the men were riding shoulder to shoulder, and the cattle were quietly pushed inside the corral. Then the logs were placed across the entrance and the work began.

The Camp Asleep

One man roped the calves from his horse and dragged them out. Two other men waited to throw them and a fourth brought the branding iron. The mother's brand was called and the calf similarly marked.

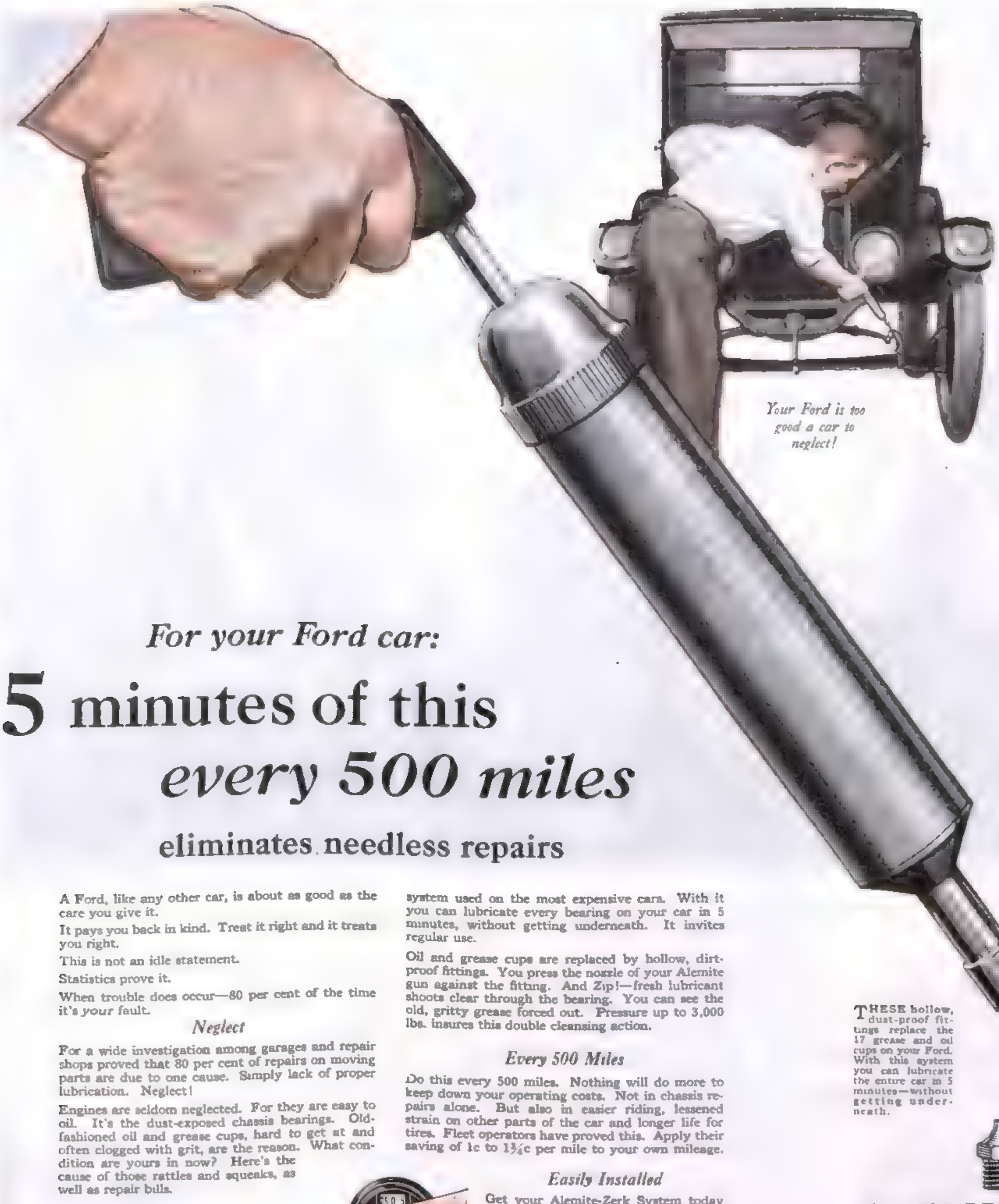
That night I was too weary to sleep. I sat in my tepee as before, the pillow on my knee, my candle in its can perilously near me, and made my notes. Then I blew out my candle and sliding along the ground at last found that slight hollow for the hip bone which is my camping substitute for springs and hair mattress.

The outfit slept. Somewhere to the east of us, the nighthawk was watching the horses, grazing them slowly along and nodding wearily in his saddle as he rode. Two to a bed for warmth, the cowboys lay in the open, their gear piled beside them on the ground. The night wind blew through the pine trees. And over the hill a coyote barked. From the cook tent below there came a regular, sonorous sound like the slow monotonous beating of a war drum far away. But it was not a war drum; it was Dad, his long body rolled in his blankets, comfortably and unconsciously baying at the moon.

The round-up goes on. Day after day, other valleys are circled, new cows and calves bunched and driven out. The camp moves, the mess and bed wagons jolting along until the pilot has picked out a new camp site and dug out the spring.

Behind the outfit, as it moves, are left the marked and counted cattle. They move placidly down the slopes, the bulls as haughty as ever, the cows each guarding a newly branded and slightly dazed calf. They will not be disturbed again until the beef round-up in the early fall. Then will come the cutting out of the meat animals and the long drive to the railroad. The men will ride in clouds of dust; the cattle will move slowly, roaring and calling, ready to stampede at any surprise. At night the guards will slowly circle them, singing to keep them quiet and riding out a bit to light their cigarettes. And then, after days and days, the railroad and the cattle pens. And Percy, perhaps, pointing them in, and once again, as always, the switch

Continued on Page 79



For your Ford car:

5 minutes of this *every 500 miles*

eliminates needless repairs

A Ford, like any other car, is about as good as the care you give it.

It pays you back in kind. Treat it right and it treats you right.

This is not an idle statement.

Statistics prove it.

When trouble does occur—80 per cent of the time it's *your* fault.

Neglect

For a wide investigation among garages and repair shops proved that 80 per cent of repairs on moving parts are due to one cause. Simply lack of proper lubrication. Neglect!

Engines are seldom neglected. For they are easy to oil. It's the dust-exposed chassis bearings. Old-fashioned oil and grease cups, hard to get at and often clogged with grit, are the reason. What condition are yours in now? Here's the cause of those rattles and squeaks, as well as repair bills.

A new easy way

Proper lubrication for your Ford is now made easy. Simply install the new Alemite-Zerk Lubricating System on your Ford. The same high pressure system used on the most expensive cars. With it you can lubricate every bearing on your car in 5 minutes, without getting underneath. It invites regular use.

Oil and grease cups are replaced by hollow, dirt-proof fittings. You press the nozzle of your Alemite gun against the fitting. And Zip!—fresh lubricant shoots clear through the bearing. You can see the old, gritty grease forced out. Pressure up to 3,000 lbs. insures this double cleansing action.

Every 500 Miles

Do this every 500 miles. Nothing will do more to keep down your operating costs. Not in chassis repairs alone. But also in easier riding, lessened strain on other parts of the car and longer life for tires. Fleet operators have proved this. Apply their saving of 1c to 1¾c per mile to your own mileage.

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Easily Installed

Get your Alemite-Zerk System today from any dealer. It will save its cost (only $6.50) many times over. THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO., 2660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

THESE hollow, dust-proof fittings replace the 17 grease and oil cups on your Ford. With this system you can lubricate the entire car in 5 minutes—without getting underneath.

ALEMITE
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including compressor and special tool for installing.

(PRICE CANADA AND WEST ROCKIES SLIGHTLY HIGHER.)

ALEMITE
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"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High Pressure Lubrication for Fords

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Third Installment of the

LIFE *and* LETTERS *of* IVORY SOAP

EXCERPTS *from the true story of* IVORY'S *adventures with the* U. S. ARMY *and* NAVY *its encounters with* WILD ANIMALS *and its contribution to* ROMANCE

"ON a certain dog-watch one night far out at sea we were gathered around the good old java pot swapping yarns. There were the bosun, and the bosun's mate, and a seaman bold, and me. The seaman bold, unfolding to stretch his legs, delivered himself of the following chant:

"I have stood on the burning deck,
I've flown over east and west,
He took a cake of Ivory Soap
And washed, once and for all, the

The original author of the chant is unknown, but the "me" of the story is Byron T. Mills, of San Francisco, who was in the Navy during the war and for a period after the Armistice. He tells the following story, also:

"My ship was sent to Hamburg on a special commission. When we found that there wasn't a decent cake of soap in the whole port, we almost wished we had shifted our coal for a cargo of Ivory. We took our ship's supply into the town, and they almost mobbed us. Cakes that had cost us seven cents brought a dollar. I hired a big luxurious limousine for a whole afternoon for one cake of Ivory. I met a Hungarian countess who wanted me to marry her and take over her castle in Budapest—I couldn't see it, but I gave her a cake of Ivory and she seemed just as happy as if I'd accepted her proposal. If I ever lease myself out for another war, I'll pay high for the Ivory Soap concession."

IVORY *buys laces and a* MEXICAN *welcome*

"IN February, 1924," writes a member of the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, "the U. S. Destroyer 'Sumner,' off the west coast of Mexico, got orders by radio to put into Salina Cruz—that tiny agglomeration of huts and tents on a slope of sand which was then in the center of the revolutionary area. The U. S. landing

party arrived on the heels of the Revolutionary Army which had raided the townsfolk six times. Noth

ing usable was left except, as we soon discovered, some exquisite native laces which had been successfully hidden from the marauders.

"The customary haggling began forthwith. But money was worthless to the natives—they couldn't buy anything with it. They were ragged, and they were dirty—great Scott, how dirty they were!

"Then occurred one of the anomalies of history—they called for Ivory Soap! For Ivory they would sell anything. Some of the finest laces ever brought into the United States were bought for a few cakes of Ivory. And some of the officers and men found special welcome in the homes of local dignitaries by the tactful presentation, to the daughters of the house, of a cake of Ivory Soap."

Our correspondent adds: "Ivory Soap has been with the Navy so long that it is regarded as a standard canteen article. The Naval man knows that Ivory is recommended by his doctors and surgeons because he finds it in almost exclusive use in the 'sick-bay.' Of several popular soaps, Ivory is in demand by perhaps more than three-fourths of the crew."

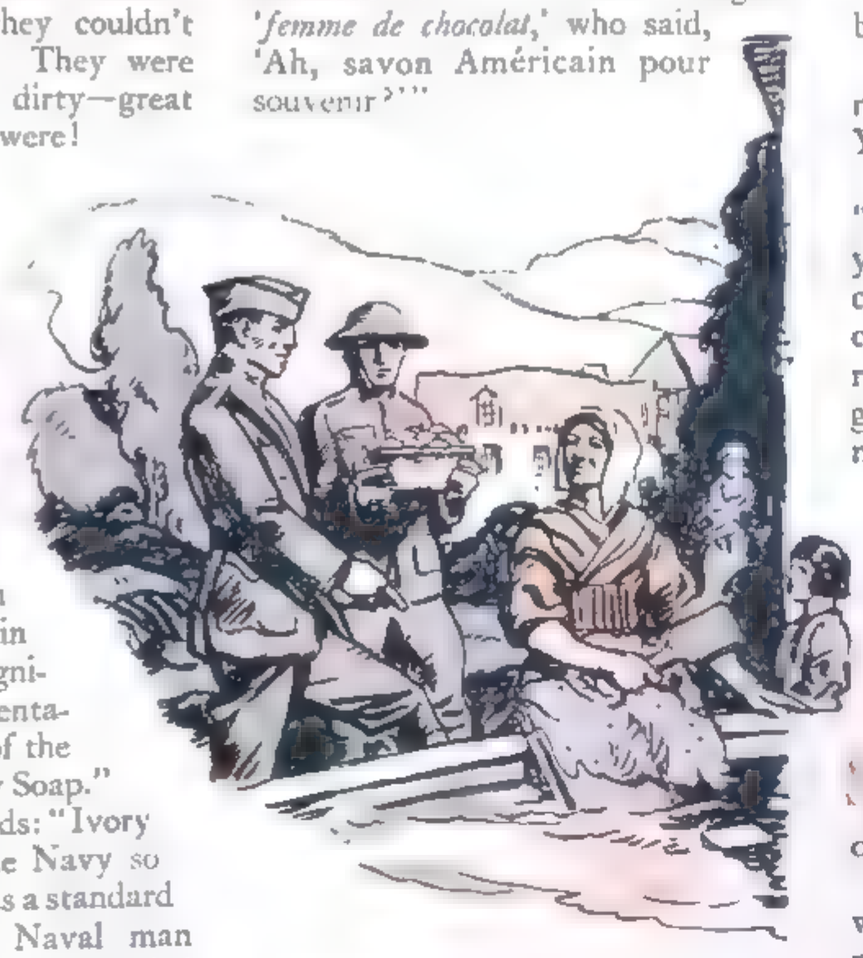
The ex-Army adds its IVORY *story of the war*

THE Army refuses to take second place in the war-story of Ivory. A former lieutenant sends in this lively item:

"There were fifteen inches of mud from a three days' drizzle in that slithering lizard's paradise known technically as a rifle-pit. A floating object touched my leg. I got hold of it, washed it off, and found myself gazing at a half-used cake of Ivory Soap. Visions of a clean-up party and a shave at the old iron tub back of the hill!

"Curses! It slipped. But presently I saw it poking a white corner up through the black soup. Before it could escape again, I carried it in both hands back to the tub, stripped, took a shower in the rain, shaved with Ivory lather, washed my teeth with Ivory foam, and then turned over the precious cake to Happy Zeke, who repeated my performance. And as he stood there in his shivering nakedness, Ivory-lathered from head to toe, he grinned, 'Well, old duck, 99 44/100% pure again!'

"I carried that same cake of Ivory to Belgium with me after the Big Show blew up and finally gave what was left of it to a little Belgian '*femme de chocolat*,' who said, 'Ah, savon Américain pour souvenir?'"



Apparently Ivory is as good as money almost anywhere in the world—to buy laces and limousine rides and ladies' smiles, and *eggs*—

A lieutenant of the Rainbow Division and his top sergeant traded a cake of Ivory to a French peasant woman for two dozen fresh "oofs."

"Look," said the lieutenant, "this is lucky savon. As long as it floats you can be sure les Américains will win. If it ever sinks—like this, see?—you'd better pack up and leave la belle France, toot-sweet!"

They left her watching Ivory confidently afloat. Ivory still floats and the old woman is still safe in *la belle France!*

You CAN'T *fool a chipmunk, either!*

APPARENTLY Ivory, when available, plays an important part even in the life of discriminating chipmunks. In fact, it seems to be the prime winter delicacy of the chipmunk race, as witness two letters:

Our little friend Francis Throw, of Kimball, Neb., went camping with his parents in the mountains last summer. On the washstand behind the cabin were two cakes of soap, one pink, and one Ivory.

"One afternoon," writes Francis, "the Ivory Soap disappeared. Where had it gone? The next morning we missed another Ivory cake. Then we found where it had gone. The chipmunks had taken it! I was quite worried about them until I remembered Ivory was 99 44/100% Pure."

"Safety first!" cry Nebraska chipmunks. And the chipmunks in New York State echo, "Safety first!"—

"Last year," writes Mrs. D——, "when we closed our camp on Goodyear Lake for the winter, we left two cakes of Ivory and two cakes of cheap perfumed soap in the bathroom. During the winter chipmunks got in and ate the Ivory, but would not touch the other. So I guess your advertisements must be true—99 44/100% Pure."

Elephants and a poem with a MORAL

SPEAKING of wild animals, here is another story, from a railroad official:

His four-year-old grandson was watching a circus parade with his mother. Along came the elephants. Little Dicky pointed to the curved weapons carried east and west of the leading pachyderm's trunk, and asked what they were.

"Those," replied his mother, "are his tusks—they are ivory."

"Oh!" exclaimed small Dick excitedly, "then he has his soap with him, hasn't he?"

Now for our poem! It came to the Ivory biographer's desk not long ago, without a name, written on an old memorandum. Notice the quaint Quaker sound of it—can it be that some good Quaker lad, disillusioned as to the superficial values of pure

romance, finally identified cleanliness as the one all-symbolic value of life, and then penned this paean of exultation? We leave the answer to you:

Do not wed for money, Friend,
For money hath a sting,
Do not wed a pretty face;
'Tis but a foolish thing.
Do not wed for place or fame;
'Twill disappoint thy hope.
But when thee marry, choose the girl
Who uses Ivory Soap.

HIS MOTHER'S *last gift*

THE following story comes from the mountain country of Virginia, and it is about an ancient storekeeper.

Many years ago, when Ernest Adams, a tried-and-true Ivory Soap salesman, was making trips through his territory in a piano-box buggy, he sold this old storekeeper an order. As he was about to leave, his customer said to him:

"Some time, Mr. Adams, after I've got better acquainted with you, I want to tell you a story."

Years passed. At every visit Mr. Adams asked for that story, but the old fellow refused, until one fine

day when the rhododendrons were in bloom and memories lingered in spring fragrance.

"Come with me," said the storekeeper mysteriously, leading the way to a dimly lighted room behind the store. From a cobwebbed corner he drew forth a battered leather trunk whose musty contents finally yielded an oblong object wrapped in an old piece of white silk.

"I treasure this more than anything I own or have owned," said he. "It was the last thing my mother gave me more than forty years ago when I left home to seek my fortune."

And with that he handed Mr. Adams what is probably the oldest cake of Ivory Soap in existence.

Thus Ivory is, as you see, a true cosmopolite, and has a share in the lives of all sorts of people the world over.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

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Guest IVORY

The dainty new cake of Ivory, made especially for the face and hands, just fits feminine fingers and the toilet soap holder. It costs 5 cents.

Bath IVORY

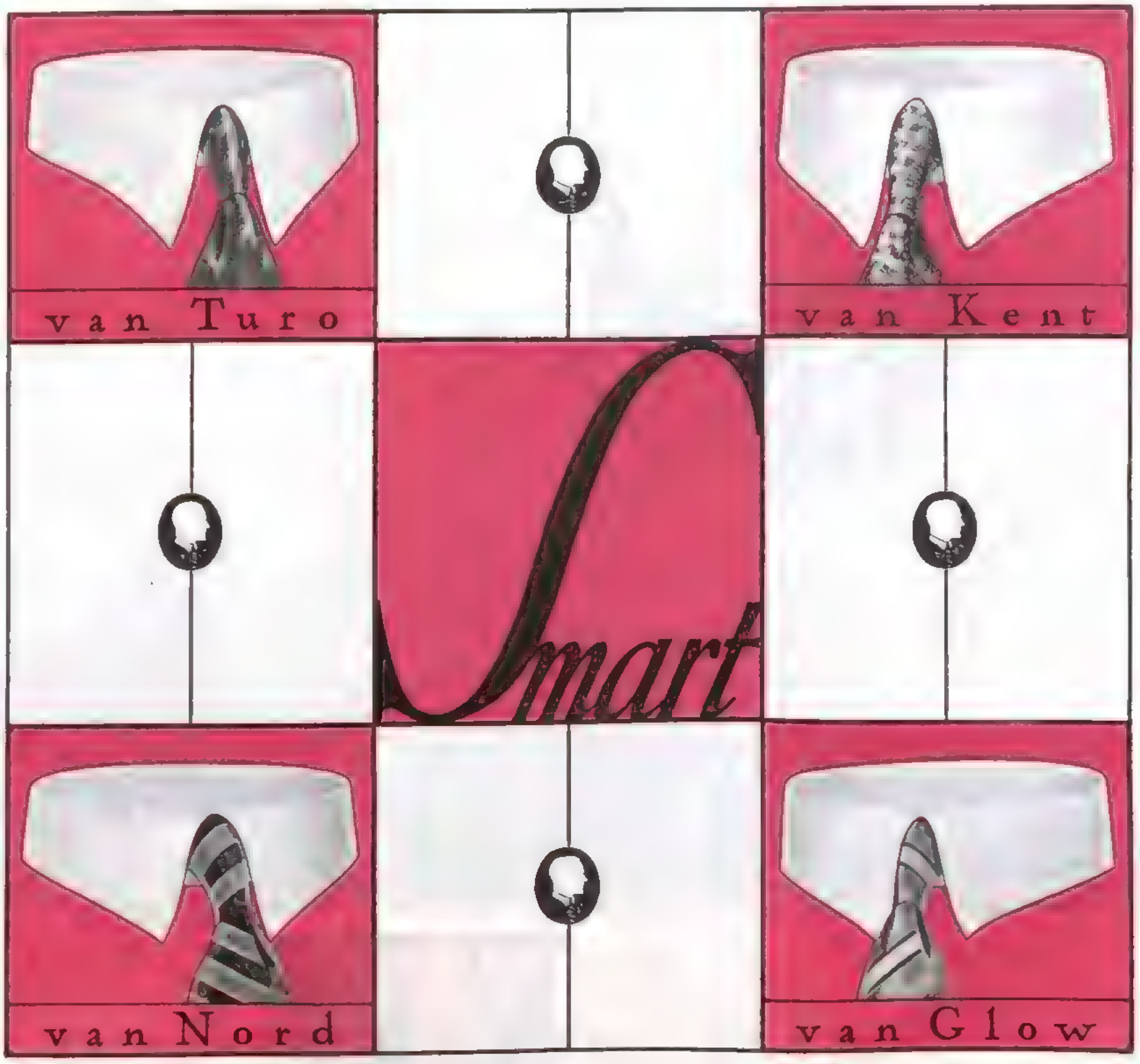
For the bath, most people prefer the medium-size cake of Ivory. "It floats," of course, so you never have to hunt soap on the tub-bottom.

Laundry IVORY

This economical cake is for general laundry and household use—it costs very little more than harsh soaps and protects both hands and clothes.

Tissue-thin flakes of Ivory for the safe, quick cleansing of all delicate fabrics, for dishwashing (to protect hands), and for shampooing.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES



SMARTLY dressed men who have sought comfort during the hot weather, have eliminated autumn's uncongenial change to the stiff starched collar.

Men of confessed leadership have found in the trim, smart Van Heusen just that touch of dignity in dress that goes with these early Fall days. In the more exacting demands of dress, in the business and social contacts that come with cooler weather, the Van Heusen *préeminently* asserts its vogue as *the Smart* Collar.

Style is not stiffened into it by starch, but is woven—by an exclusive, patented process—into its single, smooth piece of strong, curved, multiply fabric.

For all occasions, the Van Heusen is the world's *Smartest,* most comfortable, most economical collar.

12 Van Heusen Styles, 50c each.

TO DEALERS:

Send in your requisitions now *for newly designed* CHRISTMAS BOXES.

Phillips-Jones, New York

VAN HEUSEN

Patented

the World's Smartest COLLAR

(Continued from Page 74)

engine will come along and whistle, and there will be panic and a stampede.

Yes, it's a great life, and it is still going on out here. The cowboy is not passing, nor will he so long as there is left to him a bit of open range. Discouraged he may be, but he is no quitter. If he is picturesque, he is picturesque only in the line of duty. His chaps protect his clothes in swales and thorny brush, his Stetson shades his eyes and its heavy high crown protects his head from the burning sun, his neckerchief is less trouble than a collar and tie.

He is a specialist in his own line. And it is no child's play, this business of his. Take the matter of the nights alone, when the beef herd is being rounded up for shipping in the fall. The cattle are nervous. After months, or years of freedom, they are close herded, and they are filled with suspicion and fear. At six o'clock, the second day shift turns them over and the slow movement to the bed ground begins. A few men graze them along to some high selected spot, and at eight the night guards go on.

It is a spooky business, this night guarding; almost anything will stampede the herd and wreck the work of days. Not only that, but it is a desperate business to be caught by a stampede, horse and rider swept along in the darkness by a thousand or several thousand maddened on-rushing animals.

Nightguarding a Rock Pile

The night guards work in two-hour shifts, two at a time. They circle outside the herd in opposite directions, frequently singing to quiet it. Even such a matter as lighting a cigarette is a ticklish one. The guard turns out a bit from the herd to do it, and closes one eye so he may have a good eye ready to see in the dark the moment his match goes out. Never can his vigilance relax. Perhaps a storm is threatening and each deadly horn carries a glowing ball of light upon it! And then let the storm break, and the man who lost a bass drum isn't in it with the night guard who loses a thousand or so of beef cattle.

One night guard I know had this happen to him: He rode around and finally he located a group of them huddled together on the crest of a hill. All night long he rode around them in the storm, singing soothingly to quiet them, until the break of day showed them to be a heap of gray volcanic rocks!

A highly specialized business. How would you lean if you were swimming on horseback across a swift and flooded river? Upstream, wouldn't you? I know I would. But you and I would be wrong; you lean downstream to counterbalance the pull which threatens to take your horse's legs from under him. And what would you do if, when you had piled your clothes on the saddle and were swimming across holding to your horse's tail, the horse got away on the other side? But this requires no specialized knowledge! Suppose again, like Percy, you were pointing a bunch of steers and injudiciously roped a coyote? And the whole angry thousand of them took after that coyote?

Ho hum; it's a great life if you don't weaken.

The cowboy passing? Nonsense. There is a lot of bosh being talked about it, and a lot of sickly sentimentality about our rodeos. With the single exception of bulldogging steers, the rodeo simply represents a life that is going on today all over the Northwest. And I have even seen it necessary to bulldog a steer in order to throw him, when there was no room for a man and horse to operate.

The worst horse in any rodeo is no worse than the buckskin Burton rode at this same round-up. Every time he was mounted, he went crazy, and a crazy horse loose in such surroundings is an exciting matter. He is blind with rage, and no one can tell in what direction he is coming next. The other horses share his excitement; the milling in the corral increases. The saddle animals get out of his way, as do the men. There is nothing to be done; either the man on his back rides it out or he does not.

Take Alizan, with a rope around his neck to supplement the usual bridle. Once or twice he, too, went on a man-killing expedition; but notice the curious humanity of these cowboys. Irving rode it out on the rope rather than on the bridle, to save the creature's mouth! And when it was over he got off and rubbed the demon's head!

"You're all right now, little feller, aren't you?" he said gently and mounted again

And take Jack. I find I cannot write very much about Jack. You see, it was only a week ago. His horse came back alone from the early morning wrangling, and when Reed found him he was lying unconscious on the ground in the big upper meadow.

They carried out a mattress and brought him in, but his back was broken.

Ah me! Sad things have been happening to us this year. First, there was Johnny—but we try not to think about that, and then Bruce, and now Jack.

A Cowboy's Prayer

But we cannot change things. So long as the beef herds continue to graze in their quiet valleys we shall have the cowboy. The wagons will pull out, the pilot at their head; the nighthawk will keep his solitary vigil; and men will don their chaps and spurs, and mounting their uncertain horses, round up the cattle that we may have our beef. It is their life. They want no other. Bruce Brockett, our cowboy poet, nursing his badly broken leg in the hospital at Sheridan, speaks for them, inarticulate as they are, when he says:

When the last bit of range is fenced up and gone,
And progress has had her say;
When the last ol' moss horn is put on the cars,
And the honyok at last gets his way,*

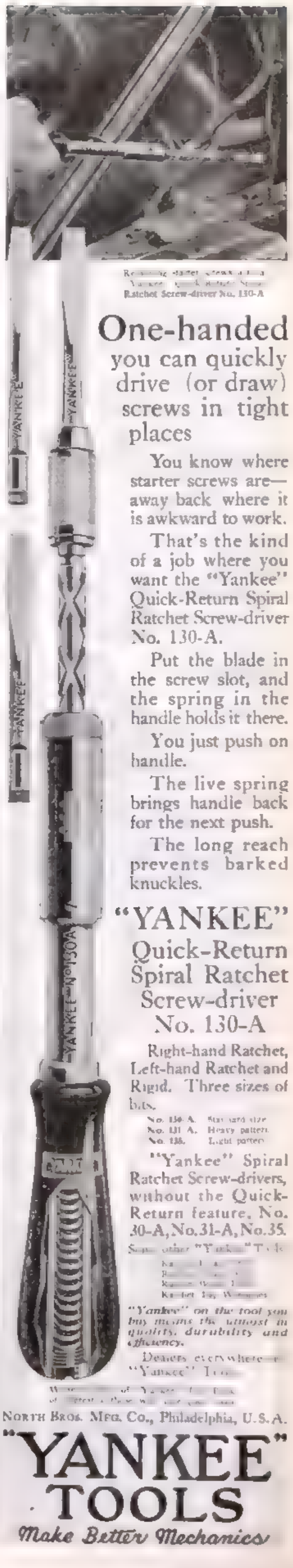
When the last ol' broomtail is drove in from the hills,
And the last long circle is rode,
When the last guard is stood with shivers and chills,
When the last herd's ready to load,

When the last gun is toted on the hip of a "hand"
And the last cowboy yell is yelled;
When the last outlaw horse in all the land
Is cornered, 'nd beat, 'nd corralled,

When the last chuck wagon is under the shed
And the last cow-punch draws his pay;
I'll be ready, O Lord, and if I ain't dead,
Please take me anyway.

*Honyok. A homesteader

Turner Falls on Honey Creek, Arbuckle Mountains, Oklahoma



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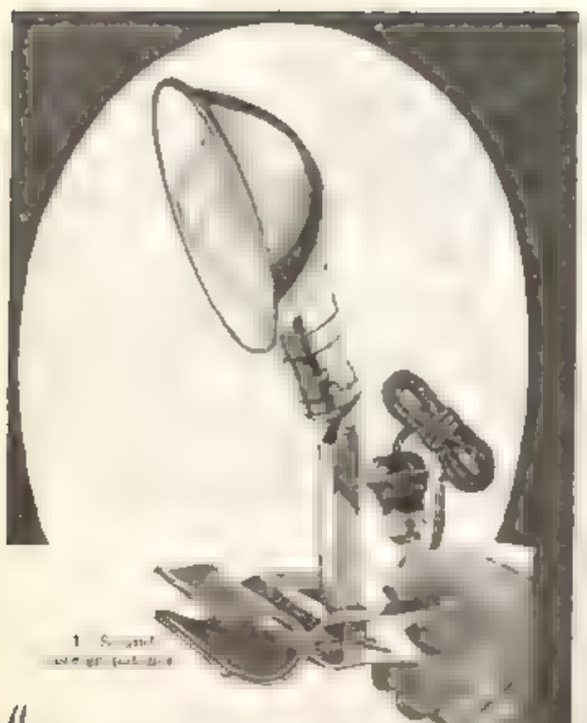

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

And twelve mail-order catalogues,
And ads that celebrate
Refrigerators, college logs,
And Florida real estate.

—Morris Bishop.

The Salome Sun

Lone Bone Joe, the Icicle Kid

LONE BONE JOE HAGERMAN, the Icicle Kid, who lives up on Lone Bone Crick, inside the Artic Circle near some Town I can't Pronounce, writes in Worrying Me about my Frog, same as a Lot of other Folks who haven't got any children of their Own. It's like when somebody Adopts an Orphan and everybody in town trys to Tell them How To Raise It. There Aint Nobody need worry about My Frog not getting Took Care of OK or feel Sorry for Him. He might be 7 Years Old and not Learned to Swim yet, but he's Happy and Having a Good Time and getting plenty of Centipedes and Scorpions and Lizards and Vinegarones to Eat—and what a Frog aint Ever had he Can't Miss, so Why Worry about him not being able to Swim as long as he can Drink out of a Canteen?

Lone Bone Joe's letter come all Froze Up but I have set it out in the Sun and thawed it out and as near as I can make out, it Reads something like this. (This is Lone Bone Joe talking Now, and not Me, you understand, starting right Next to Here.)

Dear Mister Editor Dick Wick Hall—whose Durn Frog can't Swim a Tall, Why in the name of Old Sam Hill don't you Show that Toad (This is me talking Now for a minute. I would Shoot Joe for that, Calling My Frog a Toad, if he wasn't so far away up Where it is Cold.) (Joe is Talking Again now) you've got a Will? There aint no Sense giving in to him because he's just Pretending he can't Swim. Could I get hold of the Cussed Bloke (You'll get hurt yet, Joe) I'd make him either Swim or Croak. (I'd like to See you do it.) I've took THE POST for a bunch of Years and I'm getting hot around the Ears; I just keep on a taking it in to see if that gosh Durn Frog can Swim. To relieve my great Anxiety, just send the critter along to me—in fact I'll guarantee the Freight and before he leaves he'll Learn to Skate. He may think Salome hot at Night—well, he'll get a Chill up here all right. I'll make him jump into Great Slave Lake, which will make his Green little Belly Ache, and in Summer Days, for exercise he can Peel the Icicle spears for pies and in winter time for Extra Work, find the square of the Artic Circ. He might perhaps help me of Nights, tying snaps on the Northern Lights and seeing that Polar Bears and Seals come in at Regular Times for Meals. Just tell that little sonofagun to leave the Train at Edmonton—Jump a Thousand Miles toward the Polar Star—and my Ice Palace aint very Far—and I'll be there waiting up for him and Bet my Stake he'll Learn to Swim. If you agree to this just Let Me know and Drop a Line to Lone Bone Joe. (Joe Stops Here.)

I ain't going to Quarrel with Joe about my Swimless Frog because I can tell from the Way he Bites his Pencil when he writes that he is a Rough Neck the same as Me, and I'll bet that a Photograph of the Back of Lone Bone Joe's Neck would look Like a Bird's-Eye View of the Grand Canyon, with all the Furrows Etc. in it and I could sell Postal Cards of it to Tourists and they wouldn't know the Difference. If it wasn't so Far Away and so Cold up there, I'd like to go up and Visit Joe in July or August and camp on Lone Bone Crick and eat some of His Sour Dough Biscuits and have him help me Learn the Frog to Swim. We would have a Devil of a Good Time I'll Bet.

Well, Old Timer & Rough Neck Lone Bone Joe—Good Luck to You Up There in the Snow—and if it ever Gets Warm on Lone Bone Crick, just Drop a Line to the Frog and Dick, and we'll Come Up and Sit and Swap Lies while the Frog gets Fat on Icicle Pies. Yours until the Frog Learns to Swim.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor & Sun Soaker

Ballade of Certain Games

I WATCH the world with an aging eye;
I knew the era of ping-pong's sway,
And here I hardily prophesy—
The cross-word puzzle will pass away.
You hint of wits that have gone astray
And point to puzzles in all gazettes?
I humbly beg you to tell me, pray,
What has become of the mah-jongg sets?

I well remember when none could try
For social favor without croquet.
But now! . . . Just so in the by and by
The cross-word puzzle will pass away.
But folks sit up till the east is gray
To weave together the verbal nets?
They punged till struck by the morning ray. . . .
What has become of the mah-jongg sets?

Diabolo was the "final cry,"
And put-and-take was the game to play,
But even as these were forced to die
The cross-word puzzle will pass away.
You note how lavishly people pay
For dictionaries? Your youth forgets
The ivory tiles of yesterday. . . .
What has become of the mah-jongg sets?

Envoy

Young man, you think I'm a fool to say
The cross-word puzzle will pass away?
Ah, tell me ere you place any bets
What has become of the mah-jongg sets?

—Gorton Carruth.

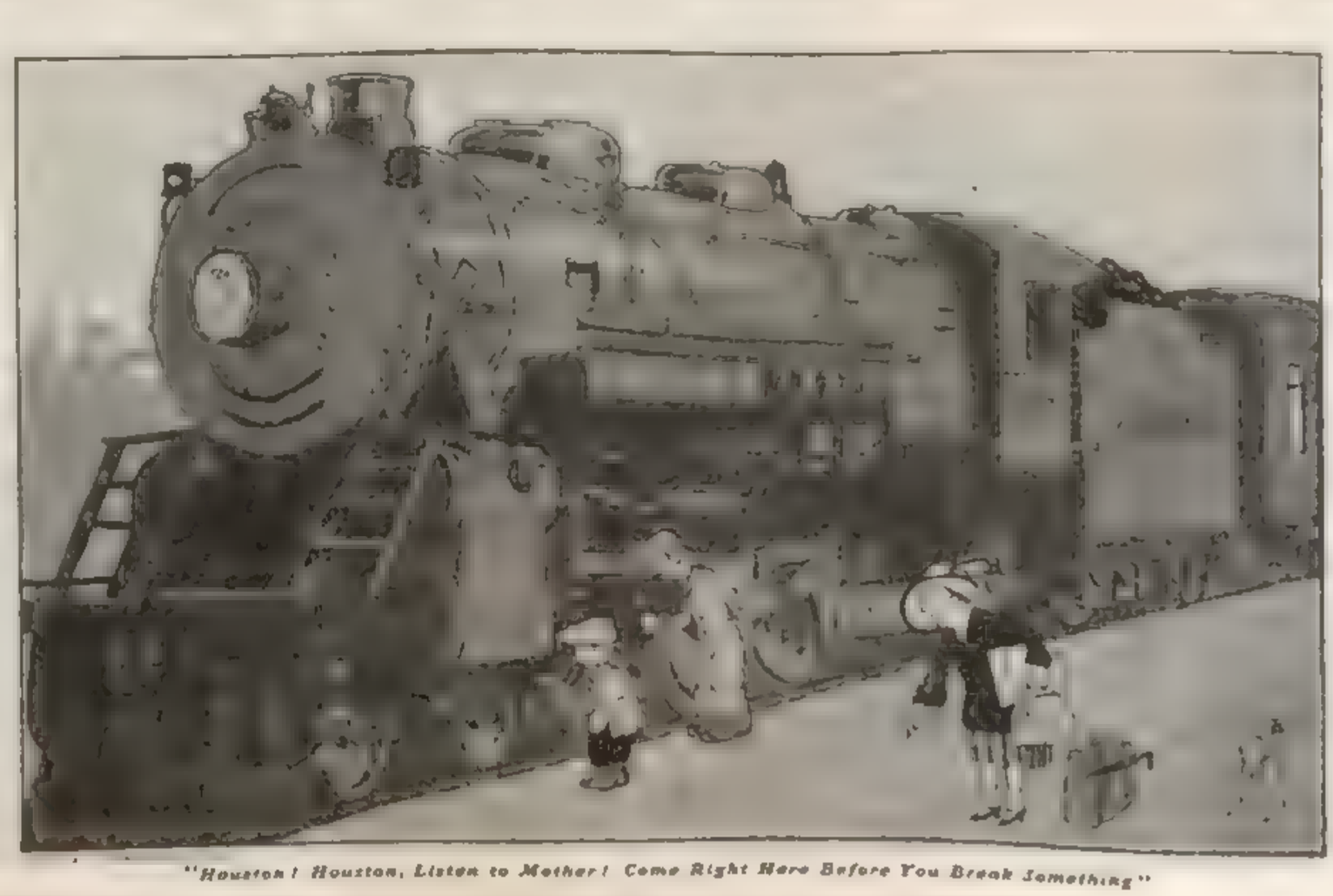
A Little Bit of Britain

I THINK I'll go a-walking
Along Fifth Avenue;
Past modish shop where flunkys hop,
By corners where the busses stop
To pick up such as you.
So bring ye forth my topper,
And burnish up my cane,
For truly it is written,
From spatted foot to mitten
I'm just a bit of Britain,
All, all except the rain.

In Leicester Square or Chelsea
Who'd think me infra dig,
Provincial, as I took my way
In morning coat and gloves of gray?
Bah Jove, old thing, I mean to say
I'd doubtless go quite big.
My hat and my Malacca
You'll find 'em side by each.
Although the thought is silly
I'll wander willy-nilly
Like one from Piccadilly
In all except my speech.

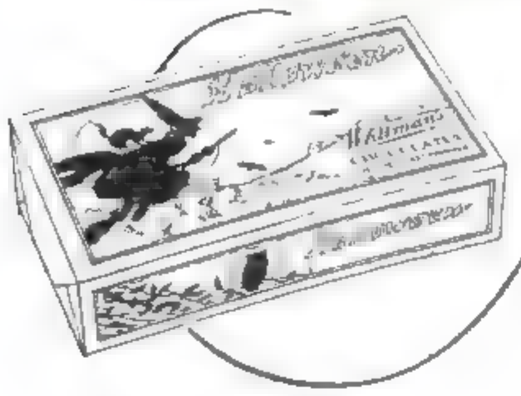
I wonder what would happen
Were I by magic brought
To London town where Thames goes down
In swirls of yellow, gray and brown.
Would it be as I thought?
Of course, I cannot answer,
But this, at least, I'll guess:
I'd feel alone and singlish,
A trifle scared and tinglish,
But look extremely English
In all except my dress.

—Edwin Rutt.



"Houston! Houston, Listen to Mother! Come Right Here Before You Break Something"

Dressed up for Hallowe'en



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LIONS WITH THE BOW AND ARROW

(Continued from Page 36

nuisance once and for all. There was none of the bouncing farm dog about him now; he meant business and he intended to get it over with in the quickest manner possible. He ran straight and like a streak of light. We had no time to get out of the car and deploy; we had to shoot as best we could and from where we were. My bullet rolled him end over end, and Art finished him as he attempted to struggle to his feet.

Sometimes our photographic adventures were more peaceful. The next day we drove through a gap in the hills. There we found a family group of giraffes and edged up near enough to get some beautiful exposures. They looked pleasant for half a dozen sittings, then ambled off with the peculiar flowing gait so astonishingly beautiful in so apparently awkward an animal. These unbelievable creatures are extraordinarily abundant hereabouts. We see them singly, in threes and fours and in dozen lots, gazing at us chuckleheadedly over the tops of the low thorn trees. Sometimes when the tree is a little too tall they stretch their necks out horizontally and look under them, when they are even more comical than Nature made them, which is unnecessary.

Leaving them, we rolled down one side of a shallow grassy ravine. Near the edge, and on the opposite side, lay two lionesses, spread out luxuriously and sleepily, enjoying the morning. We crossed the ravine 150 yards above them and made the devil of a noise doing it, with our bumping in and out of the shallow watercourse, the rattlety-bang of various loose things and the extra popping of our exhaust as Leslie turned on the gas. They paid no attention to us whatever. Nor did they do more than glance at us sleepily when we drew up grandly alongside them, about forty yards away, and piled out ready for battle. Battle? They hardly deigned to glance at us! Leslie made a half dozen exposures. Finally one yawned, stretched, got up and walked over to where the other was still lying down, and stood broadside over her. Leslie used his last plate on this beautiful pose. Then, having looked as pretty as possible, they paced slowly away at a walk, never once even looking back at us. The illustration, Taking It Easy, is one of these pictures.

Before we came Leslie got his pictures alone, except for his native gun bearer; and he had some exciting times exchanging camera for rifle when his sitters got too uneasy. Once he had not time even to do this; but with great presence of mind hurled his sun helmet at the charging lioness. She stopped to demolish that, which gave Leslie his chance.

Unsophisticated Game

I suppose our archers are the only people who have ever killed lions with the English long bow and the broad arrow. Of course I cannot be certain of that; but of one thing I am sure—only in the peculiar conditions here obtaining and in the precise circumstances in which we find ourselves would that feat be possible. As lions are ordinarily found, and with the education they have elsewhere acquired, it would be entirely out of the question.

There are a great many lions near Nyumbo. We have, within ten miles and in two months' time, seen 234 different individuals. Then we have, of course, encountered the same ones over and over again, so that the times we have been in contact with these great animals are almost innumerable. It is even probable that some of these supposed repetitions were in reality fresh lions that we had not seen before; but unless we could identify them positively as strangers, we did not count them. Some like the ten foolish virgins mentioned in the last article got to be old friends.

These lions are unsophisticated. They know nothing of rifles. Heretofore there has been no living thing they have had cause to fear. As a consequence, they do not always take cover early in the morning, as is the habit of lions everywhere else, but are to be seen roaming the plains until the day gets hot, and then lying down under the nearest lone shady tree. There they can be approached in the flivver to just as close as we—or they—think desirable. Thus is afforded an opportunity to loose a shaft at selected range and in such surroundings that if wounded the beast does not instantly plunge into dangerous cover. A wounded lion in cover is the one complication every hunter, rifle or otherwise, prays devoutly to avoid.

Nowhere else, in known hunting territory at least, does this combination exist. It is a peculiar one—many lions; out in the open in daylight; the possibility of a short range; and country over which a car can be driven. This lion killing with the broad arrow, I must repeat, is a stunt due to the especial conditions. Barring them, lions cannot be so killed except by lucky accident. And even in these especial conditions, the game is a chancy one.

Treeing a Lioness

By actual statistics, 60 per cent of lions hit by arrows charge home and must be stopped by the backing rifles without which your archers would soon be mincemeat. The other 40 per cent do not run away; they are merely so busy pouncing upon and chewing up the arrows that fall near them that a charge does not occur to them. If the archer can, while the beast is so occupied, get a shaft into the chest cavity, he kills the lion without the help of the rifle. The broad-head is fatal when so placed; but not instantly. There are also a large number sure to charge, and hence to be stopped by the rifle, before they are touched by arrows at all—merely because they are angered at being disturbed.

So I want to make it clear that although to date the archers have slain five lions with the long bow, that weapon can hardly be considered a legitimate lion killer. It is feasible only as a sport when heavily backed, and can in no sense stand on its own feet as it does with American heavy game.

That being understood, I can state that as a sport, in these conditions, lion shooting with the long bow is packed about as full of thrills as it will stick.

Our first effective day is a fair sample. We started out across the plains before sunup; and for several miles had nothing to do but admire the dawn and marvel at the hordes of game which grazed everywhere or raced alongside of us or across our front. Then in the distance we caught sight of the unmistakable leisurely free movement of lions. We made out three of them. Leslie speeded up and we rapidly drew near. Then they turned out, not three, but six.

This was a lot of lions—about five too many—to face, so we trailed along at a slow gait, hoping one would separate himself from his friends. They were moving at a dignified walk and had not seen us. Suddenly two lionesses looked back, stared a moment, then turned and began deliberately to stalk the car. They came sneaking along, belly to earth, cat fashion, taking advantage of concealment just as though we were some sort of new game they wanted to catch and take home to the children—as, indeed, we were.

While we waited, ready to go into action if need be, we had a chance in imagination to appreciate the state of mind of the selected zebra, only the zebra is defenseless and we were not.

When they had approached to within about sixty yards they stopped to take another look, then decided they did not want that thing after all, and turned slowly away to follow the others. By good fortune they separated. Leslie took instant advantage to push the car between them and to edge off after the outside one. A lion does not like to be followed about and will stand just about so much of it. He is willing, nine times in ten, to go away peaceably; but he will not go far if you tag after him. He will squat, facing you, warn you off by voice and switching his tail. If you disregard this hint long enough he will come on over to see about it. Sometimes he will do this two or three times before bringing matters to an issue, and sometimes he will argue quite a while before getting action. It was by taking advantage of this trait that we hoped to get the archer's thin chance.

So we followed off her flank, keeping about her speed. She led us out onto the open plains, at first at a walk, then at a long, easy lope. We, coursing alongside and about sixty yards away, had every opportunity of admiring her; and she was certainly a beautiful sight. Finally she approached a good-sized tree and checked. We supposed, of course, she would lie down under it; but as she neared it she made a mighty spring for the lowermost crotch, about ten feet up. She landed clumsily and fell back. Thereupon she went around to the other side of the tree, got a better start and landed.

This was a unique sight—an African lion in a tree. I never heard of a case before. They are not by habit or instinct a tree animal. As far as I know, no other such instance has ever been recorded. Yet there she was, ten feet up, and offering a beautiful mark.

We pulled up at thirty-three paces and the archers began to shoot. Now their mark at thirty yards is a nine-inch bull's-eye, and they can hit it practically every time. Nevertheless, at this—and subsequent lions—their shooting was very bad. There was no theoretical reason, so far as their skill was concerned, why they should not have hit any of those lions practically every time. But it proved far otherwise. As high as ninety shafts sped made from three to seven hits. Nor was this the effect of buck fever, or nervousness in the presence of dangerous game, or anything like that. They shot deliberately enough. It was due solely and simply to the delicate coördination required by archery technic.

Score One for the Archers

There are, you will remember, some seventeen things that must work together for accuracy. In order to get them to work together the archer must center his attention on them. The major portion of his consciousness must be with his bow and not with his mark, whatever it may be. Until he can think of his game as impersonally as he thinks of a straw target, he will miss. With ordinary game he can do this; but it is beyond human nature for a man, unless he has had long experience with them, to think of an angry and restless beast as a straw lion. His attention and consciousness are at the wrong end. He is thinking of the lion and letting his technic take care of itself. It does not do so. Therefore his release is creeping, or his bow arm jerks, or his back muscles spring, or something else, and his shaft flies just wide enough to miss.

The flights of arrows went thick and fast. The tree around that lioness began to look like an erection of porcupine quills. A few shafts struck her in out-of-the-way places, but inflicted only slight flesh wounds. She was very angry about it. Gladly would she have charged to put an end to this nuisance, but she was ten feet up in the air, and she was not accustomed to being up in the air, and she did not quite know how to jump down. Time and again she gathered herself together to spring, but could not figure it out. She reminded me of a boy afraid to dive. Then the arrows almost simultaneously pierced her ribs. She sank slowly into the crotch and died.

We approached the tree and took pictures. At the same time we became aware of the fact that this was a bee tree, and that the bees were home, but perfectly willing to emerge if urged. This looked like a problem. We were considering it when Leslie happened to glance up and on the sky line about a mile away caught sight of a very fine maned lion. Hastily piling into the motor car, we turned on the juice and rattlety-banged off over the rolling plains in his pursuit. He was large and lordly and indolent, and disinclined to exertion. Nineteen hyenas attended him—at a safe distance. He did us the honor of joy-trotting for about half a mile, glancing at us in an annoyed fashion from time to time. We had a wonderful chance to look him over, to admire the lithe grace of his movements, the rippling of his heavy mane in the breeze. Then suddenly he stopped and faced us, somewhat out of breath. We drew up exactly forty-seven paces distant, as it afterward proved. The archers hopped out; we went into action

But he was a dignified person, and his dignity was badly ruffled. He paid no attention to the arrows, which whizzed near but did not touch him. Suddenly he was on his feet and at us.

Killed in Mid-Air

His first few leaps, before he settled into his stride, were comparatively slow. I said "comparatively." By that I mean slow for a lion. At forty yards I fired a bullet from the .405 straight into the point of his shoulder. This should have put him down, but it never even checked him. Leslie's big double .577 roared immediately after, the bullet hitting him in the face and ranging back into his body. This should have blown him sky-high, as the .577 is no child's toy. It, too, failed even to shorten his stride.

He was now coming great guns. I had just time to yank down and back the lever before he was right on us. My bullet, delivered at about ten feet, hit him in the air in mid-spring, in the chest just forward of the diaphragm, ranging slightly back and out the other side. Leslie fired his second barrel at the same instant straight through the beast's forehead. The lion was killed stone dead in mid-air.

Standing just to one side of his direct charge—he had elected Leslie—I saw his great head drop straight down between his outstretched forepaws. Nevertheless, his spring, being started, carried through true to the end, and if Leslie, after firing, had not side-stepped hastily, the dead mass would have bowled him over. The body hit the ground ten feet the other side of him and rolled over and over. If Leslie had not shot very coolly and accurately he would certainly have been killed. The three other hits were all or any of them fatal enough, but they did not suffice to stop that tremendous vitality soon enough to prevent his getting through.

We agreed that this was a close one, and proceeded to skin that lion. Then we returned leisurely toward the tree to get the arrow lioness. Over the crest of the gentle slope we ran smack into six more lions traveling in the opposite direction. We continued toward them to within about eighty yards, when two became so belligerent that we decided ourselves outnumbered

"One lion, all right; two lions—well, maybe; six lions—no, that is to say not!" we remarked.

But there seemed to be as yet no law against tagging along after; the hyenas seemed to be doing it. So we fell in discreetly in the rear and joined the procession. They moved at a walk, not only unafraid of us but completely ignoring our

(Continued on Page 87)

To the LADIES!

Your motor ~ a fried egg ~ *and the* "Film of Protection."

BEFORE you fry an egg, you first grease the pan. That forms a thin film of oil which shields the egg from too direct contact with the heat. If the oil film breaks, then the egg burns and is ruined.

But the heat of a frying-pan is cool compared to the heat inside your motor. And it is a lubricating oil's job to protect your motor from that terrific heat. Over all the vital parts of the motor, the oil forms a thin film like the film that protects the egg in the frying-pan. As long as that film remains unbroken your motor is protected. But the instant the film breaks, scorching heat beats upon unprotected surfaces. And tearing, grinding friction attacks raw unguarded metal.

The result, sooner or later, is a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston, a dismal trip to a shop and big repair bills.

NOTE TO READERS:

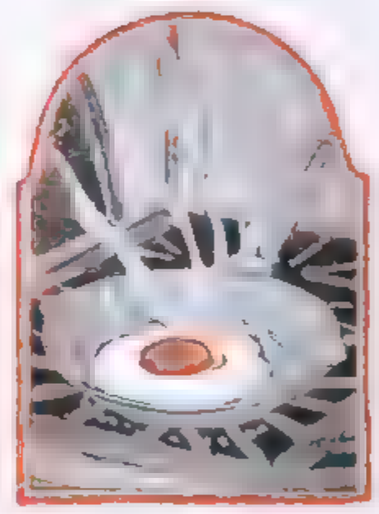
We believe there is only one reason why careless husbands still buy "any old motor oil"—no one has taken the trouble to tell wives why motor oil is so important.

Women who read this page will never again trust an unknown oil to safeguard the family motor. Unknown motor oils belong in the age when crackers were sold from barrels and milk was delivered in tin pails.

The failure of a film of cooking oil only ruins a five-cent egg. The failure of a film of motor oil damages, perhaps ruins, a $500 motor.

That is why the responsibility of a motor oil is so great. That is why it pays to choose your motor oil with the same care that you choose your car.

For years Tide Water Oil technologists studied and tested not only oils but *oil films*. Finally, in Veedol, they perfected an oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A film that resists deadly heat and friction. A film that never fails.



Use the motor oil that gives the "film of protection"

Thousands of car owners have found that the "film of protection" means a smoother running car, more power, more mileage and greater freedom from repairs.

It is easy to put the "film of protection" on the job in your car safeguarding the life of your motor and increasing the resale value of your car.

Wherever you see the orange and black Veedol sign you will find a courteous, efficient dealer who believes in and recommends the "film of protection." Tell the dealer that you want your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your car. He will be glad to render this service for you.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

The best way to purchase oil is the way you now buy crackers or cereals—in a clean, full-weight, sealed package. You can buy the correct Veedol oil for your car in a sealed one or five gallon can. That is the best way to make sure that your motor will have the genuine "film of protection."

Shorter cleaning hours!

RAPID CLEANING means *less time* cleaning! Thorough cleaning means *fewer* cleanings! Both—with the Premier Duplex.

Its double action cleans two ways at once. The motor-driven brush picks clinging threads off the carpet's surface and loosens nap-embedded grit for powerful suction to draw up. It takes two actions to get *all* the dirt!

And the Premier Duplex always gets the dirt. Its ball bearing motor and brush need *no oiling*—and serve you with full power *through long, leisure-filled years!*

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
Dept. 510 Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto and distributed also by the Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

Sold over the entire world outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York

Here Comes This Letter After 31 Years

Written With a Parker Pen In Use All That Time

—and used by hundreds of hands

HIS LETTER
Written With a Parker Pen After 31 Years' Use

Mays Lick, Ky., July 25, 1925

Parker Pen Co.,
Janesville, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I thought it might be of interest to you to know that the pen with which I am now writing is one of your fountain pens which I purchased during July of 1894 from Jas. H. Grigsby of Sardis, Ky., and has been in continuous service since that date with the exception of a few days that I had to send it to you for repairs, having broken the threaded end that screws into the fountain by leaning across a fence.

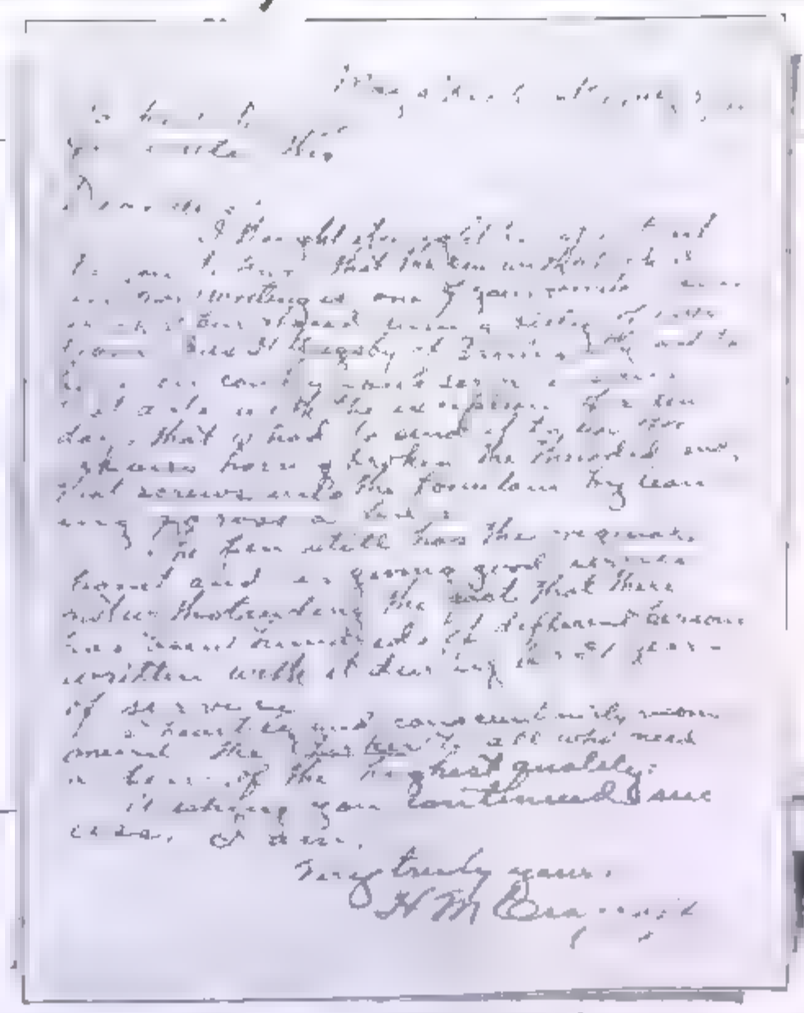
The pen still has the original point and is giving good service notwithstanding the fact that there has been hundreds of different persons written with it during its 31 years of service.

I heartily and conscientiously recommend the Parker to all who need a pen of the highest quality.

Wishing you continued success, I am

Very truly yours,

(Signed) H. M. CRACROFT.



1894 Model

1925 Model

You Can't Put a Price on Pens That Give Such Value

AUTOMOBILES and Parker Duofold Pens had not yet been given to the world when one July day in 1894, H. M. Cracroft passed four dollars over the counter for a Parker "Lucky Curve" Pen.

"Hard Times" had a strangle-hold on the nation, corn was selling in the vicinity of thirty cents a bushel, and four dollars was about as flossy a price as a man paid for a week's board at the old Commercial House.

Yet that same Parker Pen, which Mr. Cracroft bought in those old days, still writes his letters; and, he says, "still has its original point and is giving good service."

There are a host of these Parker patriarchs still on the job after 20 and 30 years, and longer.

They are the staunch forefathers of a hardy race of pens—they speak with quiet eloquence of Geo. S. Parker's skill and sincerity and success in making his products the worthy Custodians of his business honor. And isn't it reasonable to suppose that if Geo. S. Parker's pens of the 80's and 90's are still "giving good service," that his super-pen, the Parker Duofold, will outlast whoever buys it?

Parker Duofold, you see, embodies skill and improvements unknown when we made Mr. Cracroft's pen. The 25-year point—the Hand-size Grip—the Over-size Ink-capacity—the Press-Button Filler—the free-swinging Balance—and the black-tipped lacquer-red barrel, so handsome to own and hard to mislay.

And isn't the Parker Duofold at $7 more economical than paying less for one fountain pen after another but paying more in a year or two?

Good pen counters wouldn't be without it. Get Parker Duofold today—for you gain nothing by waiting, but you lose the use of the pen that gives one's hand the speed and the character that win with the world.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4

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LUCKY CURVE

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$7

With The 25 Year Point

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Duofold Jr. $5
Intermediate size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

(Continued from Page 82)

existence. Heaven knows, I would never ignore a flivver behind me!

Finally one dropped a little behind. We spurted and by a masterly maneuver insinuated ourselves between him and his friends, who paced solemnly away, bless them! Art hopped out and at fifty yards placed a broad-head through his hind foot. The shaft stayed there, and this engrossed his attention for a moment or so until he had broken it off and chewed it angrily to bits. Then, just as he faced us again, another from the volleys of arrows launched at him flicked his haunch. He seized upon this, too, and chewed it. Thus the merry game went on.

Then several times he prepared to charge, and once came part way; but on each occasion an arrow falling close to him attracted his attention. He would rise up and pounce upon it as a cat pounces on a ball it is playing with. Evidently he was beginning to ascribe most of his troubles to arrows rather than to flivvers, as he had been inclined to believe at first. This was a very good example of that 40 per cent, I mentioned, of lions that will stop to fight the arrows rather than charge. As long as we had arrows to feed him he stayed right on that job. Nor was he getting off scot-free. He was hit in all seven times, mostly flesh wounds. One arrow pierced his body back of the diaphragm. It would have killed him in time, probably of peritonitis. If it had been six or eight inches farther forward it would have killed him almost at once. But it wasn't.

Then suddenly Art—or Doc—remarked, "Gosh!"

"What is it?" we muttered from within our close attention to that lion.

"Quiver's empty."

We had no more arrows to supply that arrow-fed lion. And he had eaten all within reach and he was beginning to focus his mind on us again. A hasty exchange of words found us in agreement that only one thing could be done. The .405 settled him before he could start our way.

Leslie then saw four more lions in another direction, but we passed them up. We had to go get that lioness out of the bee tree. But that made seventeen in the open in a space about a mile square.

Life Savers in the Jungle

That is a not untypical day after lions with the bow and arrow. And right here, mainly because nobody else is likely to do it, I want to say just a few sad words on behalf of the lowly supers in this drama. I refer to the life-insurance fellows—Leslie Simson and myself. Our job is a humble but very necessary one. Between us, we are supposed to get the car up very close to the lions and then to see to it that the said lions do not puncture a tire or something. Furthermore, we are supposed to do nothing about it until the last possible moment. Otherwise we earn silent but heavy disapprobation; or else we are quite likely to be told that the beast was not really coming in that time, but only started toward us as a bluff and would have stopped of his own accord if we had let him alone.

Ours is a waiting game, in cold blood. It is one thing to corner a lion and then shoot him at your own moment, charge or not. It is quite another to stand waiting within fifty yards of a beast angered by being chased, and wounded by arrows, sometimes for five or ten or fifteen minutes on end, without being able to relax the tension for a fraction of a second. The archers are at least busy, doing something. And when the thing breaks, our responsibility is absolute. If the beast gets through, someone is going to be killed. The archers are privileged to miss; we are not.

It is for this reason alone a highly dangerous game to play. Standing at acute tension over a period of time is not conducive to the necessary accurate shooting except by a distinct effort of the will. Two experienced backing guns is the minimum with which it should be attempted. One gun, no matter how many lions he has killed afoot and by himself, is not enough. This is for the above-mentioned reason solely.

But there are other elements of danger not comprehended in the usual lion shooting. It is necessary to bring the car to a stand and to disembark at a very short distance from the beast, which is already angry at being followed. Now, unless you have tried it, you will never be able to realize how much sway and oscillation the springs impart to a motor car for some few seconds after it has been brought to a standstill. So great is this, especially when people are hastily getting out, that it is extremely difficult to shoot from the car. It is wise for everybody to get out at once. That necessarily leaves several seconds unprotected, no matter how expeditiously the maneuver is carried out.

If the lion selects that precise time to come in, it is bad. And there is no way of telling when he will do so. On several occasions the riflemen have been forced to get busy fairly before the car has stopped. In one instance the lion was stopped three paces from the radiator. Onto the dead body of another we could have stepped from the running board.

With Bow and Gun

In the first five days of actual arrow hunting we were charged eight times. Two lions fell to arrows alone; nine were killed with the rifles. Of these latter, five had been hit by arrows. I instance these statistics as fairly typical. One of the arrow-killed lions started toward us, but was diverted by a rifle shot that just singed his skin. It did him no damage, but did return his attention to chewing arrows. He had been doing this, and evidently ascribed his annoyances to them. Whether without the rifle shot he would have come through or not is a moot point. On the other hand, one of those killed by the rifle might have died of his arrow wounds. We killed him because the supply of arrows was exhausted. Whether he would have charged or lain there and died—and how soon he would have died—is also a moot question. It is my opinion that moot questions have small place within fifty yards of a wounded lion. It is only my opinion.

Later in the game we modified conditions somewhat. No longer did we get quite so close. We let the archers open hostilities at sixty yards. That gave us a little more room for action. We also cut out lionesses and confined our efforts to males. The females are much quicker to make up their minds to charge, they start faster and are harder to hit. That helped some, but not too much. When Leslie departed at the end of a few weeks, we called the arrow stunt on lions finished. One backing gun is not enough.

Although I am not an archer, but only shoot a little with the bow and arrow, I tried it twice to see how it seemed. Art is an excellent rifle shot, and after he had seen a lot of charges and knew what to expect, he and Leslie did the backing to give me a chance. We bayed one up at just sixty paces. I managed to get my first arrow in the top of his head. An arrow there does no damage, but does stick deep in the large muscle. He reared mightily, trying to get at the arrow with his forefeet, then dropped to face us. I shot twice more, one arrow grazing his shoulder to the left, the other falling in front of him. He pounced upon the latter, tore it to flinders and promptly charged. Art's bullet merely cut the skin of his ear. Leslie's .577 was also a trifle high, grooving the muscle on the top of his head so deeply as to daze him so he stopped twenty-five yards away. At this short range I put an arrow through his heart; that killed him. Now this lion was undoubtedly killed by an arrow—Leslie's bullet inflicted no real damage, and would have had but a temporary stunning effect—and yet it was the rifle that made his killing possible.

This satisfied me for a while. I went back to the life-insurance business. Then just before Leslie went, and as my left wrist had partially recovered from a slight sprain, I tried it again. This time we cut out a young lion from a bunch of five and bayed him up at about ninety yards. It was pretty long range, but from the way he acted we did not think we could get nearer without provoking a charge and so being forced to shoot him with rifles. However, he acted like a gentleman, got interested in chewing arrows to slivers, and so gave us a chance. Once he did start to come toward us, but saw one of Doc's nice white-feathered shafts and stopped to eat it. We made plenty of hits. At one time he looked like an animated pincushion.

Finally he lay down to face us, and as we were out of arrows, it looked like a stalemate, with final recourse to the gun. Leslie wanted to try something, so he sat down where he could get a good sight and put three .22 bullets accurately into the sticking place. They killed that lion! We found one of my arrows through his shoulder and into his chest cavity. That would have killed him inside a minute. If we had known we would have let him alone.

But this brings me to a few words of wisdom I should like to address to the fathers and mothers of juvenile America. They concern the .22 caliber rifle. I mean the sort they fondly give little Willie at Christmas and turn him loose with all his ten-year-old judgment. They think they have done something harmless because it is a little gun. Let me tell you something of that little gun.

We have one in camp. Its original purpose was guinea fowl, marmots and such small game. Now we use it exclusively for supplying our own table. With it we kill the gazelles, including the big Robert's gazelle, which is about the same size as our deer. Furthermore, it is sure death to hyenas, a big strong beast. To accomplish this result the tiny bullet must be accurately placed, either sidewise in the neck or through the heart. Unless it can be so placed every time, it is unjustified. No man who is not thoroughly in command of his weapon every time should ever pop the thing at anything bigger than a rabbit. Cripples are inexcusable. Nor should even a crack shot ever be tempted beyond the range at which he is sure. Art and I find this limit 100 yards. We never shoot farther than that with the .22, and so far we have had no cripples. I am thus emphatic because I do not want anyone to think I consider the .22 a proper rifle for big game. It is not. We use it carefully, as a meat gun, to save big cartridges.

Not Field Archery

But the point I am trying to prove is that the thing is a deadly weapon, capable of killing instantly in their tracks—and not by accident, but repeatedly—beasts much more tenacious of life than is man. Yet you will see small boys by dozens roaming the fields, armed with the "little" .22, without the slightest bit of supervision or instruction, popping away here, there and everywhere. And at home sits mamma, fatly and fatuously thinking what a good, careful parent she is.

All of which is not what I started to say at all. What I started to say is that this bow-and-arrow game with lions is one of the liveliest and most exciting I've tackled yet. It is grand sport. But it is not, like all other sporting-field archery, a gunless game. Just as to play tennis you need certain implements—a net, a court, a racket, some balls—so in this game certain implements are necessary.

Some of these implements are not included in field archery. Perhaps this is not field archery, but a new game entirely, requiring a new name. What you need for it are one motor car, bows and arrows—and two proper rifles with cool and experienced men behind them.

With the last lines of the preceding paragraph I intended yesterday to end this article. This morning, however, we took a forty-mile drive in the car, and the results thereof are so important to the vital statistics of our province of Nyumbo that I am moved to add a paragraph or two. We are no flamboyant boosters, but we want to do ourselves full justice.

Our population, in short, is much larger than we had thought. This morning we drove through a low pass in our westward mountains, to find ourselves in a new country. It might be described as a diversified circular area surrounded by mountains. The diameter of the circle might be fifteen or twenty miles. The diversification consisted of a complicated series of low, gently sloping hills that crossed one another to form a great number of miniature shallow cups or valleys. These varied in diameter from one to two and a half or three miles. They were open and green, and were separated from one another not only by the low ridges but by the fact that the upper slopes of these ridges were grown with thin mimosa forests. We drove along the slopes and looked down upon the wide, shallow saucers.

Game Like the Blades of Grass

In each of these saucers were game animals in what I fear will be to you incredible numbers. We had from our unseen elevations every opportunity of examining and counting and estimating them as they stood motionless or grazed slowly. Beginning at one end, we counted one by one the beasts in certain typical flocks. Then we measured how many such flocks the valley contained. We did this fairly. That is to say, we did not count where they stood thickest and do our estimating where they stood thinner. We are boosters, but we do not do our claiming on the basis of the telephone book or the school directory or some such thing. Furthermore, we confined ourselves to wildebeest, because wildebeest are black and show up well. We ignored the swarms of gazelles, semivisible at a distance. We overlooked the fact that there were at all times in view—and in large numbers—hartebeest, topi, giraffes, and the like. Our results we could not believe ourselves until we had checked and rechecked them and thought them over.

In one cup alone were 10,000. When we moved the car it seemed that fully as many more poured out from the mimosas to the safety of the open. There were many such cups, and each and every one was for its size fully as thickly populated. In that one district there were certainly not less than 300,000 wildebeest alone. Doc claims a full 500,000. Those are large figures, but they will hold. I have seen things in aggregate, cattle by thousands in the big round-ups of old days, men by tens of thousands in the army and in crowds.

Furthermore, three men we sent out yesterday to scout in another but equally distant direction this noon returned. They report, "Grass and water, and game like the blades of grass."

If ever before mortal eyes have beheld greater multitudes of wild animals in a like space, it must have been here. The classic descriptions of the game herds of old South Africa make mention of no such hordes.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

KRAFT CHEESE

Food for Thought

A food for protein; a food for mineral salt, for calcium and phosphorous; all the essential food elements for sturdy child growth are to be found in good cheese. And every essential element of good cheese is always found in Kraft Cheese.

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Sold in ½ lb. and 1 lb. cartons and 5 lb. loaves.

—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

WIND-BLOWN

(Continued from Page 23)

Aunt Alexandra giggled. Richard laughed and kissed her, and went into his room feeling much more cheerful. Aunt Alex, at least, was human. Nice of her to be so enthusiastic about Regina's legs.

That night the family dined without Charles; but dined, nevertheless, in state. Regina looked like a schoolgirl on her best behavior. She wore a simple white evening dress without ornament of any kind. Her black hair was brushed smoothly off her forehead and gathered into a thick coil at the nape of her neck. The effect was incredibly youthful. Only her great dark eyes and her lovely red mouth gave away the secret of her maturity. Otherwise she was a child in strange company.

Her manners, Richard noticed, were flawless. She was, of course, too clever to make any mistakes in that respect. And her bearing toward his mother was precisely what it should have been. But, watching her, he was conscious of a certain restraint underlying the girl's whole attitude. He had a feeling that at any moment she might spring up, like a surprised deer, and dash off into some free world of her own.

After dinner Mrs. Ballantine and Aunt Alexandra settled down in the living room for their usual game of double Canfield. Richard and Regina, apparently moved by the same impulse, wandered away, and found themselves presently in the ballroom, or formal drawing-room, at one end of which rose the gilded pipes of the Ballantine organ.

"I used to play," said Richard. "My father enjoyed it. He'd come in after dinner and sit there—by the window. He was fond of Chopin ——"

"Play," said Regina.

So he climbed up to the organ loft and after some preliminary fumbling with the stops began to play the familiar Nocturne in A Flat Minor. Regina sat on the steps, listening.

When he had finished she said without moving, "I don't like it."

Richard told her, casually, that it was his father's favorite, and the motif of the house.

She lifted her chin from her hands and looked at him. "I'm sorry. I don't like it."

"You'll like this," he said, and launched at once into a waltz that was both reminiscent and strange.

It was in fact many waltzes caught up and tossed about by a major force, as dead leaves are tossed by a whirlwind. Old music stirred and bedeviled into a new pattern, a new importance.

Regina was delighted. She ran down the steps and moved about the room excitedly. Richard, turning his head, saw her almost dancing. But she stopped when she caught his eye; he, at the same moment, stopped playing, and they remained looking at each other.

"What was it?" she asked, and he answered, "Sacrilege."

"Sacrilege?"

"A waltz of Ravel's that I heard in Paris and only half memorized. I'd no business to attempt it."

"I wanted to dance. But I—didn't."

"Why not?"

"Because that would have been sacrilege too."

"Look here ——" began Richard, then stopped and came down from the organ loft, fumbling with his cigarette case. "Smoke?" he said, offering her a cigarette.

"I'd love to. Do you think I dare?"

"Dare?"

"Your mother told me she objected to women smoking. I don't want to offend her."

"Outside," suggested Richard, "on the porch."

"Oh—yes. Let's!"

"We can go this way, through the library."

At the door of the library, which adjoined the drawing-room, Richard paused.

"Once I hid behind these portières," he said, "and heard my father laying down the law to some men representing, I believe, about one-third of the cash assets of the country. I was too young to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion—it was during the panic of 1907—but I was impressed, all the same. It was like eavesdropping at a conference of the archangels."

"Charles has shown me the library," remarked Regina as they went through the room. "He spoke quite beautifully about it—about your father. Do you know how I felt?"

"I can guess."

"Tell me!"

"You felt like a young princess being ushered into the throne room for the first time."

She looked at him, startled. Her voice was a trifle breathless as she said, "Let's go out and smoke."

There was a screened porch filled with flowers, off the library. Sitting there they could see on one side the pale curve of the driveway splashed with light from the house; on the other the smooth lawn melting into the level shadow of the Sound. A faint breeze shook the raindrops from the trees; a new moon struggled out of a mesh of drifting cloud.

"If it's not too soon," said Richard, "I'd like to ask you a question."

"Well?"

"Are you marrying Charles because you love him, or because it would be absurd not to marry him?"

She was silent so long that he added, finally, "There's absolutely no reason why you should answer me, you know."

"Oh, but I want to! But—I want to get it straight. Quite clear. In my own mind," she said, and was silent again. Finally she leaned forward, her face showing suddenly pale in this light.

"I'm going to marry Charles," she said, "because it's such a good dream."

"A fairy tale," he commented gravely.

"Exactly! The sort of fairy tale one believes in at sixteen and doubts at twenty—and goes on believing in just the same."

"Though one knows, of course, that it doesn't exist."

"But you see it does!" cried Regina with a shadowy smile, a vague gesture of triumph.

"One chance in a million," said Richard.

"Yes, I know. That's what makes it so exciting. Because it has happened—it's going to happen—to me!"

"And you feel that life can pay you no greater compliment?"

She laughed a little at that.

"I'll admit that I'm tremendously flattered. Imagine! to be—actually to be—what I've always dreamed of being."

"A rich man's wife?"

"Oh, no, no, no! You're not as stupid as that. Are you?" she demanded so anxiously, thrusting her head once more into the light, that he hastened to reassure her. "I meant," he apologized, "a very rich man's wife."

"Ah!" she said. "That's better."

He felt all at once a definite interest in her—in this charming Regina. It was, he told himself, an interest thoroughly permissible, friendly and even scientific. She had the attraction of elusiveness. His mind groped for hers as his eyes groped for her figure now almost lost in the darkness.

"You'll make a good princess," he said.

"Oh, yes! I'll be good. You'll see."

"Even your name —— The Princess Regina."

"Yes. I've thought of that. But the other must die and be buried."

"What?"

"The other Regina. She must have a little funeral all her own. Perhaps on my wedding day. Yes, that would be nice. To bury her under my bridal flowers. How silly—and sentimental! But I'm really quite fond of her."

"I dare say she's charming," remarked Richard. "Tell me about her."

"Well—she began by chasing butterflies in a meadow. That's the first thing I remember about her. Then she had a notion that she could fly on her own account. She made herself a pair of paper wings and jumped off a high rock. Lucky for her she landed on soft ground—she was a scrawny child with thin, thin legs ——"

"What then?"

"Then her mother died and was buried in the family burying ground. The next thing I remember is this scrawny Regina sneaking out, at night, to dance at the foot of her mother's grave."

"Dance?"

"She didn't know what else to do. Her mother had always laughed when she danced. There was a wind blowing through the pine trees. A sort of music. And—oh, yes! There was a whippoorwill! So she danced ——"

"Of course she did!" said Richard, sitting tense in his chair.

"And after that—well, there were relatives to take care of her. But they thinned out in time. Till finally there was only one left—a very old aunt with a mole, who lived in New York, and was wardrobe mistress in a theater. The aunt had once married—years and years ago—a Frenchman by the name of Duval, so thin-legged Regina took her name and went hopping about backstage till she was sixteen. She always had wanted to dance, and had studied and practiced all she could, till finally the director of the theater gave her a chance, and ——"

"And she was an instantaneous success!"

Regina laughed. Her laugh was somehow akin to raindrops falling from hidden leaves.

"That would be a fairy tale! No, it was a long time before Thin Legs became anything of a success. But she worked. Oh, how she worked! And all the time she had a feeling—a frightfully secret feeling—that some day she'd turn into a princess."

"Was she happy about it?"

"Well—yes, in a way. Because she really was a sentimental person. And there were times when she was tired, and frightened, and—all the rest of it. The aunt with the mole died, and she was left without a relative to her name. She had, I must say, offers of protection. But there was never a kingdom laid at her feet. Just pocketbooks with strings to them. For a time she thought she couldn't go on. Not a prince on the horizon —— Only fat men who looked guilty. A solid ring of fat men—I give you my word—who were always on the verge of a wink. She got tired of laughing at them."

"Then she met Charles," said Richard.

"Yes."

"And Charles pulled a kingdom out of his hat and offered it to her?"

"No. It was better magic than that."

"Was it?"

"Oh, yes. Much better. Because he loved her. The kingdom came out of his heart."

"I see. But in that case, why must the other Regina die and be buried?"

"Because she's not to be trusted. I think she still has a silly notion that she can fly. Especially when she hears music, or when things are very bright—and nice—or very funny! No, she's not to be trusted. She might spoil the dream."

"Just the same," observed Richard, "I like her."

Regina didn't answer. The drip of moisture from the leaves was almost as loud as rain.

Then suddenly she said, "It isn't easy, you know. Your mother doesn't approve

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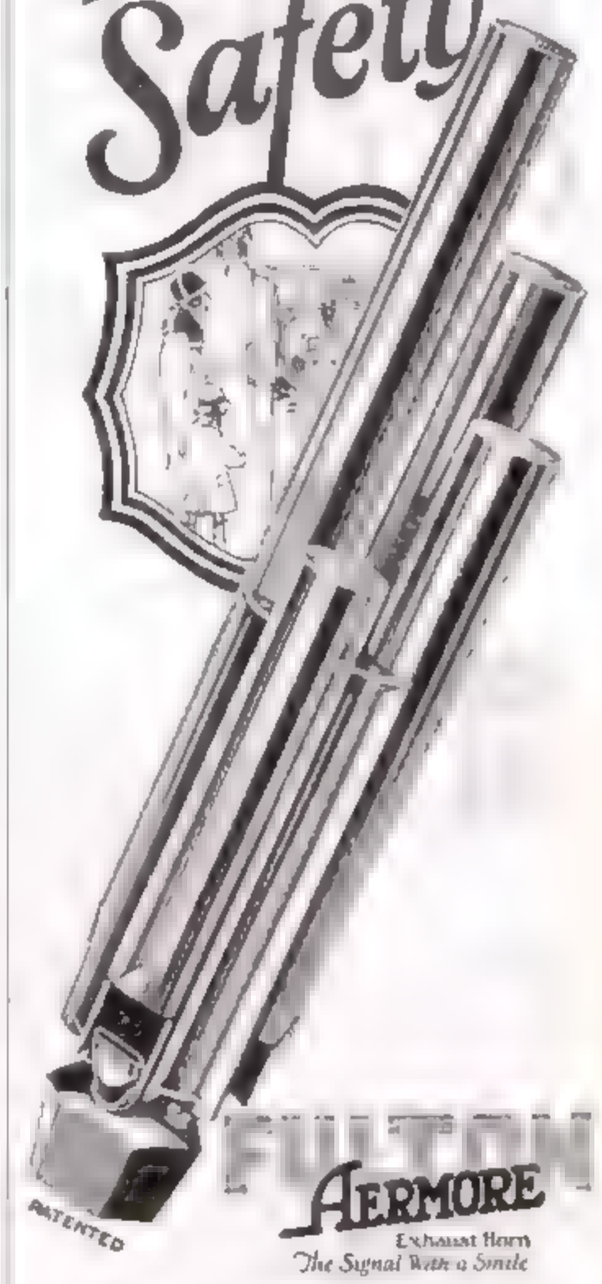

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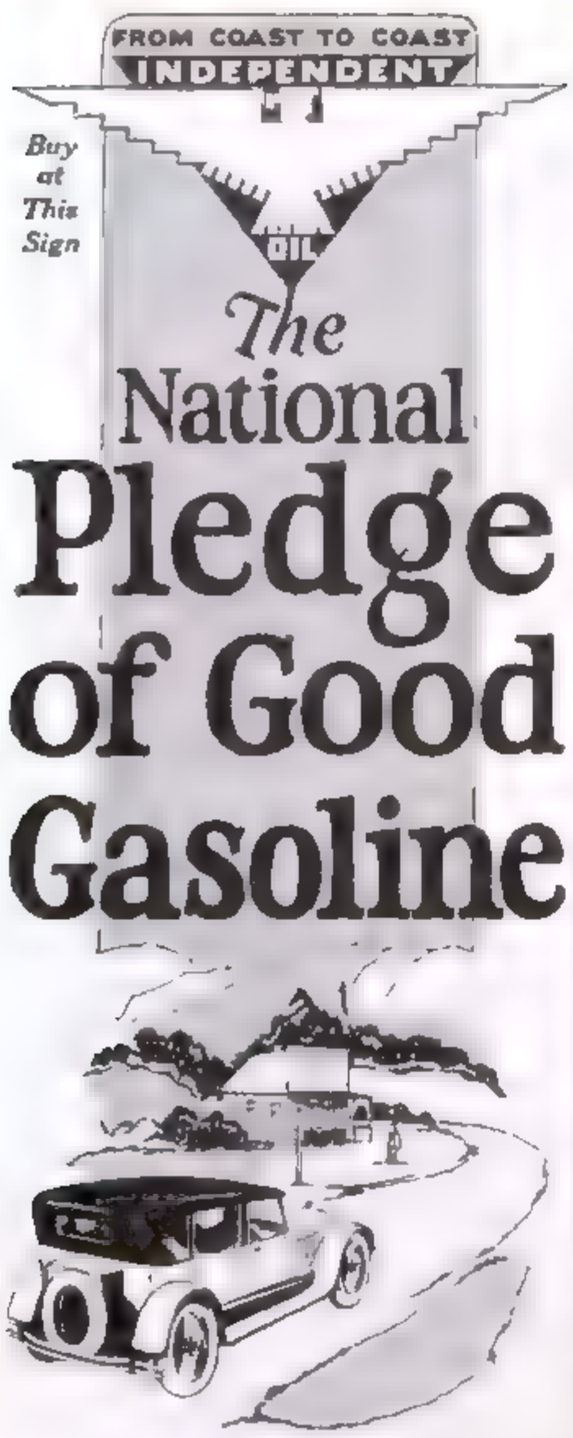

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of me. I know that and understand it. But I'll make her——" She paused, and after a moment added with a kind of brooding solemnity, "I'll be very good."

Then they heard someone in the library, and looked up and saw Charles Ballantine come into the light of the doorway. He stopped and stood motionless on the raised threshold, peering into the darkness. His short, solid figure seemed curiously statuesque, as though it were fixed on a pedestal.

"Regina? Are you out there?"

"Yes. With Richard."

"Richard!" exclaimed the older brother.

"Hello, old Charles," said that young man, rising and going toward the other.

Regina watched them. How tall Richard was, and how very blond. His hair was almost gold in the light. He towered over Charles. She noticed that and was vaguely resentful.

The two brothers shook hands and exchanged greetings in that cheerful, casual tone which approximates affection. But neither was precisely at ease. Regina sensed here an ancient difference, a conflict of personalities inborn.

Then presently Richard was saying good night. "My boatman will be waiting for me. I'm sleeping on board the Wanderer."

"Good night," she said, and felt suddenly tired, heavy, as though all the vitality had gone out of her.

However, when Charles stepped down toward her, saying that he wanted to talk to her, she became once more alert, alive. Her nerves tightened.

She thought, "Something has happened," and waited for him to begin.

But first he leaned down and kissed her.

"I wish there were nothing but this, Regina."

"Ah!" she said. And to herself, alarmed, "Careful! Hold fast to the dream."

But her mind fled strangely from its task. She thought of the sailor brother going in a boat toward a white schooner floating on shadowy waters.

II

THE next morning Richard rose at eight o'clock, dressed, and went on deck. The yacht's steward met him at the top of the companionway.

"Will you have breakfast on board, sir?"

"No," said Richard, deciding on the instant. He would go ashore, he told the steward, and have breakfast at the house. "It's early, sir." Well, so it was, but he'd go ashore all the same.

He got away in the motor launch without more than a steady look and a blunt "Good morning, sir" from Captain Mosby. But he was conscious of a subtle disapproval in the sailor's manner. It irritated him. Hang it all, did the man think he was going to make some sort of fool of himself?

He had, under his arm, a package—the present he had bought in San Sebastian for Regina. But that was all right. Quite regular, in fact—still, he might have sent it to the house by one of the men.

"Oh, don't be an ass," he muttered half aloud, and landed at the Ballantine pier feeling at odds with himself. It was a hard, bright day, going to be hot. He disliked these cloudless, brilliant days.

When he reached the house no one was about but the manservant, who noiselessly brought him the morning papers. With a sense of inexplicable absurdity he sat down in the living room and began to read.

He read for an hour. Then someone came down the stairs and was stirring in the hall. He was conscious of an excitement which was altogether too absurd. So he got up, stumbled over the papers at his feet, and stood looking at Regina suddenly framed in the doorway.

So very lovely! Like a statue—quite perfect! Such a sweet young body.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning."

"Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," he agreed, with enthusiasm.

"The sun woke me up early." She came toward him, smiling. There was a daze in her eyes, a virgin mistiness, blurring her reality. He felt this dream sense overwhelming him, distorting the facts of their acquaintance. She was marvelously familiar, coming toward him at that moment. Had he not, indeed, known her when she was a child playing in some unidentified meadow?

"What's that?" she asked, nodding toward the package on the table beside him. "My present?"

"Yes," he said, staring at her.

"Please! May I see it?"

"Yes, of course."

She flew eagerly at the knot in the cord.

"Oh, I can't untie it. Have you got a knife?" So he cut the string; the paper was torn off, the box was opened and Regina lifted out, slowly and reverently, a Spanish shawl of rare beauty.

It was old and mellow, a pale shade of golden brown. There was a design of leaves, henna colored, exquisitely faded—like autumn leaves steeped in sunlight, and a deep fringe that edged it with a drip of gold.

"How heavy it is," she said, and threw it over her shoulders, and held it around her with a little shudder of joy. "How beautiful!"

"I was told it belonged to a great lady," said Richard, "who unfortunately married for love ——"

She glanced at him; he saw the startled look come into her eyes. Then, with a quick gesture, she took off the shawl and stood, curiously mournful, holding it in her hands.

"It belongs to the other Regina," she murmured, crumpling the heavy folds.

Richard understood.

But he said perversely, "Then you don't like it?" and immediately was ashamed of himself.

She thought that she had hurt him; that she had been ungrateful.

"Oh!" she exclaimed then. "I only meant ——". Then she stepped toward him, impulsively pulled down his head and kissed him. "I love it! I've never had anything in my life so beautiful."

He made some inadequate and blundering reply. Her kiss had taken him completely by surprise. It had left him as bewildered as a schoolboy faced with his first experience in love.

Love? Good Lord ——

The word had, somehow, forced its way into his mind. He was appalled by its reverberations. Instinctively, and consciously too—for this was not his first experience—he recognized in himself the symptoms of a definite desire. The fact that this desire was completely impossible did not destroy the fact that it existed. The conflict instantly grew sharp in his breast. He had a premonition of agony——

Then Charles came in, looking grave, and his mother and Aunt Alexandra. There were exclamations over the Spanish shawl—then a servant appeared and spoke, and they all filed into the dining room.

Breakfast that morning was, for Richard, a peculiar and an unbelievable torture—a torture accentuated by the fact that he was quite sure his mother knew all about it. His mother, by some uncanny female sense, had guessed what was in his heart. She had looked at him and smiled grimly.

His one impulse was to escape; to remove himself from Regina's presence. This much was clear: he must get away from Ballanton. He thought—with a certain chagrin, but also with relief—of Captain Mosby and the Wanderer. As soon as breakfast was over he'd make some excuse to get back to the yacht.

But after breakfast Charles said to him, "I've something to talk over with you, Richard. Let's go into the library."

So he, still thinking of the schooner, still planning his escape, followed Charles into the library, and after a moment his mother came in and sat down in one of the chairs at the famous conference table. Regina and Aunt Alexandra could be seen outside, walking on the sunlit lawn.

"You know," began Charles abruptly, "that the loan was father's greatest dream. He was trying to realize it when he died. It was, literally, his dying thought."

"What?" said Richard.

"The loan!" replied his mother sharply.

"Oh, yes—yes, the loan. You've been working on it, haven't you, old Charles? Going to lend money to Europe—lots of money ——"

"It was father's plan for the rescue of civilization," said his brother with a reverence that saved him from pompousness.

"Yes, I know."

"And of course, I'm committed to it ——"

"Heart and soul," put in Mrs. Ballantine.

Charles inclined his head. "I promised father on his deathbed that I'd carry out his plan. I believe in it as he believed in it. But unfortunately I've not been able to work alone. It's too vast a project for any one house to handle. I've had to create a machinery—organize a syndicate—well, I won't go into that. But—you understand—it's a matter depending upon the coöperation of various financial interests and, at bottom, the responsibility is mine."

"The whole thing rests on Charles' shoulders," explained his mother.

"I see," said Richard, wondering what all this was leading to.

"Yes," Charles went on. "It's impossible, in a matter like this, to avoid responsibility. And I may say, in all humility"—here he glanced at his mother, who nodded approvingly—"that my final argument in favor of the loan is my personal integrity. There are certain interests, certain men who have still to be convinced. If anything should happen now to undermine, even slightly, their confidence in me—in my judgment—the whole scheme would fall to the ground."

"Then you haven't succeeded?"

"Not yet. But I'm very close to success. I believe that one more drive will do it," said Charles, and paused, and added impressively, "I intend to hold the final conference tomorrow night—here—in this room."

"Here?"

"Yes!" said Mrs. Ballantine, glancing with a certain exaltation about the library. Then to Charles she exclaimed, "You must succeed! Your father will be here to guide you. I believe absolutely that he will be present—in spirit."

Richard began to feel uncomfortable. Charles looked so solemn, and his mother's eyes, now directed toward the chair that had been his father's, were almost fanatical.

"I appreciate the problem," he said, "and I'm sure it's very clever of you to hold your final conference in the library. But—if you don't mind—what's all this got to do with me?"

Charles and his mother exchanged glances.

"The fact is," said the former, "something has come up ——"

"A very delicate matter," interjected Mrs. Ballantine.

"I was detained in town last night," continued Charles, "because a certain New York newspaper—one that happens to disapprove of the loan—sent a reporter to my office to ask whether it was true that I was engaged to be married—to Regina."

"Oh!" said Richard. "Then it's no longer a family secret. How did the news leak out?"

"Alexandra!" snapped his mother.

But Charles said, "You can't blame Aunt Alex, mother. The original story came from the theater—from Regina's former manager. Then this reporter got hold of it and telephoned the house—yesterday afternoon—and Aunt Alex answered the phone. Before she realized what was happening the reporter had got out of her the fact that Regina was visiting here ——"

"I knew nothing about it till this morning," said Mrs. Ballantine, clicking her tongue.

"So of course the man put two and two together. But before printing the story he—thank heaven!—came to me for confirmation."

(Continued on Page 92)

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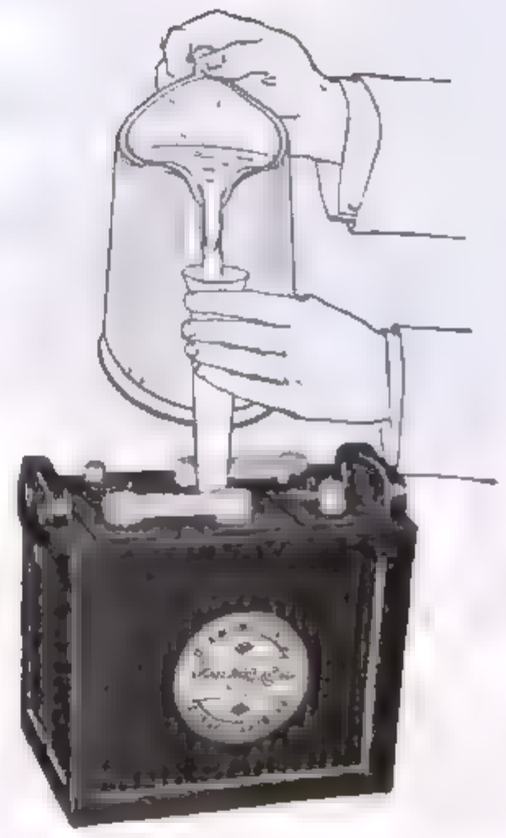

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(Continued from Page 90)

"And you," concluded Richard restlessly, "were forced to admit that it was true?"

"On the contrary," said Charles, sitting up very straight in his chair, "I denied it."

"You denied ——"

"Yes."

"Denied that you were engaged to Regina?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Ballantine said rapidly, "There's more to it than Charles has told you. You've really told it very badly, Charles! You see"—to Richard again—"this newspaper reporter had made up a highly colored story—quite lurid, in fact—to the effect that Charles was being influenced, with regard to the loan, by a French dancer!"

"What? Nonsense! But Regina isn't French," objected Richard, who felt that in another moment he would burst out laughing.

"She has a French name," observed Mrs. Ballantine with a certain illogical satisfaction.

"But—that's too ridiculous!" exploded her younger son, and laughed immoderately.

Charles waited for him to subside; then, "Precisely," he said. "I denied the whole story for just that reason—because it was ridiculous. If I'd admitted the truth of my engagement nothing on earth would have prevented the newspaper from insinuating the rest. I'd have been pictured as a man infatuated beyond reason—involved in an emotional adventure ——"

"How did you explain the fact that Regina was visiting at Ballanton?"

"I said that mother was interested in her professionally, had been interested in her ever since the bazaar last winter ——"

"Well, I must say," blurted out Richard, "I think all this is a bit rough on her—on Regina."

Charles' face twitched.

He cried suddenly, "Do you suppose I don't feel that? Do you suppose it hasn't hurt me to deny ——" He broke off, struggling for self-possession. "Hurt me!" he said. "It's just about—torn me in two."

"Charles!" trumpeted his mother.

The older son looked at her with a pathos that somehow gave him dignity.

"You needn't doubt me, mother. I'll go through with it. Father's dream"—the word sounded bitter—"comes first." Then turning to Richard he said, "I've talked it over with Regina. She understands. She was splendid about it. Splendid! She saw why I had to do what I did. And—she offered to go at once—back to town."

"Naturally," commented Richard, wondering what Regina's splendor had cost her.

"But I dissuaded her. I was afraid that if she went back to town she'd be pursued by reporters. So we decided ——" Here Charles hesitated and looked at his mother, who promptly took the cue.

"We decided," said Mrs. Ballantine, "that it would be the best thing all around if Regina spent the rest of the week-end aboard the yacht."

"The yacht?" repeated Richard, dazed. "Do you mean the Wanderer?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"But I ——"

"Alexandra will be with her," said his mother, fixing her indomitable blue eyes on his.

Richard felt his face go hot, but he returned grimly his mother's look.

"All right," he said finally. "Regina may have the Wanderer—for as long as she likes."

"Till Monday morning," said Mrs. Ballantine, and added, "I'm sure you won't mind entertaining your future sister-in-law that long."

"Oh," answered Richard calmly, "I'll be—I'll stay ashore."

"Stay ashore?" queried his mother. "Why should you?"

There were, no doubt, any number of excellent reasons—besides the true one—why he should stay ashore. But at the moment, for the life of him, he couldn't think of one. There was a painful silence.

Then Charles rose abruptly. "I'll go tell Regina," he said, and walked quickly out of the room.

Mrs. Ballantine looked at Richard. She was smiling, but her eyes were hard. He resented this hardness, though he could not help but admire, in a way, his mother's spirit.

"My dear boy," she said, "of course you must stay aboard the yacht as usual. Otherwise Regina will feel like an interloper——"

"That's not my fault!"

"Unless," continued the dowager lightly, "you have some definite reason for not wanting to entertain such a charming guest."

Richard laughed and, getting up, made his mother an ironic little bow.

"Since there can't be any such reason," he said, "I shall be most happy to have Regina on board the Wanderer ——"

"With Aunt Alexandra!"

"Oh, unquestionably—with Aunt Alexandra."

They walked out of the library together, and through the drawing-room.

"Ah, Richard!" breathed his mother with a sigh. "If only it had been you!"

"What do you mean?"

"You two would have made a romance of it. A true romance! I should have disapproved as a matter of principle, but it would have been appropriate, in a way because both you and she are capable of madness ——"

"Mother! Do you know what you're saying?" demanded Richard.

"No, I don't think I do. This whole affair has got on my nerves. I must go to church, and sleep—I sleep beautifully in church ——"

That afternoon, as he stood at the rail to welcome Regina and Aunt Alexandra aboard the yacht, Richard remembered what his mother had said. "Both you and she are capable of madness." He knew, the moment Regina set foot on the schooner's deck, that it was so. Her look confirmed it. Her eyes, engaging his, then glancing aloft, marveling at the Wanderer's tall spars and graceful web of rigging, were bright and strange with wonder, with a delight too sharp for perfect sanity. When he touched her hand he felt this delight communicate itself to him in a manner physical, electric. His spirit leaped up, burning clear of all restraint; his life seemed complete and infinitely novel, as though he had entered into a new phase of being.

"If you so much as pull up the anchor," said Aunt Alexandra, groaning, "I'll be ill."

Richard's laugh sounded, to his own ears, like a shout. Everything seemed exaggerated. Even the figure of Captain Mosby, bowing imperturbably to Regina and his aunt, appeared slightly grotesque, out of drawing. It was a relief when, having shown his guests to their cabins, he came again on deck and found the sailing master restored to his usual likeness.

"We'll have dinner on deck tonight if it stays fine. You'll dine with us, Captain Mosby?"

"Thank you, sir," replied the other without enthusiasm.

Richard didn't see Regina again till that evening. She had been settling herself, she said, in her cabin. Oh, yes, she was quite comfortable. It was all so luxurious, really. She felt like a cat in a basket.

They dined at a table set under an awning on the after deck. Two ancient Florentine lamps, each holding a cluster of tiny wicks, gave them their light. Regina wore a black dress and coral earrings—the only jewelry that Richard had yet seen her affect. Looking at her he was conscious of a change, a subtle metamorphosis.

Later, by a natural but somewhat blurred progress of events, he found himself alone with her under the after-deck awning. They were seated in two chairs pushed back against the rail. Over her white shoulder he could see a great burning star. Another jewel, he thought idly, for Regina

(Continued on Page 94)

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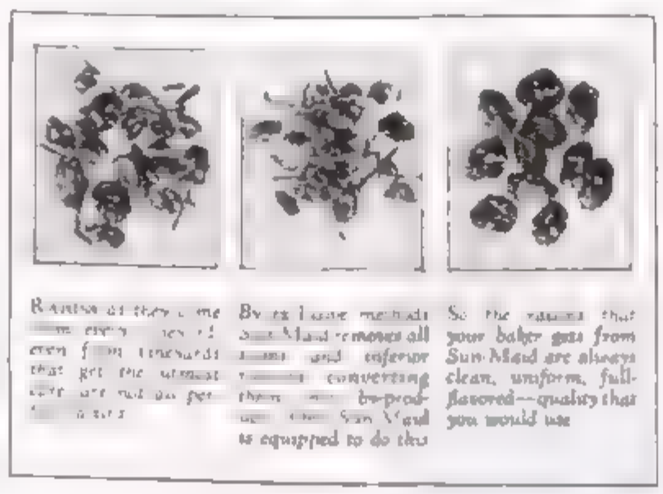

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(Continued from Page 92)

"I should like to ask questions," she said, "but I don't particularly want them answered."

"Well?"

"Why am I here? How did it happen?"

"I don't quite know. I believe it was all logical enough. Though, as far as that goes, Charles' conference isn't till tomorrow night—Sunday."

"Your mother was afraid of reporters. She told me that when your father was dying one of them got into the house disguised as a grocer's boy ——"

"Yes, I remember. The story he wrote threw the market off ten points. Incidentally it upset two foreign governments——"

"Fairy tale," said Regina.

"A true one."

"Oh, yes. I know. It's all amazingly true. That's why it's so incredible "

He laughed, and she said quickly, "That I should be involved in it!"

"How do you feel about being involved?"

"I don't know. I really don't understand—any of it. I told Charles I did. He was so terribly anxious that I should! But I don't. All I know is that I'm being carried along by something stronger than myself, blown by the wind ——"

"Well! And do you like that?"

"Yes, I do," she said, and was silent a long time, sitting back in her chair, quite still, as though she had confessed what had better been kept secret.

"You'd like the sea," he told her deliberately.

"Do you never get tired of cruising?"

"Oh, yes. But then I go ashore and amuse myself ——"

"Till you get tired of that. What a selfish and fascinating life! Is it true that sailors have sweethearts in every port?"

"Absolutely and literally true."

"I suppose you speak from experience," she flung at him, with unexpected spitefulness.

For a moment he was amazed; then leaning toward her he said, "Regina——"

"Yes?"

"I think you'd better go to bed."

"So do I—but I can't move."

"What?"

"This boat, this Wanderer has charmed me. I've got no legs, no arms, no body—if I move at all I must fly!"

"Regina," he said, "I insist that you go to bed!"

She began to laugh, but her laughter ended with a little hiss as she drew in her breath; a tiny, startled sound. Then she sprang up from her chair. He, too, rose, and for an instant they stood almost touching each other.

"Good night!" she whispered.

"Good night, Regina."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know. But it can't be—this can't be true. Please tell yourself it isn't. Please! You must ——" she said, and turned and went swiftly along the deck toward the companionway.

Captain Mosby, coming aft some time later—a short, black figure with a live coal between his teeth—heard his name called and moved promptly into the shadow of the awning.

"Yes, sir."

"Captain Mosby, I'd like your opinion. What do you say is the most important thing in a man's life?"

"To go his own way, sir."

"Ah! Thank you." A silence; then Richard's voice, curiously muffled, "We sail Monday morning, at the latest, Captain Mosby."

"We can sail now, Mr. Richard, if you say the word." The sailing master's laconic murmur was an endearment; it was also, in spite of its apparent innocence, a shocking bit of lawlessness. He, Richard, had only to say the word, and Captain Mosby would sail now—with Regina in her cabin below deck! The captain, then, understood?

"That," said his employer quietly, "would be to reduce life to its simplest terms; but if one happens to be born with a sense of complications——" He paused. Captain Mosby heard "a sense of honor," spoken in a musing tone. Then Richard's hand pressed his arm, and the low voice said, "Good night, Captain Mosby."

"Good night, sir."

The owner of the Wanderer went to bed, that night, a very distressed and unhappy young man.

The next morning at breakfast, Aunt Alexandra informed him that Regina had decided to spend the day sulking in her cabin.

"Precisely what she said, my dear Richard. When I asked her whether she felt ill she said no, that she was just sulking. She said, 'It'll do me good. It always does. I hope you don't mind.' Well, of course I was sure something was wrong with her, so I felt her pulse, but it was quite normal. So then I asked her what it was, and she said—imagine!—that she'd left her shawl at the house."

"Her shawl?"

"The one you gave her. She said she wanted it; and when I asked her why, she said she didn't know, but she wanted it and wouldn't be happy till she got it. So I said she was foolish, and she was cross. Then she threw her arms around me and kissed me and said she loved me. The dear child! I give you my word, Richard, she's a perfect child—especially in her nightgown."

"Alexandra!" growled Richard. "Drink your coffee. It's getting cold."

So there was no Regina, no tangible woman figure with which to cope that day. There was, instead, the ghost of her; the imagined form uttering words out of the air: "This can't be true. Please tell yourself it isn't. Please! You must ——"

But that night when it was dark, when many lights were burning along the shore, she came on deck, and crept up to Richard leaning against the after rail.

"I want my shawl."

"Have you had a good sulk?" he asked, staring over the side.

"Yes. But I want my shawl."

He didn't speak for some time. At last he said, without turning, without looking at her, "All right."

"You'll get it for me?"

He said, as though speaking to himself, "I'll take the dinghy," and mumbled something about needing exercise. She gathered that the dinghy was a rowboat.

"I'll go with you."

"No."

"As far as the pier."

Another silence. Then he asked, "Why?" And she answered, "Because I want to." And he said finally, "All right. Come on."

"It looks like a duck," she said when she saw the dinghy—a vague, squat shape lying at the foot of the yacht's ladder—and she laughed at the absurdity of it. "Charles will be holding his conference, and I'll be floating around in a boat like a duck."

There was a faint recklessness in her laughter.

Richard laughed too. It was a relief to be doing something, to be putting his strength into rhythmic strokes of the oars. They went smoothly through the still, dark water—these two in a little shell lost in the darkness.

But halfway to the shore he said, "Nice, isn't it? Let's paddle around a bit." And Regina said "Let's!" And after a moment, "I'm trailing my hand in the water. It's warm. I'd like to jump in."

"Regina ——"

"What?"

"Nothing. Can you swim?"

"Yes," she said, and added reflectively, "I could peel off my stockings and tuck my dress into my bloomers ——"

"But you don't dare," he said, rowing steadily.

"Why not?"

"Because the other Regina might turn up to haunt you."

"That creature!" she exclaimed. "I've been struggling with her all day. Do you know what she wanted to do? Go ashore and peek in at the windows of the library! But I said no and no ——"

(Continued on Page 98)

Chandler Wins Pikes Peak Race, Breaking all Records

ANOTHER great victory has been won by Chandler with its marvelous Pikes Peak Motor—the breaking of all time records in the recent annual mountain-climbing race up the steep, treacherous slope of Pikes Peak, 14,109 feet high.

A stock Chandler motor clipped practically thirty seconds off the best previous Pikes Peak climbing record—thus adding one more to the many performance records possessed by Chandler.

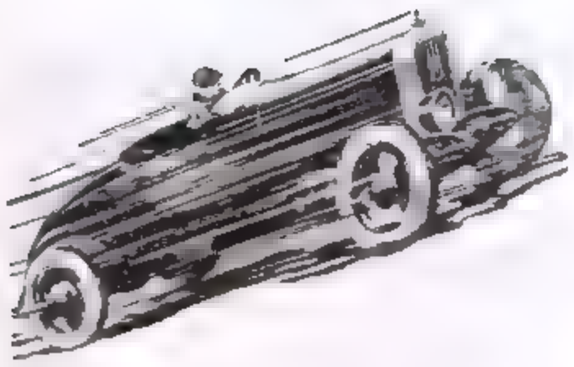
The news of this triumph—coupled as it is with the announcement of important new developments in body-building, together with large price reductions—is still another evidence of the remarkable extent of Chandler value.

The new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan is reduced $505—a finer, big, roomy 4-door Sedan now priced less than a 2-door coach!

Here is a beauty appeal, luxury appeal, power appeal, price appeal—all together and in abundant measure. Here is a real development in modern coach-building—built on a chassis that Chandler has constantly improved and perfected.

Pikes Peak, Mt. Washington, the Continental Divide—on all of these and many others Chandler holds the record. You can set a pace with this car and hold it mile after mile, hour after hour, hill after hill—and thoroughly enjoy every mile, every hour, every hill.

All the new Chandler models have been reduced in price. The Metropolitan Sedan De Luxe at $1795 and the Seven-Passenger Sedan at $1895 are both reduced $400. The Brougham, at $1695, is reduced $350. The Comrade Roadster, now $1695, is reduced $100. Open models, too, have new low prices. All prices f. o. b. Cleveland.



Sets New Time in Dizzy Climb

The Pikes Peak Race in which Chandler broke all records was officially sanctioned by the American Automobile Association. Pikes Peak is the highest automobile highway in the world. Chandler's time for the 12½ mile climb was 17 minutes, 48 4-5 seconds. The previous record was 18 minutes, 15 seconds.

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND; Export Division, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CHANDLER

When business brings you to Philadelphia

BEAR in Mind that there is Now within this Friendly Town, a great New Inn, wherein you will find Warm Welcome, Courtesy, Alert Attention to your Needs, and Thought upon your Comfort.

Its location is inside the busiest Commercial District, with the Town's great Marts at hand.

More than twelve hundred homelike Guest Chambers there are here, each having outside Light and Air, Bath, and Circulating Ice-water.

And more than half a hundred Sample-Rooms, the finest in the Town, to accommodate Displays of Merchandise.

Withal, an old-fashion'd Hospitality, true to Philadelphia Traditions, does permeate the House.

Plan to visit the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition Philadelphia 1926

Main entrance on famous Chestnut Street where your welcome begins

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PHILADELPHIA

Chestnut at Ninth Street

DIRECTION HOTELS CO. OF AMERICA

Operating the largest chain of modern, fireproof hotels in the world

Horace Leland Wiggins, Managing Director

Charles F. Wicks, Resident Manager

Continued from Page 94

"Then she must have come on board the yacht with you?"

"Yes."

He said, "I hope you'll let her stay there. I think she will, anyway. I think the Wanderer will never sail again without her."

"No, Richard—please! She isn't worth it."

"She's my sweetheart," he said and stopped rowing, and sat with his head bowed, smiling to himself. It was a tremendous satisfaction to have said those three words, to have let the truth go out of him in that sentence. He felt his mind and his body freed from a burden.

They drifted in a deep silence. Throughout this pause he smiled. Then he was aware, dimly, of Regina making swift movements in the stern of the boat.

"Your sweetheart!" she sang out. "I'm going to drown her —— "

He had an impression of a child's figure standing up before him. Bare legs, white bloomers, a dress caught up—while he sat spellbound—and tucked in like a blouse. Then her wild laugh and a blurred arching of the white body ——

The boat jerked suddenly sidewise. He had a sense of incredulity, which immediately became a sense of horror. A few feet astern he saw her head bob up; then it seemed to disappear in the darkness ——

"Regina!" he shouted.

There was no answer. He clutched at the oars, struck one of them with his hand and unshipped it. It floated away. He, with an oath, pulled off his shoes, sprang upon the thwart and dived into the water.

His impulse was simply to share with Regina whatever experience might await her in that shrouding blackness. When he came up with her, swimming strongly and easily toward shore, he realized that she was in no danger.

Instantly the adventure took on its true aspect, and he called to her, "You're mad!"

"I've drowned her—the other Regina—she's at the bottom of the Sound, with the mermaids."

"Save your breath!" he commanded roughly.

"I'm all right. Where's the boat? The little fat duck ——"

"Derelict!" he snapped in reply.

They reached the shore and crawled out on the stony shingle.

"My feet!" said Regina with a faint cry. So he lifted her in his arms and carried her up the shelving bank, through a sparse growth of bushes and out onto the grass lawn of Ballanton.

Before them the house burned hot with lights and yet remained a monstrous shadow.

"Put me down," said Regina.

"Not till you tell me whether my sweetheart is dead."

"I tell you she's with the mermaids."

He put her on her feet and they began to walk toward the house, keeping well out of the light that streamed from its windows. Regina had let down her bedraggled dress and felt, she said, amazingly respectable.

"Where are your shoes, Richard? I don't hear them squashing."

"Left them in the boat."

"It's nice to go barefoot on soft grass."

"Look here!" he said, stopping. "Either we're insane, or this is damned funny. Ludicrous! We ought to be howling our heads off ——"

"I don't feel like howling. I feel happy—and peaceful. Quite religious, in fact. Because I've just drowned that creature, that heretic!"

They skirted the edge of the lawn till they reached the path leading through the garden. "Go to the door of the dining room and wait for me there," he said. "I'll let you in."

He watched her moving away from him like a slender, stately ghost. Then he went on around the house and entered it by way of the servants' porch. He could hear the servants talking and moving about in the kitchen.

A man's voice said, "Mrs. Ballantine will serve the wine herself, as she did in Mr. Ballantine's day." So Charles' conference was still going on in the library! But there was no one in the entrance hall, and the butler's pantry was dark. He went through the pantry into the dining room, groped his way to the door that gave on the terrace, and opened it for Regina. She stepped into the room, stumbling against him and catching his arm.

"Richard, I'm going to laugh! Please do something to stop me."

"No. You mustn't. They'll hear you!"

"I—can't—help it. Do you remember how your mother looked when we got caught in the rain and came dashing in?" Her voice broke hysterically. "I'm so much *wetter* now ——"

"Regina!" he implored, and laughed, himself, helplessly.

Then somehow she was in his arms and her lips were pressed hard against his—a kiss brief and miraculous and blinding.

"I love you, Regina!" he whispered.

"No, no. It's impossible. I won't have it. Let me go, Richard."

Afterward, in his room upstairs, having found dry flannels in his closet and put them on—Regina had gone into Aunt Alexandra's room—he decided that what he wanted was a drink. So he went back downstairs to the dining room, took a decanter from the sideboard and poured himself a glass of whisky.

The liquor warmed him and made sport of the confusion in his mind. He sat down in a chair, in the darkness, with the decanter on the table beside him.

There was a light in the hall. From where he sat he could see the old-fashioned crystal chandelier mildly glittering, the shine of it reflected in the lower steps of the grand stairway. It fascinated him.

Then he saw a figure draped in a golden brown shawl come down the stairs and pass under the crystal chandelier. It crossed quickly the swath of light in the hall and was gone out of his vision.

Regina!

He got up and followed her. The front door of the house stood open. He stepped out on the terrace and looked for her and couldn't find her—till finally, at the far end of the house, where the glow was brightest, he caught sight of her golden shawl.

When he reached her she was standing, quite still, near one of the windows of the library, staring in.

He touched her arm and she, without moving, whispered, "The archangels ——"

"The gang!" said Richard, and added, "I've drunk a lot of whisky ——"

In the famous Ballantine library a company of very solemn gentlemen stood about the conference table with wineglasses in their hands. At the head of the table, with Charles standing beside her, his hand resting on her shoulder, sat Mrs. Ballantine, erect and smiling. There was a sudden murmur from the closed room, and to the dowager of Ballantine the wineglasses were lifted in unmistakable tribute.

Outside, on the terrace, a low voice said close to Richard's ear, "The Regina who should have died isn't dead. She's more alive tonight than she's ever been before. She wants to dance ——"

"Dance?"

"She wants to commit a sacrilege. Will you play for her?"

"Play—what?"

"The waltz!"

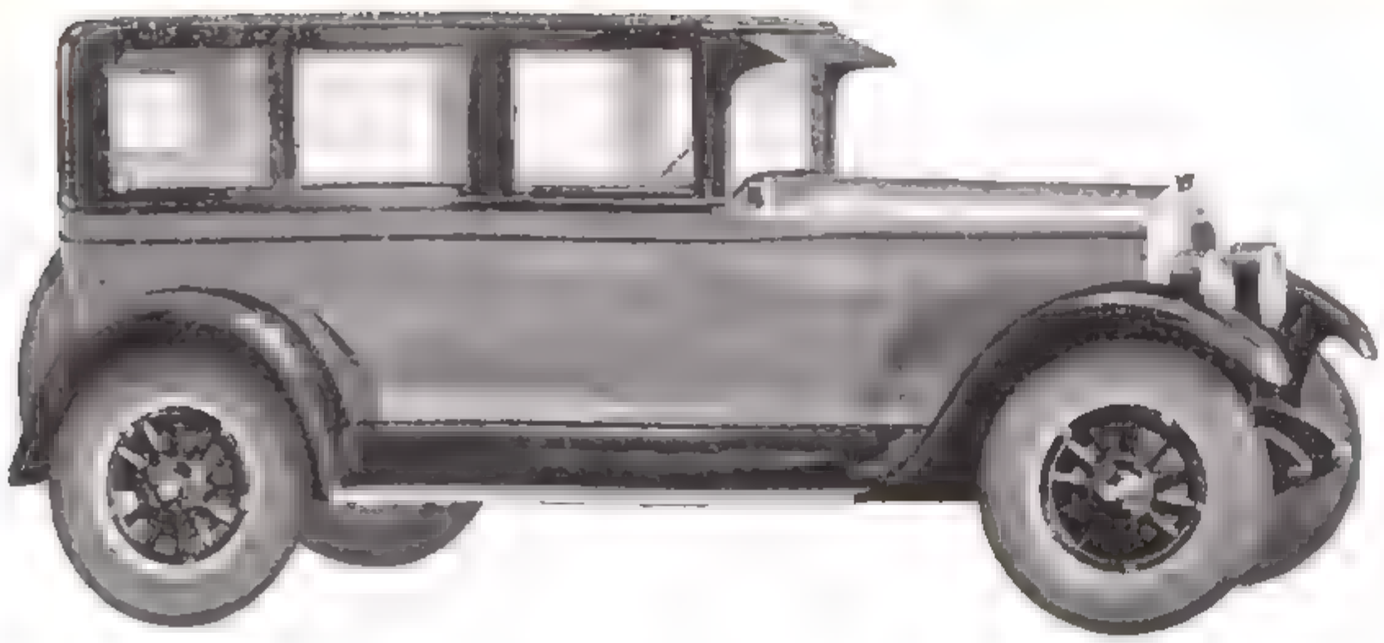
"Why?" he asked, confused.

"Because it's the end of the world," answered the low, clear voice, "and there must be music—a waltz! You know there must be music," she said, and looked at him, unsmiling, out of great, dark, strangely tragic eyes.

III

THE company of very solemn gentlemen had gone at last from the library. Charles and his mother were alone. She, still sitting erect and indomitable in her chair, was saying that she had felt his father's spirit present at the conference.

Continued on Page 98



Four-Door Sedan
$995
Former Price
$1195
f. o. b. Cleveland

Now the Two Big Buys of the Closed Car Market

Real 4-Door Sedans, not 2-Door Coaches!

IN the full flush of the greatest year in its history, Cleveland Six announces a reduction of $200 on its Four-Door Sedan and the new Special Four-Door Sedan.

Here are two of the lowest priced six-cylinder 4-door Sedans in America. Two fine, beautiful, comfortable, powerful, reliable automobiles . . . two real prizes in value!

Long, low-swung, roomy bodies . . . smart lines . . . gleaming finish . . . deep, restful cushions . . . fine upholstery . . . with four-door convenience and full five-passenger elbow-room and leg-room . . . and selling at new low prices that save the buyer a great deal of money.

In the Rocky Mountains of the West and the Appalachians of the East—wherever hills rise steeply and twist sharply—Cleveland Sixes are winning many brilliant climbing records.

And all over the world Cleveland Six is noted for its wonderful "One-Shot" Lubrication System. One press of your heel on a plunger and you lubricate every part of the chassis in two seconds—while the car is standing still or traveling at 60 miles an hour.

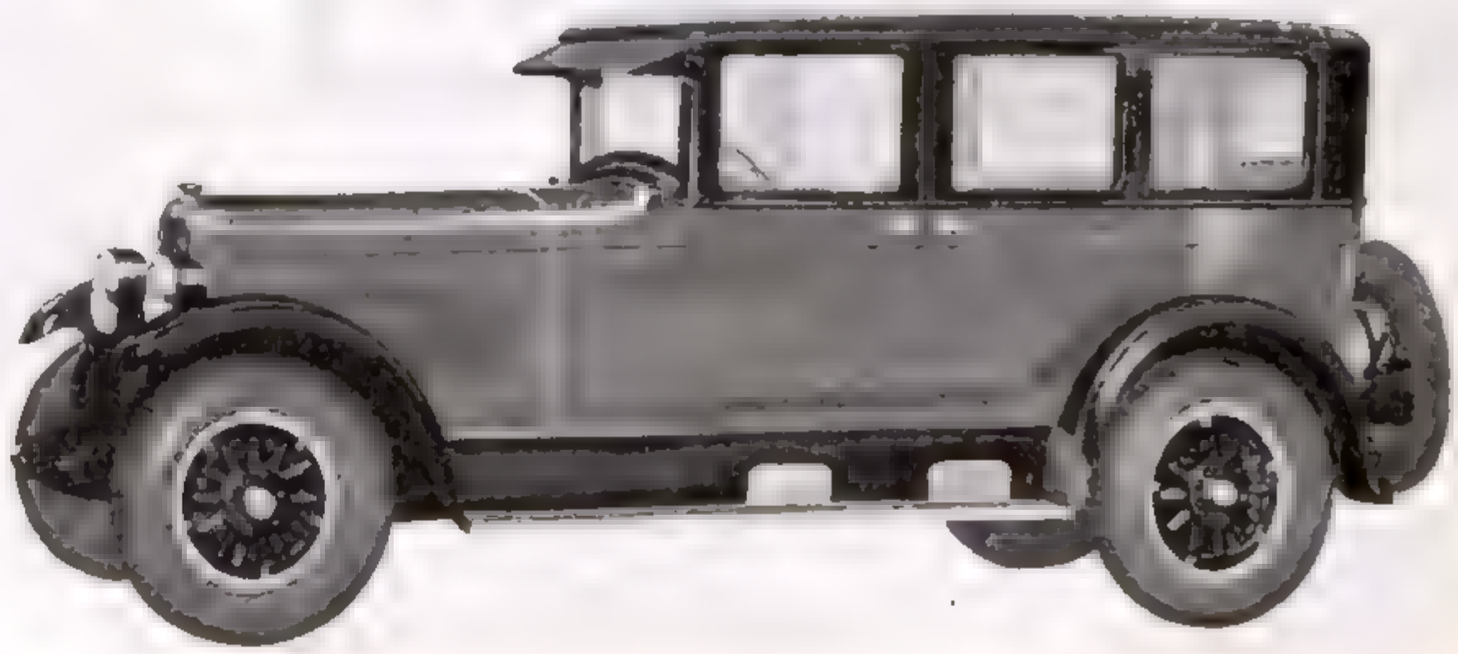
Other Cleveland Six models have new, lower prices, too. See them. See the values that are attracting thousands of knowing buyers. See today's most appealing motor car investments.

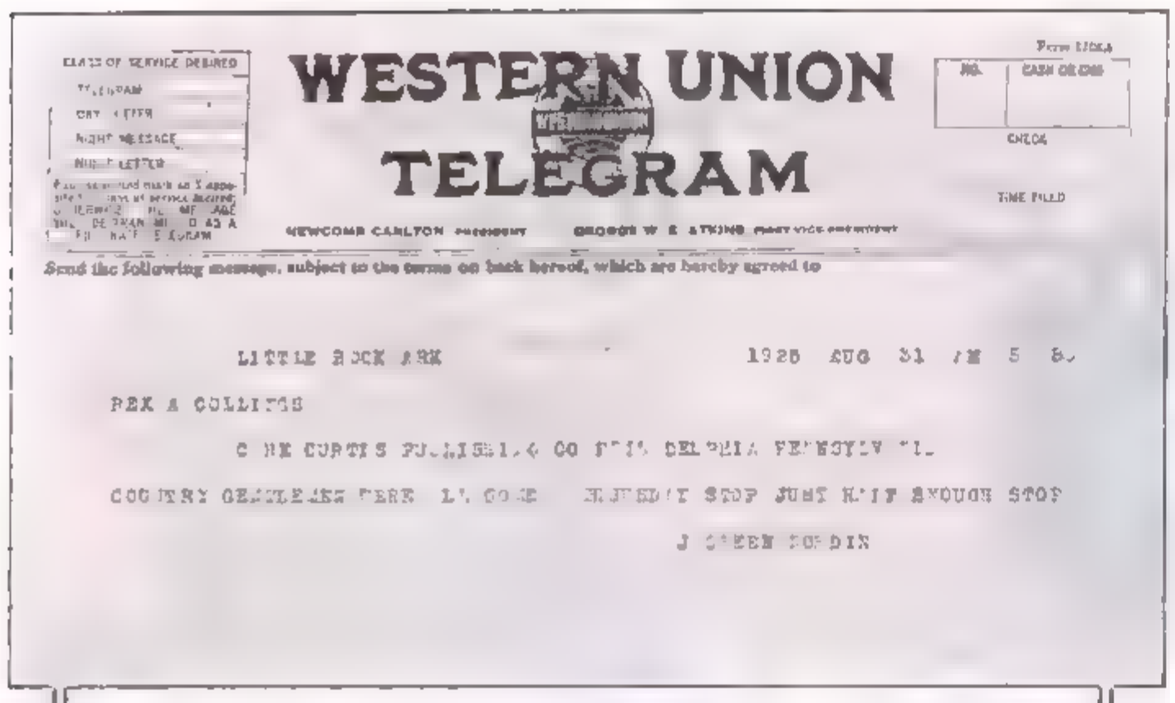
(The "One-Shot" Lubrication System is licensed under Bowen Products Corp. patents)

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND; Export Division, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CLEVELAND SIX

Special 4-Door Sedan
$1295
Former Price
$1495
f. o. b. Cleveland





WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON GEORGE W. E. ATKINS

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

LITTLE ROCK ARK 1925 AUG 31 PM 5 54

REX A COLLINS

C H K CURTIS PUBLISHING CO PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLV ML

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN HERE 1/2 COME ENJOYED IT STOP JUST WISH ENOUGH STOP

J GREEN JOPLIN

The Country Gentleman

made its first appearance as a monthly magazine with the September issue—and *here's what happened!*

PASADENA, CALIF.—Having many calls for Country Gentleman in Los Angeles and unable to supply. Need at least 250 at once.—Hartley Green.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Stands and stores located outlying districts completely sold out of Country Gentleman.—C. P. Horne.

JOPLIN, MO.—Can use 75 more September Country Gentleman. One boy is building up a route and wants 40 and newsstands are sold out and can use balance. Please increase my draw to 300 copies for October.—Charles A. Reinfro.

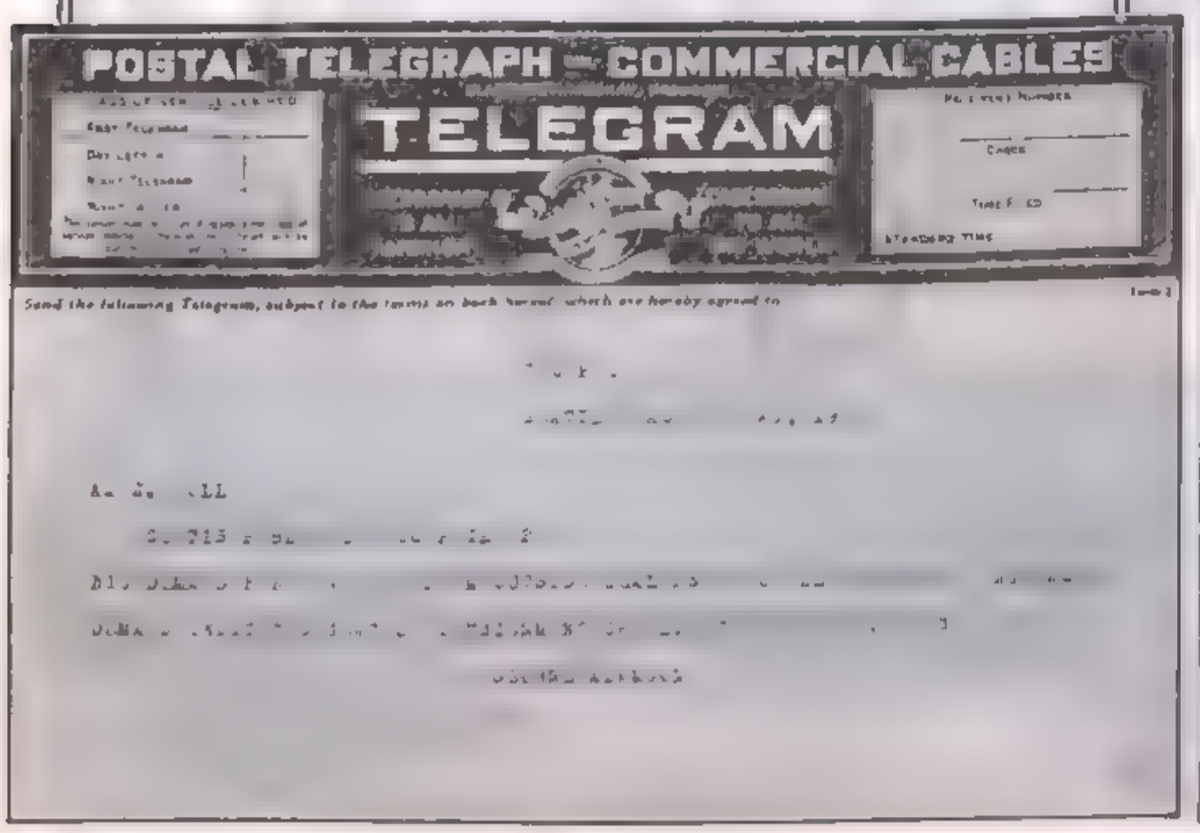
LA GRANGE, ILL.—The new Country Gentleman sells like hot cakes. Did not have half enough. Be sure and send 75.—Robert Eckel.

AMERICUS, GA.—The new, big, monthly Country Gentleman sure is great. Scare up 25 more of them for me.—Henry M. Coleman.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The new Country Gentleman went over big. Newsstands sold our first day and boys are wild about it. All my branches want more copies. Kindly double my order for October.—C. A. Henes.

TURTLE CREEK, PA.—The September Country Gentleman was completely sold out the first day and the kids are yelling for more. I will need 125 of the October issue.—L. J. Grumet.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



POSTAL TELEGRAM — COMMERCIAL CABLES

TELEGRAM

Send the following Telegram, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

(Continued from Page 96)

"When I brought in the wine and cake, as I used to when he was alive, I knew that he was here—I felt him near me—and I understood that he had come to look on at your success."

"My success," repeated Charles. "Yes, I've succeeded. But—for the moment—I can't remember quite what it means."

"It means that the world will go on," answered his mother simply and with profound conviction.

They looked at each other, understanding each other, constrained to this understanding by involuntary processes, by a ruthless similarity of mind. Charles, recognizing this similarity, smiled, and leaning down as though by compulsion would have kissed his mother's cheek.

But at that moment, in the drawing-room adjoining the library, they heard the Ballantine organ booming out an insane waltz.

Charles rushed to the connecting door and opened it. He, and his mother standing just behind him, saw Richard seated in the organ loft and Regina, in a golden shawl, dancing.

She, like a bright leaf blown by capricious winds, danced alone in the great room, expressing with her body, with the rhythmic importance of her body, all that was opposite and contrary to what had gone on, so solemnly, in the Ballantine library; putting forth her life in a kind of defiance to that world of fixed and formal accomplishment; that world which would go on.

It lasted only a little while. A fragment of a dance; a fragment of defiance. Then she had finished, and had sunk down at Charles' feet in a pose of humility that was somehow her triumph.

"Regina!" he said. "How do you—happen to be—here?"

"We came ashore," she answered, not raising her head, "in a boat—like a duck—to get my shawl ——"

"You were dancing. Why should you dance, Regina?"

"Because I'm not dead."

"But—I don't understand. What does it mean?"

Then she lifted her head and looked at him. "Your mother knows what it means."

Mrs. Ballantine spoke promptly. "It means that you're not going to marry Charles. For which I thank God!"

"Thank music," said Regina, rising slowly from the floor. "Thank all bright colors, and quick sounds, and thank—the wind ——"

Charles said with a curious, futile impatience, "What? The wind? I don't understand." Then catching her wrist he exclaimed, "You're out of your mind, Regina!"

"No, no! I'm quite myself. Look, Charles, you see? And I want to go now. Please, I must go."

"You can't! I won't let you ——"

"Charles!" said his mother.

"But—how can she? At this time of night? It's impossible."

Then Richard laughed and came plunging down from the organ loft. His face was red and jolly, his blond hair was indecently disheveled.

"Regina wants to go," he cried. "It's easy enough. I'll show you how!" And picking her up bodily, for the second time that night, he carried her in his arms out of the room and out of the house which would have belonged, but for certain happenings, to the Princess Regina.

On the path leading down to the landing stage they met Aunt Alexandra, accompanied by a short, stubby male figure.

"Captain Mosby!" hailed Richard.

"I thought you were drowned, sir," came the answer; "and the lady too."

"They found the boat!" quavered Aunt Alexandra, and burst readily into tears.

"The dinghy, sir. It drifted afoul of our cable ——"

"I see," said Richard. Then, holding fast to Regina's hand, he leaned forward and whispered at length to Aunt Alexandra. Whereupon that lady's sobs stopped abruptly.

"My dear boy!" she breathed, and kissed him and kissed Regina, and said "Well ——" and turned to Captain Mosby with unexpected vigor: "Don't you bother about me! You take these two young people back to the yacht and never let them out of your sight again!"

Regina seized the older woman's arm.

"You don't understand. I'm only going—to New York ——"

"You silly child!" replied Aunt Alexandra tremulously, and went up the path muttering to herself, "I must get the whole story from Edith ——"

When they were safely on board the schooner Richard said to Regina, "You're going to marry me. Captain Mosby will marry us tonight."

She answered with extraordinary petulance, "I'll do nothing of the sort. You've spoiled the dream. I hate you!" And throwing herself down in a deck chair, she sat inconsolably weeping, her dark head on her arm.

Some two hours later Richard came aft and found her peacefully asleep in the chair.

He bent down and kissed her. She woke with a start and, realizing suddenly that the schooner was under way, said, "Have we got to New York?"

"We're not going to New York," he answered casually. "We're heading the other way, up the Sound—out to sea."

"Then you're taking me against my will?"

"Yes."

She was silent a long time. Finally she lifted her arms and sighed, and drew his head down against her breast.

"Then that's all right. That makes it real—because that's how I want to be taken," said Regina.

"[illegible] Life! Here We've Gone and Put Up the Whole Business, and I Just Realized That They Didn't Send Us a Collar!"

Then he saw it from *her* point of view

It was often a source of wonder to him, how she managed to accomplish so much. But he never knew the cost to her in effort, in time, in the freedom which a man has—and a woman wants. Until, one day, it was all made clear to him. She had found dirt in rugs which *should* have been clean. She had discovered that they must be *beaten*, regularly, frequently. (You, too, can prove this . . .) And she realized how powerless she was, with the utensils provided her. Distressed, discouraged, she told him of *her* need for aids akin to those which contributed to *his* success. And then he saw it from *her* point of view! The result? A Hoover, of course. For what other electric cleaner do you know of that *BEATS as it Sweeps, as it Cleans?* All he paid down was $6.25. This included the remarkable Hoover dusting tools. The balance was distributed into easy monthly payments. *You* can purchase a Hoover on the same plan. See your Authorized Hoover Dealer.

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

*TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING: Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary tableknife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp taps and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. This is the dirt your present cleaning methods have missed, *and that beating has dislodged.* Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle beating of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction *lifts* the rug from the floor and draws all the beaten-out, swept-up dirt into the dust-tight bag

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO • *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners* • *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

This is Kelvination·

The mark of a truly modern apartment

Greatest of all conveniences found in modern apartment buildings is the refrigerator with equipment producing its own cold—requiring no ice, demanding no attention. Instead of ice, with its uncertain and annoying delivery, Kelvinator, the pioneer system of domestic electric refrigeration, is being used.

Kelvination is *automatic* refrigeration. Day and night—winter and summer—it keeps the refrigerator constantly colder than does ice. It never needs replenishing; you don't even have to *think* about it.

But Kelvination is more. It is refrigeration with dry, frosty cold that does more than merely keep foods; it actually *improves* them. It adds crispness to salads, freshness to vegetables, mellowness and tenderness to meats. It freezes pure cubes of ice for the table.

Whether you live in an apartment, a modest home or a mansion, there is a Kelvinator model to meet your requirements. You can put one in the refrigerator you are now using, or you can install the Kelvin-et, shown in the illustration, which is Kelvinator and refrigerator all in one.

In either case perfect refrigeration, independent of all outside conditions, is automatically assured. The dealer in your city will gladly explain Kelvinator, or we will send you literature on request.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 2050 WEST FORT ST., DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 521 West Pitt Street, Windsor (105)

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Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

The ZONE *of* KELVINATION

It is a strange fact that at temperatures between fifty and sixty degrees, bacteria multiply nearly *four hundred times* as rapidly as at corresponding temperatures between forty and fifty degrees. Below fifty degrees deterioration practically stops, and foods remain fresh indefinitely.

Kelvinator electric refrigeration keeps the temperature of a refrigerator below fifty degrees *all the time*. Ice, on the contrary, permits the temperature to rise far above that point as it melts, from one delivery to another.

The Zone of Kelvination lies between forty and fifty degrees. It is a Zone of Safety for foods; colder than an ice-cooled refrigerator. It preserves the purity of foods, day after day.

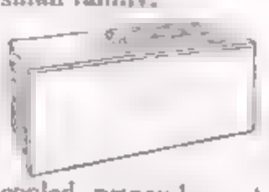
FITS ANY REFRIGERATOR

Kelvinator can be installed in any good refrigerator. It requires but a short time to make the installation and the necessary electric connection, and from that time on you simply *forget* it. Your refrigerator actually keeps itself cold.

THE KELVIN-ET

$250 f. o. b. Detroit

The Kelvin-et is a compact refrigerating unit for small homes and apartments, priced at $250 f. o. b. Detroit. It is Kelvinator and refrigerator, all in one. It is delivered to your home like an ordinary refrigerator, and requires only an electric connection. The Kelvin-et is ideal for the small family.



KELVINATOR ICE CREAM CABINETS

are made in sizes for every retail business. The Kelvinator air-cooled principle makes installation simple and economical.

MY STUPID DOGS

(Continued from Page 11)

Having heard this tale, and seen it confirmed on a registration slip of the Bavarian Fox Terrier Club, and having observed the wonder-beautiful dog's reaction to the word "Pfui!" I began to make a hasty calculation of the bales of German currency which at that particular time, owing to the rapid depreciation of the German mark, were giving my garments the contour of second-class mail pouches.

The wonder-beautiful dog's master, however, impatiently waved aside my tentative mention of a million marks and coarsely stated that he was out for big money. He must, he said with bulging and slightly apprehensive eyes, have five dollars in American money; and lacking that, the dog Dick remained in Munich.

It struck me as odd at the time that a German dog should be registered under the name of Dick, which is an English and not a German diminutive; and it was not until some months later that it occurred to me that the word "Dick" in German means thick.

At any rate, I purchased the wonder-beautiful dog for five dollars in American money, deposited another five dollars to make sure that he would be fed on horse meat and otherwise lapped in luxury for three months, at the end of which time I planned to return to America, and further arranged that at the end of the three months his mistress should chaperon him from Munich in the South of Germany to Bremen in the North of Germany and personally oversee his embarkation on the Dampfschiff President Harding.

This arrangement, it might be added in passing, brought the cost of the wonder-beautiful dog to the staggering sum of twenty-two dollars and eighty-seven cents.

In addition to having the attentions of the lady chaperon on his journey from Munich to Bremen, the dog Dick was also inspected at various stops by friendly American consuls and consuls general. An unusually large number of United States senators and congressmen had visited Europe during that year, and most of them had cluttered up our consular offices in order to get their money changed and to find out where furs and jewelry could be purchased most advantageously and to have their hands held by the consuls; and this fact may account for the amiability displayed by American consular officers when they were showered with telegrams urging them to take all possible steps to see that the dog Dick changed cars at the right places, embarked on the right steamer, and was not suffering from hunger, thirst, homesickness or that dragging-down sensation.

My Wonder-Beautiful Dick

It may have been a tremendous relief to them to do something for a non-representative and a non-senator; even, in short, for a dog. And again, they may have been kind to the dog Dick merely in order to hasten his departure and thus escape additional deluges of telegrams. A consular officer would do almost anything to avoid being awakened at half past two in the morning by a worried and suspicious employe of the German Telegraph Bureau, as were large numbers of consuls in Prussia and Bavaria during the late summer of 1923, and being obliged to paddle downstairs and with shaking fingers take in and pry open a dark-brown telegram, reading, in effect, as follows:

LILLE (or Paris or Nancy or Rheims or Verdun or Bapaume or Cambrai or Brussels or Antwerp, as the case may have been) AUG. 30 1923 AM CONSUL SELZERWASSER GERMANY MY DOG SAILING S. S. GIESSHUBLER BREMEN SEPT 5 STOP AFRAID PROPER ACCOMMODATIONS NOT MADE STOP PLEASE USE YOUR INFLUENCE WITH CAPTAIN TO LET DOG SLEEP ON HIS BED STOP TELL CAPTAIN NOT GIVE DOG CHICKEN BONES AS BAD FOR STOMACH STOP.

Notwithstanding the distinguished ancestry of the wonder-beautiful dog Dick, his quick grasp of the baffling expletive "Pfui!" the nourishing horse meat on which he was fed during his formative period, and his association with the intellectual cream of the American consular service, he has signally failed to develop even a tithe, as the saying goes, of the astuteness that has characterized the dogs of literature. I do not know the size of a tithe; but it could be pretty small, and still be larger than the astuteness that my present dog, together with all his predecessors in office, has developed.

Straws, it is said, show which way the mattress has been stuffed; and from the lesser acts of the wonder-beautiful dog Dick one can readily gauge his greater follies.

He has, for example, a passion for lying among feet when not engaged in examining the house for likely mouse or chipmunk coverts. When I repair to my workroom to engage in a struggle with what is laughingly known as the Muse, the dog Dick accompanies me and stands in the middle of the room with his ears laid well back, listening for something at which to growl, until I have taken my seat at my desk. He then inserts himself between my feet with almost devilish cunning, so that his head rests on one of my feet and all four of his paws are pressed firmly against my ankles.

Dogs Forever Underfoot

There would be nothing wrong with this attitude except for the fact that any person engaged in literary composition is, as is well known, obliged from time to time to tilt back in his chair for such purposes as to wish that he was engaged in some less arduous task than literary composition, or to observe the actions of the flies on the ceiling, or to perform minor operations on his finger nails and cuticle, or merely to permit his mind to turn over in neutral for ten or fifteen minutes. At such moments the dog Dick twitches slightly, and carefully but unconsciously places a paw or his nose or his tail on the exact spot from which one of the legs of the chair has been lifted.

When, therefore, the leg of the chair is eventually lowered, it lands on some portion of the dog Dick's anatomy with a dull crunch. Instantly the air is shattered by a wild scream of anguish, and the dog Dick scrambles to his feet with a commotion that might be equaled, but not exceeded, by five or six wildcats fighting in a barrel. All literary activities at once cease while the dog Dick hobbles painfully around the room, tentatively testing his damaged paw—or nose or tail.

Having with some difficulty persuaded himself that he is still intact, he fawns foolishly and ingratiatingly on me to show that he harbors no malice, and immediately entwines himself with my feet again. Consequently the whole horrifying catastrophe is reënacted from two to five times daily.

It is perfectly apparent to me, of course, that if the dog Dick had even half a tithe of the mental capacity of the dogs of literature he would have learned long ago to keep away from feet, and would content himself by lying in the corner of the room farthest removed from my desk.

The suggestion has been made by persons unfamiliar with the dog Dick that if my own mental capacity were what it ought to be I would solve the problem by remembering not to tilt back in my chair or by refusing to permit him to enter my workroom at all

The first suggestion can only be dismissed with the contempt that it deserves; for every author knows that at least two-fifths of an author's time must be spent tilted back in a chair with a completely vacant mind. If chair tilting among authors should be abolished by law, the literary output of the nation would probably fall to zero in ten years' time.

I have made an effort to carry out the second suggestion, but it only causes the dog Dick to stand just outside my workroom, with his nose pressed to the crack between the floor and the door, and blow violently through it at five-minute intervals. Here again is another cruel revelation of his mental backwardness. If he had the ability of the dogs of literature he would realize that there is only one door to the room, and that I could not leave it without being immediately discovered. He feels obliged, however, to create an unendurable disturbance every five minutes by obtaining nasal confirmation of my presence through the crack under the door.

His uncontrollable ambition to lie among feet is particularly noticeable during games of chance in which I occasionally participate. In the vicinity of my home lives a distinguished novelist and playwright who—not content with the staggering royalties that he extracts from publishers and theatrical managers—takes a fiendish delight in luring his neighbors into that hellish game mah-jongg and wrenching additional income from them by his almost devilish ingenuity.

On the frequent occasions when I have unwillingly contributed to his already swollen revenues, the dog Dick has placed himself beneath the exact center of the gaming table before the players have taken their seats. Since the table is small, the start of the game finds the dog Dick in close contact with eight human feet. Some of them he lies on and some he lies under. From time to time during the progress of the game, the ire of three players is frequently aroused at the same moment, with the result that the dog Dick is briskly and simultaneously kicked and stamped. One would naturally suppose that one experience of this sort would be enough for even a lack-witted dog; but the dog Dick merely emits several low moans, bursts out from under the table, shakes himself smartly, walks around to the other side of the table and crawls in among the feet again. This peculiarly stupid habit is not displeasing to the players during chilly weather; but I know of no way in which it can be regarded as a sign of intelligence.

Four-Legged Aristocrats

The dogs of literature have been great hands to fetch and carry for their masters. As I recollect it, they would pull the baby away from in front of the fire engine, bring the master his hat and stick before he set out on a walk, remove the soiled dishes from the table, take in the evening paper, operate the elevator in a burning building by pulling on the starting rope, and even pick the coals out of the furnace clinkers.

My dogs have never displayed much ability along these lines. The dog Stocky, I remember—so called because he was purchased with a small sum snatched from the wolves of Wall Street by a small transaction in the stock of the Midvale Steel Company—was an excellent carrier of letters and newspapers, up to a certain point. He would clutch the newspapers and letters proudly in his mouth until he encountered another dog. In his eagerness to investigate the stranger's social standing, he would then carefully secrete the newspapers and letters in an out-of-the-way place. The excitement of the encounter, however, invariably caused him to forget where he had hidden his burden, so that his value as a letter and newspaper carrier was considerably impaired—unless one didn't object to getting his letters and newspapers from a week to five months late.

Can you buck *the line of winter?*

It's the hardest game you've got to face in the whole year. Winter is your strongest opponent. Chilling winds . . . sleet storms . . . a quick, warm day . . . then freezing and cold again. Will winter win? Or you?

Protect yourself from these sudden changes of temperature. Wear Wright's Health Underwear. Made of wool—which is highly absorbent—and knitted with a patented loop-stitch to increase that absorbency, Wright's Health Underwear takes up every bit of the body moisture. Because wool is a non-conductor of heat, the chill, icy winter weather can't get through it. Your natural body heat can't get out, either. You are always warm, comfortable and dry. You aren't likely to chill and take cold when you are wearing Wright's Health Underwear.

Nowhere can you find a more economical buy for your money. Every garment is carefully and skilfully made—seams well sewed, buttonholes which will not tear, buttons which won't come off. Every size is exact and generous—no uncomfortable bunches or binding.

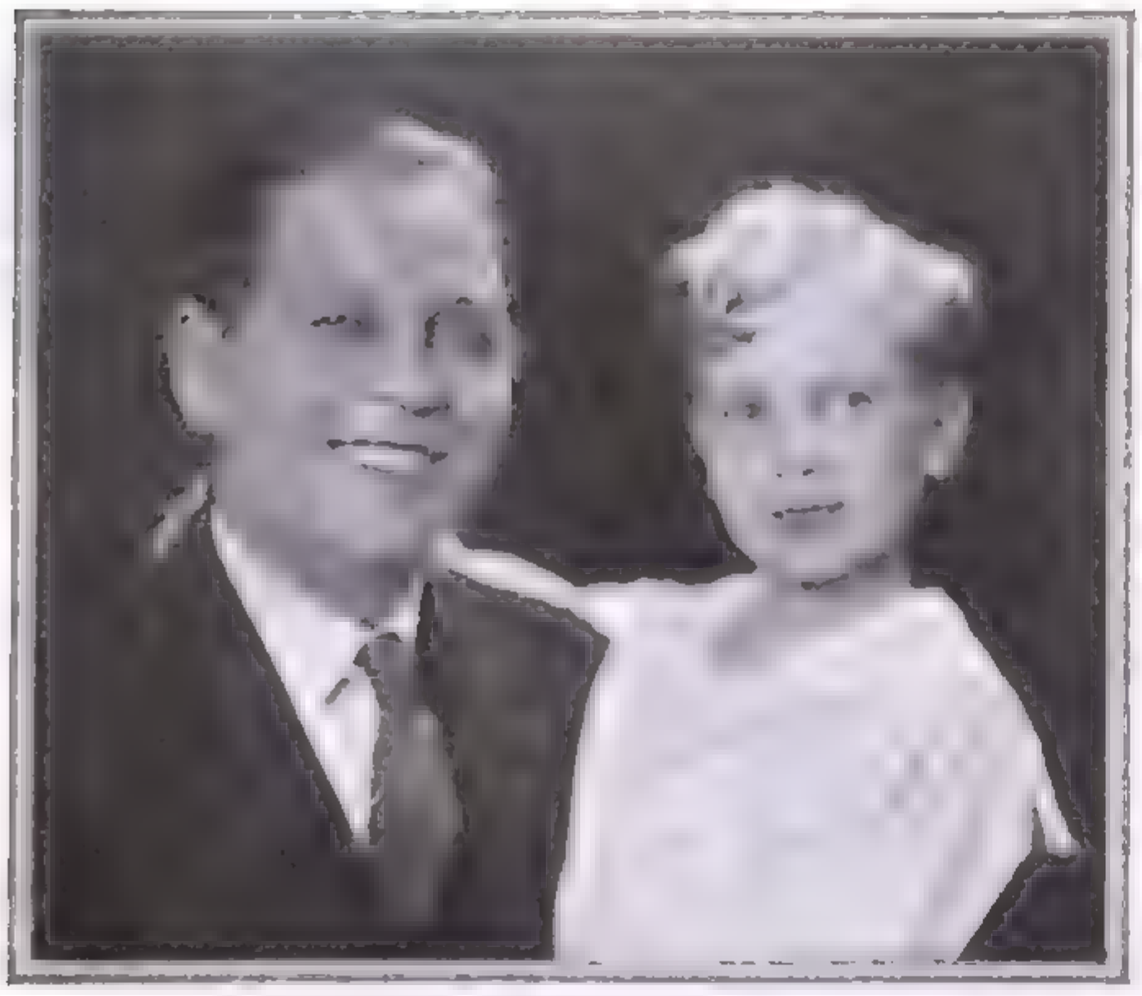
Go to your favorite store today and get your supply of Wright's Health Underwear. It comes in three weights—heavy, medium and light. You can purchase just the right weight for your particular climate or season. Besides pure wool, you can also buy worsted and wool-and-cotton mixed. Union suits or separate garments, in all sizes, weights and fabrics. Write for our booklet, "Comfort," which gives you helpful, interesting facts about our underwear. When writing, please mention the name of your store.

WRIGHT'S
Health Underwear
FOR MEN AND BOYS

WRIGHT'S UNDERWEAR COMPANY, Inc.
74 Leonard Street New York City

For over forty years, the finest of underwear

(Copyright 1925, Wright's Underwear Co., Inc.)



Why not give them the food they need in a form they love?

That's the modern idea in diet. These toasty grains taste like nutmeats . . . crisp and crunchy. You eat them because you love them, because when "nothing tastes good" they tempt and entice the appetite!

MODERN diet starts by tempting the appetite. Instead of eating foods you don't care much for simply because they are "good for you," you eat foods that are good for you because your appetite calls for them.

That's much better, you'll agree. Quaker Puffed Rice is that kind of cereal. It's as crunchy as fresh toast, and as crispy. Its flavor is different from any cereal you have ever tasted . . . it's as enticing as a confection.

Children love it, because it is different. And that stops coaxing them to eat a needed food.

Men like it, because it breaks the monotony of too-often-served dishes. And that solves another frequent problem.

And . . . its food value is that of fine, selected rice. Digests easily because it is steam puffed . . . each grain is eight times the size of an ordinary grain of rice. Every food cell thus is broken.

* * *

Serve with milk or cream, or in bowls of half and half. Try with cooked fruit, or, as a special delight, with fresh berries or fruit. Serve as a breakfast adventure, as a supper dish supreme, as a bed-time snack that will not disturb sleep. Try, too, as a lighter luncheon for clearer minded afternoons.

* * *

Also Puffed Wheat

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

The dog Stocky—also a wire-haired terrier—was taught to eat his dinner on an outspread copy of the Boston Evening Transcript in order that the floor might not be soiled; and a large amount of admiration was aroused among visitors by his ability to hunt out a copy of the Transcript, when ordered to do so, and spread it in front of the fireplace in readiness for his dinner. His lack of true intelligence was held up before the public gaze in a shocking manner on one unfortunate occasion when, on being ordered to bring the Transcript, he triumphantly pounced on a copy of Mr. Hearst's Boston American, which I had inadvertently failed to conceal before giving the order. The full horror of this situation will probably be more apparent to New Englanders than to the lay reader.

The successor of the dog Stocky worked hard to become a carrier of parcels; but unfortunately he had been brought up in very select kennels among the idle aristocracy of the North Shore of Massachusetts, and was consequently a victim of the neurasthenic tendencies so frequently found among our rapidly increasing loafing set. As a result, he would invariably be overcome in the middle of each effort by an overwhelming sense of the futility of his endeavors, and would dejectedly drop his newspaper in the middle of the road and definitely refuse to go on with the experiment.

He was averse to meeting new people; and when guests entered the home he would go into the country and crawl down a favorite woodchuck hole, where it was pleasantly dark and practically secluded, and spend hours in barking hoarsely at the single tenant woodchuck. After the guests had gone he would emerge from the woodchuck hole, thoroughly covered with mud and very large, very black woodchuck fleas, dodge rapidly back home and throw himself timidly but firmly on the couches and easy-chairs, where he would unostentatiously shake out the fleas.

I took up the matter of his excessive stupidity and timidity with the aristocratic owner of the aristocratic kennels from which he came; and the aristocratic owner wrote back to me in typically aristocratic fashion that the timidity and stupidity of the dog were no doubt due to the fact that one of my servants had secretly beaten him. This theory would have been a good one if (1) I had had any servants, which I hadn't; and if (2) any servant could have managed to get near enough to the dog to beat him, which he couldn't.

An extra-large buck woodchuck finally resented his intrusion to such a degree that he tackled him at the bottom of a hole. The poor wretch killed the woodchuck, but passed into the great unknown himself from the ripping that he took in killing him. Like many other stupid aristocrats, he died game.

A Dog's Life

The neurasthenic wire-haired terrier vied for my affections with an extremely robust but extremely clumsy Airedale purchased in infancy from a bird-and-dog store on Fifth Avenue. He was loud, noisy and affectionate, and the unluckiest dog that ever wagged a tail. His—the dog Stub's—life was a series of misfortunes. As soon as he recovered from worms, he was attacked by distemper. As soon as he recovered from distemper, he came down with mange. As soon as he recovered from mange, he was run over by a truck and twisted all out of shape. As soon as he recovered from the truck, he laid open two feet on broken glass. As soon as his feet healed, a collie inflicted painful tooth wounds on his back. When he recovered from the tooth wounds, he nearly passed out with strychnine poisoning. When the strychnine was eliminated from his system, he developed ranula, which is a spongy growth under the tongue that has to be eliminated with a pair of pruning shears every few months.

Any unoccupied periods between these misfortunes were adequately filled with colds, worms, flea epidemics, general miseries and more worms. Whenever he leaped up affectionately on a little child he would knock the child over, whereupon one of the child's relatives or caretakers would give him a severe kicking.

He was deeply attracted by the human voice raised in song, and would travel long distances in order to fawn on the singer and join in the song. He had a strong barytone voice which occasionally broke into second tenor; but owing to the fact that his voice was untrained and would frequently slip off key, his efforts were usually unappreciated by those that he endeavored to assist, and generally resulted in his being the recipient of a number of well-directed blows. Yet to the day of his disappearance—he walked around a corner in front of me in Washington one sunny spring afternoon, and when I rounded the corner a few seconds later he had vanished so effectually that no amount of whistling or calling or advertising or hunting or reward-offering was ever able to bring him back—to the day of his disappearance he was unable to resist the temptation to burst into song with any friend or the merest casual acquaintance, in spite of the fact that his best efforts were certain to bring him nothing but pain and humiliation.

The dog Stub was also unable to resist the lure of open water. On spying a pond or a brook or the ocean, he would march into it with stately tread, lay his ears back, roll up his eyes, stick his nose straight into the air and switch his hind quarters under the surface with an air of voluptuous delight, mixed with sweet anguish at the suddenness of the chill. He would then leap gayly to shore, gallop rapidly back to the persons that he was accompanying at the moment, get as close to them as possible, and then shake himself vigorously and spray them liberally with water. No amount of guttural cursing or rock-hurling or stick-wielding was ever sufficient to make him remember to shake himself out of range.

A Passion for Golf Balls

I might add that all my dogs, from the original Dick, a water spaniel that I owned at the age of eight, down to the wonder-beautiful dog Dick, have been adamant in their determination not to shake water from their coats after a swim unless they could shake it on the garments and the belongings of their nearest and dearest human friends.

The dog Stub was a fairly good parcel carrier, but I was never able to teach him to carry a newspaper in such a way that it was readable after he had delivered it. Being large and active and clumsy, he had a constantly moist mouth. Ordinarily the moisture dripped from his tongue onto the rugs, furniture, books, bric-a-brac and carefully cleaned shoes in his vicinity; but when he carried a newspaper it soaked through the paper and made it about as readable as the condemned paper money in the United States Mint after it has cooked for half a day.

The wonder-beautiful dog Dick displays certain superficial signs of intelligence in the matter of retrieving, and frequently excites the admiration of my friends; but what my friends take for intelligence is really stupidity at bottom.

In the autumn the dog Dick accompanies me along the beaches to a fine salt marsh through which a river twists to the sea; and in the marsh we find occasional winter yellowlegs and beetlehead plover two excellent varieties of birds to blanket with bacon and bake for five minutes in a hot oven. Too often these birds, when shot, drop in the river and go whirling down toward the breakers at its mouth. The dog Dick, being, as I have intimated, somewhat slow on the uptake, seldom sees the birds fall into the river, and merely dances with excitement at my feet at the report of the gun. Consequently I pick up a small stone and toss it toward the floating

(Continued on Page 104)

The DRILL *that* WEATHERED *the* STORM

It started its travels in 1921 – was wrecked – salvaged – and is still rendering valuable service

ON March 16, 1921, the motor ship "Kennecott" slid down the ways. Part of its original tool equipment was a Black & Decker Half-Inch Portable Electric Drill.

For two years the "Kennecott" sailed the seas, ranging from Japan and Alaska to the Atlantic Seaboard. On October 8, 1923, she was wrecked on the British Columbia coast, and the painting reproduced above is taken from an actual photograph showing her lying on the rocks off Graham Island with the breaking seas hurling their spray higher than her mastheads. The sequel is told in a letter which we recently received from Walter Longwill, Sanitary and Heating Engineer, of Prince Rupert, B. C.

"The machine I am using is a Black & Decker ½-inch, F. G. type, 110 volts, and was salvaged off the U. S. motor ship "Kennecott", which ran on the rocks in a storm at Queen Charlotte Islands on the British Columbia coast. The ship had a cargo of copper ore from Alaska and was a total wreck. Fishermen salvaged some material from the wreck, among which was this Black & Decker Electric Drill. The customs authorities took charge of the material, and a sale was held at which the drill was knocked down to us.

It had been taken to an electrician before the sale and found in good shape. I have found that it comes in very handy and effects a considerable saving in both human energy and time."

Four-and-a-half Years of Service and Still Going Strong

This is not unusual for a Black & Decker Drill, although its submersion in salt water before being salvaged, which did not impair its usefulness, is an unusually severe test.

Black & Decker Portable Electric Drills, Electric Screw Drivers, Electric Socket Wrenches, Electric Tappers and Electric Grinders are sold by the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Plumbing, Sheet Metal, Automotive and Electrical Supply Houses

YOU CAN BUY THEM ANYWHERE

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT

The Grenadier Guards —scarlet coats and bearskin shakos. Formal guard mount! When pipes are lit, then wouldn't you like to be there while the men who have served reminisce?

FROM England come Ben Wade pipes . . . different from all others. From the first day on they are sweet, mellow, "broken-in." Breaking-in an ordinary pipe means smoking out the varnish, the stain, the metallic coating inside the bowl. The Ben Wade inside bowl is unstained . . . the briar itself is pumiced and polished by the Ben Wade patented process. The pores of the wood are opened and kept open for perfect absorption! Precious moments of perfect pipe smoking are slipping by . . . don't wait longer. Ask your best tobacconist for Ben Wade pipes. If he can't respond to your demand write for the catalog of all shapes in actual sizes.

Since 1860 Leeds, Eng

Ben Wade PIPES

HARGRAFT & SONS
WRIGLEY BUILDING CHICAGO

This sign Identifies all Hargraft dealers

(Continued from Page 102)

bird. The dog Dick, having a consuming passion for pursuing sticks, stones, golf balls, tennis balls and other throwable objects, at once hurls himself into the river after the stone and paddles eagerly toward the spot where it landed. The floating bird catches his eye, and he at once realizes that he has found the stone that I threw, although it has changed slightly in color, size and odor. He consequently seizes it and bears it triumphantly back to me, little wotting, poor wretch, that he is being grossly deceived.

The dogs of literature, I am sure, would know that stones sink in water, and would refuse to be misled in such a painfully obvious manner.

During the summer months I live close to the edge of the golf links so close in fact that the earnest players hook their second shots into the long grass beneath my workroom windows and then stand there while I am trying to earn my living, and curse and slash at the grass with their mashies and tell one another that they shot a 93 yesterday but that you'd never know it from the way they're hitting 'em today.

It therefore occurred to me that I could make the wonder-beautiful dog Dick earn his keep by instilling in him an appetite for pursuing and unearthing the golf balls that were lost among the whins and bracken and shrubbery of my small estate.

This I was successful in doing, but unfortunately I was unable to curb his appetite at the proper point. The dog Dick will not only dig golf balls from the bushes but he will -if allowed to run loose—dash out on the golf links in front of a golfer who is mildly turning over in his mind the problem of whether to use a mid-iron or a spoon on his next shot, and scoop up his ball in his mouth without hesitating in his flight.

A Chicken Fancier

No golfer has yet been able to catch the dog Dick during one of these raids; but I greatly fear that if one ever does so he will beat him to a pulp with the heaviest niblick in his bag. It would not be so bad—from my point of view—if the dog Dick would return to me with these stolen golf balls unblemished; but unfortunately his passion for them is so great that he retires to a sequestered corner and chews off their covers.

The first dog of my early boyhood, the water spaniel Dick, had a few traits that to draw it mildly—struck the older residents of the community as being unfortunate in the extreme. He could not, I remember, resist the lure of a chicken in flight; and when I entered a farmer's orchard to test the quality of his fruit, which I frequently did uninvited, the original Dick would climb over or under the fence with me and devote his attention to the chickens. If he had a good day, and the farmer didn't interrupt him, he could kill as many as twenty chickens in ten minutes.

He was also of great assistance to me in the sport of pig riding, which was very popular with me at one period. I would enter a pigpen, I remember, and mount the largest pig in sight, after which Dick would clamber between the fence rails and nip the pig's heels, causing him to race around the pen in true circus style. At the end of an hour or two of rare sport we would go home, and I would hide my shoes behind the couch, and the dog would be blamed for it and barred from the house for several days.

It is my recollection that every catastrophe that occurred in my community during my youth—every early frost and every drowning accident and every large robbery and every broken window and every unpleasant natural phenomenon, like a destructive thunderstorm—was blamed on me and my dog Dick. It was freely predicted, I believe, that I would be hanged; and there are still an uncomfortably large number of old residents of the town in which I live who are hopeful that their worst fears for me will be fulfilled. This feeling is not ameliorated to any noticeable extent by the stupidities of the wonder-dog Dick.

The dogs of literature, on the other hand, are always so free from gaucheries and from offensive traits that everyone has a kind word for them; and they could easily be elected mayor if it were fashionable to elect dogs to office. They never run away from home, and they never get mud on clean bedspreads, and they always recognize a bad man at the very first smell. My dogs, however, spend hours in investigating alien garbage pails; and on rainy days, when a deep and unnatural silence has settled over the house, we have always known that we would find the dog of the moment asleep on the cleanest counterpane in the house.

As for this business of detecting criminals, my dogs have always dozed quietly and calmly on the porch when bootleggers and second-story men and murderers passed by the door; but at the approach of our dearest and most loyal friends they would invariably leap to their feet with howls and growls and roars of rage, and occasionally sink a tooth in the ankle of an amiable neighbor that we were particularly anxious not to antagonize.

The distinguished novelist and playwright who lives near me states that dogs shouldn't be too intelligent. It is his belief that a too intelligent dog causes difficult complications; and he instances the case of the dog of mixed lineage that was picked up in the Gas House District and adopted by some friends of his.

On the first occasion when the gas-house dog investigated the land in the vicinity of his owners by adoption, he encountered a bull terrier that took a violent dislike to him. The bull terrier, with many a vile oath, assaulted and battered the gas-house dog with such venom that he seemed dead.

After the bull terrier had swaggered off home, however, the gas-house dog weakly opened one eye and moved a leg a little. Eventually he crawled back to his adopted owners, who nursed him back to health.

The Gas-House Dog's Revenge

After his recovery they were mystified to see that he was saving bones. No matter how hungry he might be, he carefully bore each bone that was given him to a recess beneath the garage. Finally, just after depositing a bone under the garage one sunny afternoon, he set off at a gallop toward his former gas-house haunts.

An hour later he returned, followed by one of the most motley assemblages of dogs ever seen together. The puzzled owners of the gas-house dog counted the motley array and saw that there were twenty-eight of them.

The gas-house dog took them out to the garage and let them sniff around for a while; and he then led them off toward the home of the bull terrier that had assaulted and battered him. A short time later the bull terrier saw the gas-house dog sauntering toward him alone. Instantly the bull terrier's rancor burst into full flower again. He leaped at the gas-house dog with jaws wide open, and at that moment twenty-eight other dogs popped out from behind houses and trees and hedges and simultaneously fell on him. Three minutes later a little piece of the bull terrier was hanging to the lip of each of the twenty-eight dogs. The gas-house dog immediately led the twenty-eight back to his garage and brought out the bones he had saved. There were exactly twenty-eight of them.

Such intelligence is the intelligence of the dogs of literature. I am rather ashamed to admit it, but a short time ago I acquired a wife for the dog Dick. In case an infuriated golfer ever gets at him with a niblick during one of his golf-ball holdups, I want to be able to get another just like him. I'm afraid I like them stupid.

Lake Arrowhead, California

What a protection *electric* light is

. . . and how much less it costs!

When light was really expensive, Uncle Phineas never went to bed without a pistol under the pillow and a lighted lamp at the head of the stairs.

A burning light is still a great protection and you can burn a hall or cellar light every night—all night long—for a week for no more than the cost of a candle or an oil lamp wick.

Electric light is the cheapest light the world has ever had. Use it freely—when you want it, where you want it. Just remember that the best and cheapest lamps to burn are MAZDA* Lamps.

Buy your lamps where you see the sign shown at the left of the picture. It is the emblem of the Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent. He knows the *right* size for every socket.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

Skinner's Satins

Linings for men's suits and top-coats. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Dress Satins. Millinery Satins. Shoe Satins.

THOSE who think all silks are alike have never had a garment lined with Skinner's Satin.

There are many grades of raw silk. Skinner uses but one grade —the finest. There are destructive dyes which give inferior silks *weight and gloss* to deceive the purchaser, at the expense of wearing quality. They have no place in Skinner manufacture.

Wearing quality is the Skinner aim—and has been for 77 years.

In ready-to-wear garments, look for the Skinner label. In ordering from a tailor,

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Estab. 1848

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS — NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA — MILLS, HOLYOKE, MASS.

ME AND BEANY WRITE A BOOK OF POIMS

Continued from Page 42

this is the deakon. and this is Evelyn and this is Ben. she calls him Benny.

i drawed the pictures a little better looking than they was so they woodent get mad. father 1 day sed to old Evelyn that if she marrid old deakon it wood be spring malingering in the lapp of winter. she gigled and put her head to one side and sed o dear mister Shute you are quite galant aint you. and this is the poim. it is a durelog poim. first old deakon speeks and then Evelyn.

the deakon speeks

o Evelyn your never in
when i come out to call
i go your way 5 times a day
and dont see you at all

old Miss Evelyn ansers

a man thats meen and seldum cleen
and older than a mummy
aint got no rite to come and lite
on me or mine i vummy.

[P. S. i vum is the strongest othe a woman can use. women only use it when they are very mutch put upon. men speek verry diferent some times but women dont have mutch injoyment in this life and cant say jest what they want to.]

the deakon puts in his oar again

i wunder why a girl thet i
admire more than enny
one that i know shood always show
parshality for Benny

old Miss Evelyn ansers his question

wnen winter comes along to throw
his ritches in the lapp of spring
she shrinks away from him you know
like enny little girlish thing

the old deakon yips one moar yip

to mate the iggle with the dove
is sumthing nature will not do
xcept when human beings love
like me and you

old Evelyn gets in one moar rap

if you as iggle i as dove
shood wed, as eure as you was born
when out the winder had flew love
i know i shood be clawn.

the deakon has the last say whitch aint usuel in sutch cases

all rite for you my Evelyn
the time is past for dancing gigs
and if you do not like my tin
ill go back to my swill and pigs

tin meens here the deakons mony and not the tin lanterns and candelsticks whitch me and Pewt and Beany used to get when we was driving his swill cart.

this is the last i have herd about old deakon and old Evelyn. there is probably moar to come but not in time for my book of poims. peraps i shall have to wright another book if Beany holds out, but it aint safe to reckon on Beany. at present Beany is ahead. if ennything shood hapen before my book is printed i will put in a P.S. xplaining all.

Wednesday August 17, 186— if this was school time there woodent be enny school this afternoon. so i gess this afternoon i will not wirk enny and will have a rest. as it is a hot day i gess me and Pewt and Beany will go up river to the gravil and tip the boat over and have sum fun diving off of it. a feller has got to be cairful and not have a apologetic shock like sum literary men have. they wirk hard for a long time and then sum day they falls prostrate on the ground and fomes at the mouth and when they has fully recovered they find they cant use there rite arm and there rite hine leg. peraps it is their left arm and their left hine leg. i am not sure whitch. but eether is bad enuf not to be able to use.

sumtimes they talks as if they dident have enny palet or had sum red-hot hasty puding in there mouth. so you bet i aint going to have that hapen to me if going fishing and in swiming will save me. of coarse i havent wirked mutch afternoons ennyway becaus i had to taik cair of my helth, but i always felt as if i was waisting time and sumtimes in the hiest dive or the longest swim under water the thougt wood come to me that i shood be wirking on my book of poims. and sumtimes the awful thougt wood come to me what if i never come up who will finish my book of poims.

once jest as i was diving that awful thougt come and scart me so that i come down on the water flat and maid a awful guttser and neerly drove the breth of life from my boddy. how ennyone can laff at a feller when that happens to him i cant understand, but Beany and Pewt and all the other fellers whitch was in swimming all laffed as if they wood die while all i cood do was to try to draw my breth with awful noises and maiking feerful faces.

so today i felt as if i had a rite to stop wirking and to have a good time as it wood have been a haff holiday if it was school time.

well we wood have had a good time if it hadent been for Beany who plaid the meenist trick on us that i have ever gnew. me and Beany rew the boat up to the gravil and Pewt was there waiting for us and we went on shore and undrest and then we pushed the boat out into deep water and tride to tip it over. Pewt got on one side and me and Beany on the other and we rocked the boat as hard as we cood. bimeby it went over on our side. i see it coming and div under water and got away and i supposed Beany done the same but when i come up Pewt was all rite but there wasent no Beany to be seen. we waited jest a few seconds to see if Beany wood come up and he dident. then Pewt sed gosh i bet the boat hit him a tunker on the head and stunted him and he is under it drownding. well then we tried to tip the boat back and to rescu Beany and save his life before the vital spark had fledd. but the moar we straned and tride the moar that old boat woodent tip back. well it is a awful thougt to think that Beany was down under that boat gogling and spitting out bubbles and growing black in the face and thinking of all the awful things he had did in his long life of crime like fellers whitch is drownding always does.

and the moar we thougt of that the moar we straned and yanked and pulled at that boat and coodent tip it over hardly 1 bit. then we hollered for help and then we both begun to cry. we was scart most to deth. i never see Pewt cry befoar xcept one day he picted up a gray squirril he had caught in a box trap and coodent put him down. well all of a suddin i thougt i wood dive for Beany's ded boddy and peraps if i caugt him we mite save his life. so i drawed a long breth and div under the boat with my eys open and what do you think. the ferst thing i see was Beanys hine legs in the water looking yellow like a chicking and when i come up under the boat there was Beany with his hed above water under the boat holding on to a seet and gigling his hed most off to hear us hollering for help and straining our backboans off trying to tip the boat over and rescu him from a watery graive. and that was the meenist part of it. when we wood try to tip it one way he wood hang down on the other aide. i thougt that boat was terible heavy. well when Beany see me he begun to laff and i was so mad that if i hadent been so tuckered out with trying to lift that boat and diving under it i wood have gave Beany a bang in the snoot but i told him he was the meenist cuss i ever see. bimeby he wispered to me so Pewt woodent hear to stay under the boat and Pewt wood think i was drownded two.

well it was meen to do it but Pewt had did so menny things to me that was meen and as i was so tuckered and it was kind of nice under the boat and not so dark as you wood think i done it. i kept quiet and then Pewt begun to holler Plupy are you under there, Plupy are you drownded. then he hollered for help and we herd him go swiming away as fast as he cood and then sloshing up the bank hollering help as loud as he cood. he hollered help help Plupy Shute and Beany Watson is drownded under a boat help help. Plupy Shute and Beany Watson is drownded under a boat. help. help. well we div down and come up from under the boat and we cood see Pewt with jest his britches on and holding them up with one hand and shinning over fenses and running over Gilmans field to where there was a lot of men about a mile away wirking in a hay field. well we pushed the boat in to where it was only about a foot deep and tipped it over and got most of the water out and then we dressed as quick as we cood.

then we crawled up the bank and peeked over and we cood see the men coming on the run and hollering and Pewt coming all way behind them most tuckered out. sum of the men had unhiched the horses and had got on their backs and was coming as fast as the horses cood galop. well when we see that we run down the bank and gumped into the boat and rew across the river as

Continued on Page 109

"Now I am proud to entertain important guests"

This was the remark of a woman whose husband was rapidly forging ahead in business. There were important acquaintances to entertain. One of the things she found they could easily do to make their house more in keeping with their rising position in life, was to replace the old dark-colored closet seat with a handsome, modern Church Sani-White Toilet Seat

A room to be proud of

The improvement that a spotlessly clean, all-white toilet seat can make in the appearance of a bathroom is certainly surprising There is nothing you can do to equal it at so little cost. And it adds a certain refinement which people, who care about such things, insist upon having. It makes the bathroom the sort of room you can be proud to have guests use

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SEND FOR "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive"

This is the title of an attractively illustrated little book of sixteen pages, just off the press, that tells the story of the interesting way in which one woman discovered how to make her bathroom more attractive.

If you have sometimes wished that your own bathroom looked a little more attractive, this book will certainly be of value to you, and it is FREE Send for a copy, together with a free sample of Sani-White sheathing Tear out the coupon now and mail it to us today. C. F Church Mfg. Co., Dept. Fz, Holyoke, Mass.

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And now in Radio too · · Sonora excels in Beauty of Tone

THE NEW Sonora Highboy marks two great steps forward for radio lovers—exquisite design in cabinet work and rich mellow tone in radio music.

A complete radio unit designed from top to bottom by Sonora—this new Highboy contains our own 5-tube set, the product of three years of testing by Sonora expert engineers. You will find volume, range and exceptionally fine selectivity.

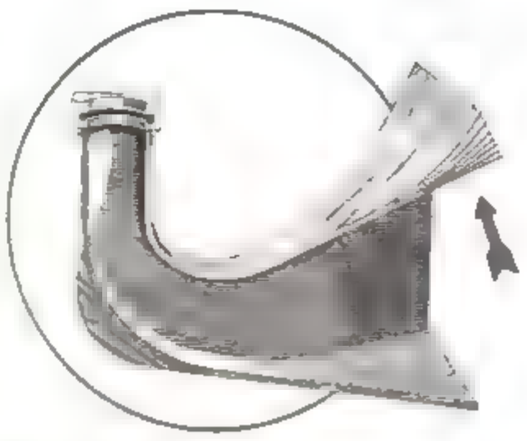
In it also is built the famous Sonora All-Wood tone chamber. This tone chamber is made of ply upon ply of wafer-thin wood—laid at cross grain to neutralize vibration. Through its delicate walls of seasoned wood sound flows smoothly and clearly.

The Plymouth. The famous Sonora Phonograph built into a graceful Highboy. Contains a complete phonograph—the Sonora All-Wood tone chamber and space for the Sonora 5-tube radio set. Price, $175—with radio set $100 more.

Another beautiful cabinet is the Sonora Radio Highboy containing the Sonora 5-tube set and speaker. Price, $2[illegible].

The New Sonora 5-Tube Radio. The Sonora Radio Set is made separately as above; is included in the new Sonora Radio Highboy or can be installed in the new Phonograph Highboys and Consoles—5-tube circuit—three standardized tuning dials—exceptionally low operating cost. Price, $90.

The Sonora Radio Speaker with all-wood tone chamber—no mechanical noise—no harsh overtones. Equipped with cord and plug for attachment to any radio set. No extra batteries needed. De Luxe Model—$30. Standard Model—$20.



The Secret of Sonora Tone

A cross section of the tone chamber or "horn" which is part of every Sonora instrument. This tone chamber frees radio and phonograph from all mechanical noise. In it many plies of wafer-thin seasoned wood are laid at cross grain to each other, neutralizing vibration and eliminating harsh overtones.

There can be no discordant overtones. Every delicate shading of tone is reproduced in all its original beauty.

Other Highboys with complete phonographs

And Sonora makes these superb Highboys, combined with a complete phonograph—each one equipped with the Sonora All-Wood Speaker and ample space for the Sonora Radio Set.

Or, if you prefer, your dealer can offer you as separate units—the Sonora 5-tube radio set—the Sonora Radio Speaker in standard, console or highboy models.

To everyone—whether or not you own a radio—Sonora can bring richer music and more beautiful design. Supreme for years in phonograph tone—now with these new models Sonora brings to radio too all its matchless tone and exquisite cabinet work. SONORA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY.

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

(Continued from Page 107)

quick as we cood and then we threw out a big rock hiched to a roap whitch we use as a anker and grabed our fishing poles and threw in our lines and wated.

we cood hear the men hollering and coming nearer and the horses harniss ginglng and in a minite they come taring up with raiks and long pichforks and roaps and things. the men on horseback gumped off and they all come down the bank and when they see us they hollered where did them fellers go down. then we sed what fellers and they sed the fellers that are drownded and we sed we aint seen enny fellers whitch is drownded and they sed he sed they went down under the boat and we sed they aint enny fellers under this boat and they sed was there a boat floting round when you got here and we sed no this is the only boat that we have saw. and they sed how long have you fellers been here and we sed a hour or moar and they looked to one another and finally one man sed well sumbody has made dam fools of us and another feller sed that little cuss is the damdist little lier i ever gnew. i cood have swoar he was scart to deth and another feller sed it does beet hell how the boys of this day can lie it wasent so when i was young and another sed where is that meesly little cuss and jest then Pewt come running up brething hard and with nothing on but his britches.

well the minit he see us in the boat fishing his eys stuck out like a snapping bugs but befoar he cood say ennything 2 men grabed him 1 by the ear and 1 by the hair and they led him down to the bank and one man sed now you cussed lier befoar i ty a rock to your neck and drownd you like a cat tell us why you plaid so meesly a trick on us and Pewt begun to cross his throte and hope to die and say we come up with him to go in swiming and fishing and we all went in and tiped over the boat and Beany went under the boat and i div under to rescu him and neether of us come up and he run for help and the 2 men eech give him 2 or 3 bats eech and a shaik or 2 and then another man sed what maiks me madder than ennything is to hear a boy tell sutch a dam fool lie as that and they sed what shall we do with him fellers and one feller sed less not drownd him because some day he will be hanged and another feller sed less maik him run the gantlet. so they stood in line and made Pewt taik off his britches and then they all got a swich eech and they made him run by them and when he went fluking by eech feller hit him a old he one with his swich and evry time he got hit he let out a awful yell. gosh you had aught to have saw Pewt hiper and herd him yell.

well then the men all went back to wirk and told Pewt that if he ever plaid sutch a meen trick as that again they wood drownd him like a rat.

well after they had went we told Pewt to dress and we wood row him up river and what do you think he sed. he sed he wished me and Beany was at the bottom of the river. he sed we mite drownd as ded as Golier for all he cared and he never wood speek to us again as long as he lived. and he put on his close and went down towerds the bridge. he sed he wood get even with us if it took the rest of his life. now who ever herd of a feller getting so mad as that for a goke. i shood be ashaimed to show so mutch temper for a thing like that. but then Pewt is diferent from most fellers. i am glad i am not like Pewt.

Thursday August 18, 186— it has raned all day and is kind of cold. so this morning i went over to Beanys to see how he has got along on my poims. old Smith Hall and Clark whitch print the Exeter News Letter have got sum newspaper paper that is jest rite to print poims on but Pewt is the only feller whitch has got enny chink and he is mad with us. i dont know jest what we can do. i set tipe today. Beany showed me how he had set it and when i looked at it i coodent maik hed or tale to it. it was all rong side two so i poared it all out in the box. there was a lot of it. then i went to wirk to set the tipe. i put it in head first as it had aught to go. then when i had got a lot of it set i fassened it tite and rubbed sum ink on it and run a roller over it and all i got was a black smeer.

i had the tipe in head first or tale ferst i have forgot whitch. then i tride again and got them rong side up. that wasent so bad because if a feller had a book whitch was printed rong side up he cood tirn the book rong side down and it wood be all rite. but if the printing was rong the way Beany had it a feller wood have to hold the book up in front of the looking glass to read it. well while i was thinking sutch thoughts Beany come in and when he saw what i had printed he neerly laffed his head off.

well when he found i had poared out the tipe he had set rong he stoped laffing and was the maddest feller i ever saw. he kicked round the room and sed i was the biggest lunkhead he ever see. he sed i dident have as mutch branes as a munky rench. well we dident have a fite because we was pardners and pardners hadent aught to fite. so i swalowed his wirds bitter thoug they was and told him I done the best i cood. well when Beany see i felt bad for what i had did he sed he was rong to say i dident have as mutch branes as a munky rench so he wood taik off the wird rench and let it go at that.

so rather than have a row with Beany and not get my book of poims printed i sed all rite i woodent interfear with Beany xcept when he tride to correct my speling or grammer whitch i gnew mutch moar about than Beany and xcept when he tride to chainge a wird whitch was neccesary to maik a rime. so Beany agreed. i gess it will be enuf for me to rite the poims without trying to print them. a feller cant do evrything and keep well.

i rote a poim about Pewt today. it sirves him rite for being fool enuf to get mad for nothing but a little fun. i also drawed his picture. this is Pewt.

and this is the poim.

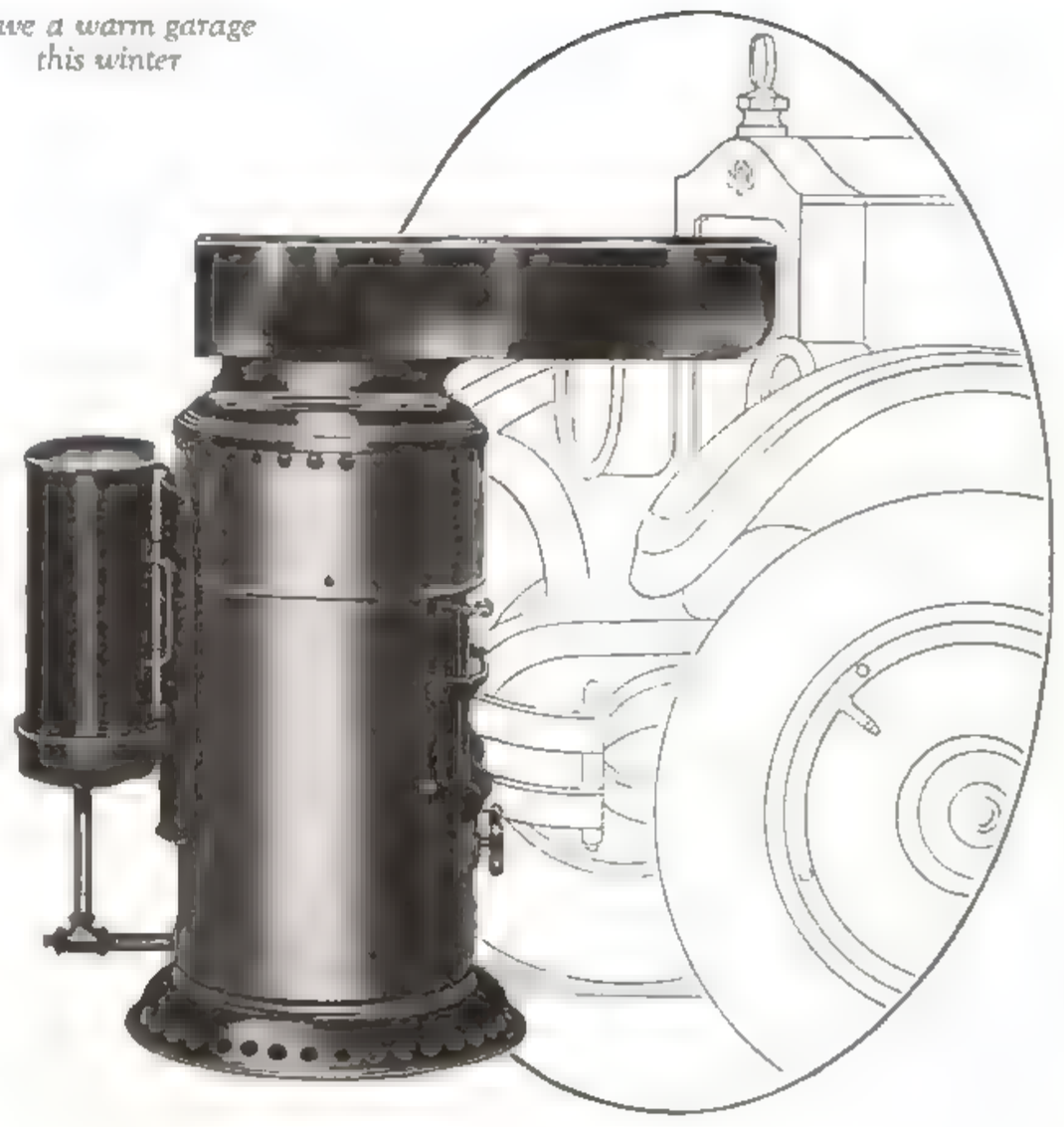
a woful loss our town sustaned
when Plupe and Beany drownded
by going down beneath a boat
which they and Pewt had grounded
in 20 feet of water cleer
and well known as the gravil
where folks whitch cannot row and steer
had never aught to travil.

the sun was brite the sky was blew
when they set out together
to row and swim and dive anew
regardless of the wether

[P.S. dive anew meens that they had diven before a grate menny times. it dont meen that it was a new kind of dive as sum mite think.]

they hiched the boat unto a stark
and hid behine a tree

Have a warm garage this winter



At last A real oil heater for your garage

Safe, Effective, Economical

YOU can have a warm garage this winter without the expense of installing steam pipes—a warm garage with an easy starting car protected from costly damage by freezing.

The new Florence Garage Heater is so safe you can put it completely off your mind. It has the same type of wickless burner as the famous Florence Oil Range, and is protected by a double safety screen, on the same principle as the miner's safety lamp.

No flame can pass through this protective screen—even inflammable gases from the outside could not ignite. It is impossible for the Florence Garage Heater to get overheated. You just light it and forget it. The tank holds two gallons of oil, enough for continuous use at top heat for twenty-four hours.

Much of the time the heat can be turned low, as the Florence has real capacity for keeping your garage above the freezing point. The movable hood shown in the picture enables you, when you wish, to focus the heat right at the radiator and engine.

This heater is attractive to look at. It is portable and takes but little space.

$24 east of Mississippi River, $25.50 Mississippi to Rocky Mts., $27 Pacific Coast; the hood $2 extra. To run no risk of being disappointed, get your Florence Garage Heater *early* at a good hardware or automobile supply store. *Send for booklet.*

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY, Park Square Bldg., BOSTON, MASS.
Makers also of Florence Oil Ranges and Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Room Heaters

FLORENCE *Garage Heater*

Made by the makers of the famous *Florence Oil Range*, the stove with *focused heat*

© 1925, F. S. Co.

and off they every rag did tark
where nobody cood see

they always had to taik grate cair
lest sum woman or her daughter
shood come by jest when they was there
and see what they hadent augt ter

[P. S. this shood have been aught to but it woodent rime so good. poits can do this when they has got to. like this time.]

as nobody was coming by
they gumped into the river
not thinking they was going to die
and set the town a quiver.

[P. S. quiver meens that peeple in the town wood be terible xcited and ring their hands and get poles with hooks on them and drag the river.]

they tipped the dory rong side up
to maik a bully dive
but when old Beany aint come up
they sed he aint alive

then Plupy whitch was very brave
div deeply like a plummett
to drag poor Beany from the wave
and not to let him come it

he found old Beany with his hed
above the waters level
and surely verry far from ded
and laffing like the devril

and so them two as truth is true
remained beneath the dory
while Pewter scarl and cold and blue
rushed off to spred the story

[P. S. dory is another name for a boat and is not a girls name as sum mite think. it wood be verry unproper to have a girls name apear in a story of this kind when fellers is in swimming.]

Pewt run throug brambles stumps and trees
nat heeding cuts and itches
divested of his uniform
save one old pair of britches

he hollered so that 20 men
and six or seven others
come rushing up with poles jest then
to save poor Pewters brothers

[P. S. calling me and Beany brothers of Pewt is a figger of speach whitch dont mean nothing. poits can do this and ministers and peeple whitch belongs to chirches and missionaries.]

and when they found that both of us
was sitting their a fitching
they called him a most wuthless cuss
whitch needed a good switching

[P. S. fitching meens fishing. a poit can change a wird so it will rime.]

and while they held him by the ear
they talked if they shood drownd him
jest like a rat or with a bat
jest gnock him down and pound him

but finally they licked him good
for most almity lying
and let him go jest as they shood
a howling loud and crying

now Pewt is mad as mad can be
with me and Beany for it
but why he shood be mad with me
i have not really saw it

i really think that he'd be glad
to think we'd left our trubles
and lying on the rivers bed
a blowing off our bubbles.

there i think i have rote enuf to maik a pretty good book. i wood rite moar but i have got to consider Beany. i have also got to taik care of my helth. so i have been to all the band concirts of the Exeter Cornet Band and evry practise nite i set on the steps and lissen.

after i have sold all my books of poims i think i will invent some new peace for the band to play. i can wissle evry tune they play and when a feller can do that whitch dont belong to the band it is a sure sign that they gneed sum new music. i have been thinking of wrighting the Beany quickstep and the Pewt andanty and walce.

but ferst i have got to get my book of poims printed and sold. it is almost reddy.

Pewt is kind of hanging round. i gess he wants to maik up with me and Beany but if he does he has got to speek ferst. boath me and Beany has maid up our mind to that. we wood like to have Pewt keep mad untill after we have sold my book and got my money. we feal that if Pewt maiks up with us befoar that time he will manage sum how to get sum of that mony. so if we can keep him mad a few days longer we will be all rite.

Friday August 19, 186— this morning Cele wirked at sewing together the sheets of paper that Beany has printed and the pictures i have drew. she sed she dident think i was verry respectable to sum peeple but she sed my rimes was all rite and it wasent sing song like sum poitry but she sed she gessed it wood sell only she dident think she wood have rote sum of them poims jest like i did.

ennyway we have got them all sewed up and on the cover whitch is maid of white paper is these wirds.

Poims of Peeple and Things in Exeter and Pictures of the Saim.

Poims rote and pictures drew
by Harry Shute poit and arttist.

printed by Elbrige Watson gob printer.

tomorrow we are going to sell them. they are $.15 cents apeace. 25 copies at $.15 cents apeace maiks $3. dollers and $.75 cents. we are going to give Cele $.50 cents for sewing them and then devide $3. dollers and $.25 cents even. that will give me and Beany $1. doller and $.62½ cents a peace whitch is better than nothing but pretty small compaird with what we xpected to get from the elwife bizziness and the boan bizziness and considering the teribie strane i have been under it dont seam mutch.

ennyway there can't be enny trubble about this for evry wird i have rote is true and as father sed truth is mity and will prevale. i think Beany charged two mutch for what he done but then Beany is kind of a grasping feller and if a feller dont look out Beany will taik a hog bite. but the next book i wright i shall maik a diferent arrangement with Beany. we are both going to get up erly and do our errands and other wirk and then go down town and sell my books. Cele has promised not to tell ennyone so that when father comes home tonite from Boston he will be sirprized and wont know what to say. i am going to put a book on his plait at the supper table and wach his face when he reeds it. i bet he will be sirprized and pleesed. it only shows that fellers whitch is willing to wirk his fingers to the boan can atain sucess. i xpect from this time on my life will be verry diferent.

Monday August 22, 186— 3 days has went by sence i rote my last wirds. i shall never wright a nother poim or print a book. if i had gnocked down a old woman and stole her falce teeth and her ear rings i coodent have got into enny wirse trubble than i have got into about that book of poims. for 3 awful days i have not gnew until tonite wether i shood go to staits prizen for life or to the reform school. everybody i rote about has been to the house shaking his fist and swaring. i dont beleeve there was ever sutch a time befoar. father sed he hadent saw sutch xcitement sence the rebels fired on fort Sumter. father he laffs about it now but it was 2 or 3 days befoar he saw the fun of it.

that is what i dont understand how enny peeple can read them poims and not like them. but most enny feller and woman whitch i rote a poim about wanted to kill me. i gess they wood have if it hadent been for father and General Marstin. father sed that most always he cood straiten things out himself like when we marked up the grave stones but this was two mutch for one man and Brad that is Pewts father and Wats that is Beanys father hadent come to the scrach and helped him out. he sed they had not shew the sines of true frendship that he had for them and whitch had augt to link them togather for weel or wo and so he had to call in General Marstin and he and General fixt it. he sed for a long time it was knip and tuck.

well it is a long and verry xciting story. saturday morning me and Beany got our wirk done erly and went down town. the ferst man we met was Horris Cobb and Rashe Balnap. they was going in swiming erly. we showed them the books and they looked at them a minit and began to laff and bougt 2. then they hollered to Frank Hervey whitch was going down to his resterent and he bougt one and gave us 2 creem cakes eech. then we met the onerable Amus Tuck and Jug Stickney and they bougt 2 and went off reeding them and leening back and forrard and laffing fit to kill themselfs. it dident taik enny time at all to sell the books. we sold them as fast as i cood rite the naims into a little acount book. i am glad now i kept the acount for if i hadent done it i dont gnow what wood have happened to me and Beany. i gess we wood be in stait prizen. we was near enuf ennyway. i have never had so narrow a squeek in my life.

well we sold all my books and we give Cele $ 50 cents and me and Beany devided the rest of the mony whitch was moar than we xpected for sum of the peeple whitch bougt the books give us $.25 cents and told us to keep the chainge. so we kept the chainge and kept a book eech and had moar mony than we xpected.

well then me and Beany went up river fishing and swiming. Pewt is still mad and hasent went ennywhere with us yet. we have been hoaping he wood keep mad untill after we got our mony but now we miss Pewt because he can think up so menny things to do. Pewt was the feller whitch invented putting carpit tacks in fellers seets in school instid of pins. he also invented putting a darning needle in the toe of his boot and reeching his hine leg and kicking a feller 2 seets front of him.. then that feller wood let out a yell that you cood hear 9 miles and old Francis wood grab the feller whitch set behind the feller whitch let out the yell and lick time out of him in spite of all he cood say and Pewt wood set there looking as if he hadent did ennything rong in his life. then old Francis after licking the feller wood maik him set sumwhere elce and put sum other feller in his place and then sumtime peraps that afternoon Pewt wood do it again and get the new feller a licking. so we miss Pewt he is sutch a grate inventer.

well me and Beany staid all day planning what we shood do with our money and swiming and fishing. when i got home i found a lot of peeople there waiting for father to get home. they was setting on the steps and in the garden, under the trees and on the steps of the barn and in the parlor. mother was wurried i cood see that and when i come in they all started to talk and gaw me and mother she sed you will eether have to stop talking that way or leeve the premices. when Mister Shute comes home he will talk it over with you. and she told me to go to my room and stay until she called me and i was glad to do it. well bimeby the hack drove up with father and the minit he come in they all came at him talking together men and women slapping their hands together and them whitch had umbrellers shaking them. well father told them to come into the parlor and lissened while they talked and thretened me with stait prizen and jale and reform school and licking. i tiptode from my room to the front stairs and lissened. they sed that they had let me off a good menny times on account of the frendship for father and mother but that this was the straw that broak the zebras back and the law had got to taik its coarse.

well after about an hour father he sed well ladys and gentlemen befoar i deside what is best to do i must reed the book and think it over so if you will all come back here at 8 oh clock i shall be reddy to talk it over. well then they all went and father and the rest had supper and Cele brought me up mine. after supper father and mother and aunt Sarah went into the parlor and father read the book out loud and mother and aunt Sarah had to laff two. father wood say by godfry Sarah lissen to this and then he wood read it and laff. bimeby he sed well this is a bad scraipe and i gess i will get General Marstin down. so he went out and come back bimeby with General and when General come in he began to read the book and laff so you cood hear him all over the street. bimeby when he stoped mother sed General it is funny but i am afraid it is not a laffing matter. and General he sed it aint ennything elce Mrs. Shute but how in thunder did these young scamps think of doing sutch a thing and then father sed by godfry General it was my falt. the last scraipe he got into was the swill cart scraipe and of coarse i coodent lick him for that and i told him he must stop doing sutch things and he asked me what he cood do and i told him to wright poitry. but i dident supose he thougt i ment it.

bimeby the peeple begun to come and then they shet the door and all i cood hear was a lot of yapping. sum was trebble and sum was base. then bimeby it wood all stop but 1 voice whitch i gess was General Marstins. bimeby father called me down. when i went in i dident dass look ennyone in the ey, they all looked as if they cood bite a peace out of me.

well General Marstin asted me if i gnew how menny books i sold and if i gnew the men to whitch i sold them. i sed yes and shew him my acount book. he looked it over and sed hum ho hum i gess we can fix it all rite and then he sed well this is understood is it. we are to get the books back and birn them and promise not to do so again and it will be all rite. and they sed if that was the best we cood do it was all rite. so i promised and he sed he wood do it and he and father got a horse and buggy and drove round that nite and got them all. lots of people sed they woodent give them back but when General told them if they dident it wood get me into jale they give them back and sed they had moar fun reading them than they got at Comical Browns show last winter. sum of them wanted their mony back whitch father pade but most of them dident.

when father come back with General they birnt all the books jest as they sed they wood do. then father he sed well General how mutch do i ow you and General he sed not a dam cent George, the fun i have had reading that book will maik me laff for a year. ennyway i never charge for helping boys out of scraips. you and i was boys once ourselfs. but you had better put a check rane and a curb bit on that boy of yours or sum day you will be hunting bale for him. but this time i think you were to blaim for giving him bad advice. you told him to wright poitry and he rote it. i wish i cood have kept one of them books but i promised to birn them all. but that was the cussidiest book of poims i ever see and as for the pictures they was lots better than enny of old Boutelles dagerryotipes or tin tipes.

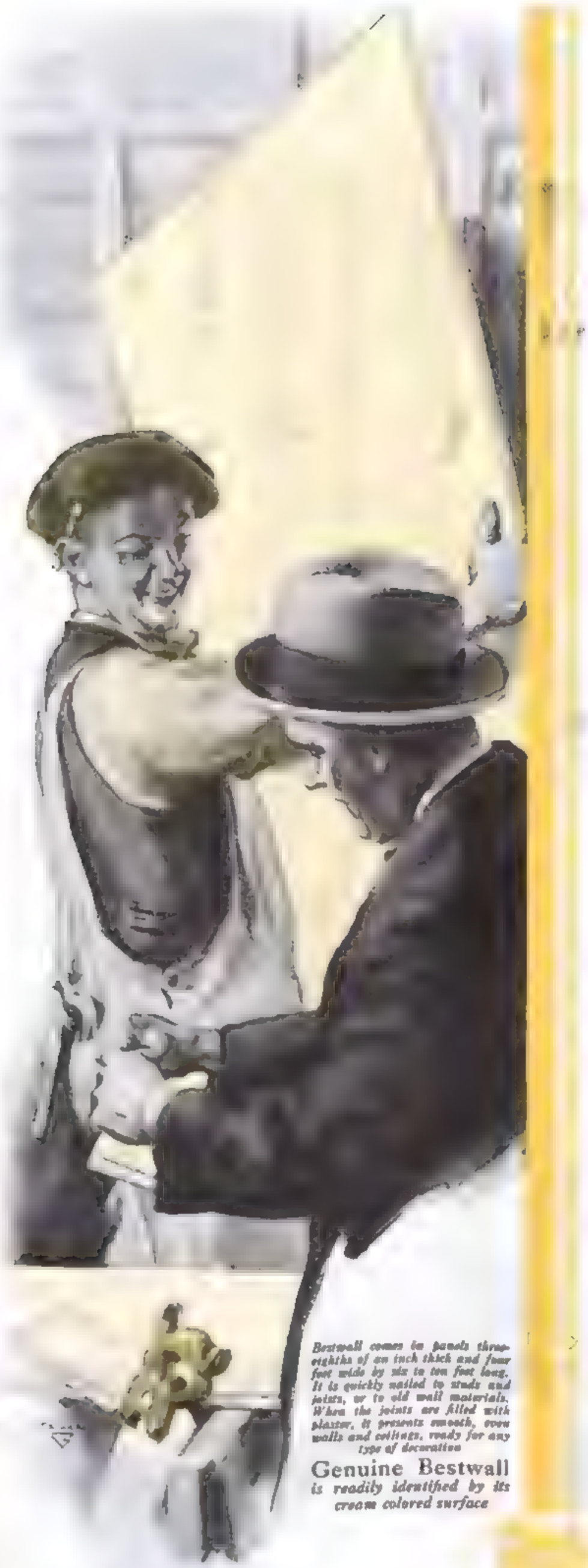
so the General went home and father sed well Joey, he calls mother Joey you know, well Joey this has been a pretty bizzy day. i am glad tomorrow is sunday and we can all sleep off the effeck of what i shood call a literary bender. i wonder what them cussed boys will be up to next. i dont like to impose upon my friends but if this keeps up i shall have to hire General Marstin by the year.

then he sed to me it is lucky for you that i got you into this scraipe. if it hadent been for that i wood have taken your hide off in 42 plaices. now you start to bed and i started lifely. as i went up stairs i herd father say thank the good lord from whitch all blesings flow that them books is all distroyed. i shoodent sleap nites if i thougt there was one left to tell the tale.

i wonder what father wood say if he gnew there was jest one left. i have got one hid. but nobody will ever see it but me.

this is the end for tomorrow school begins again. well i have had a very interesting summer after all.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of sketches by Mr Shute.



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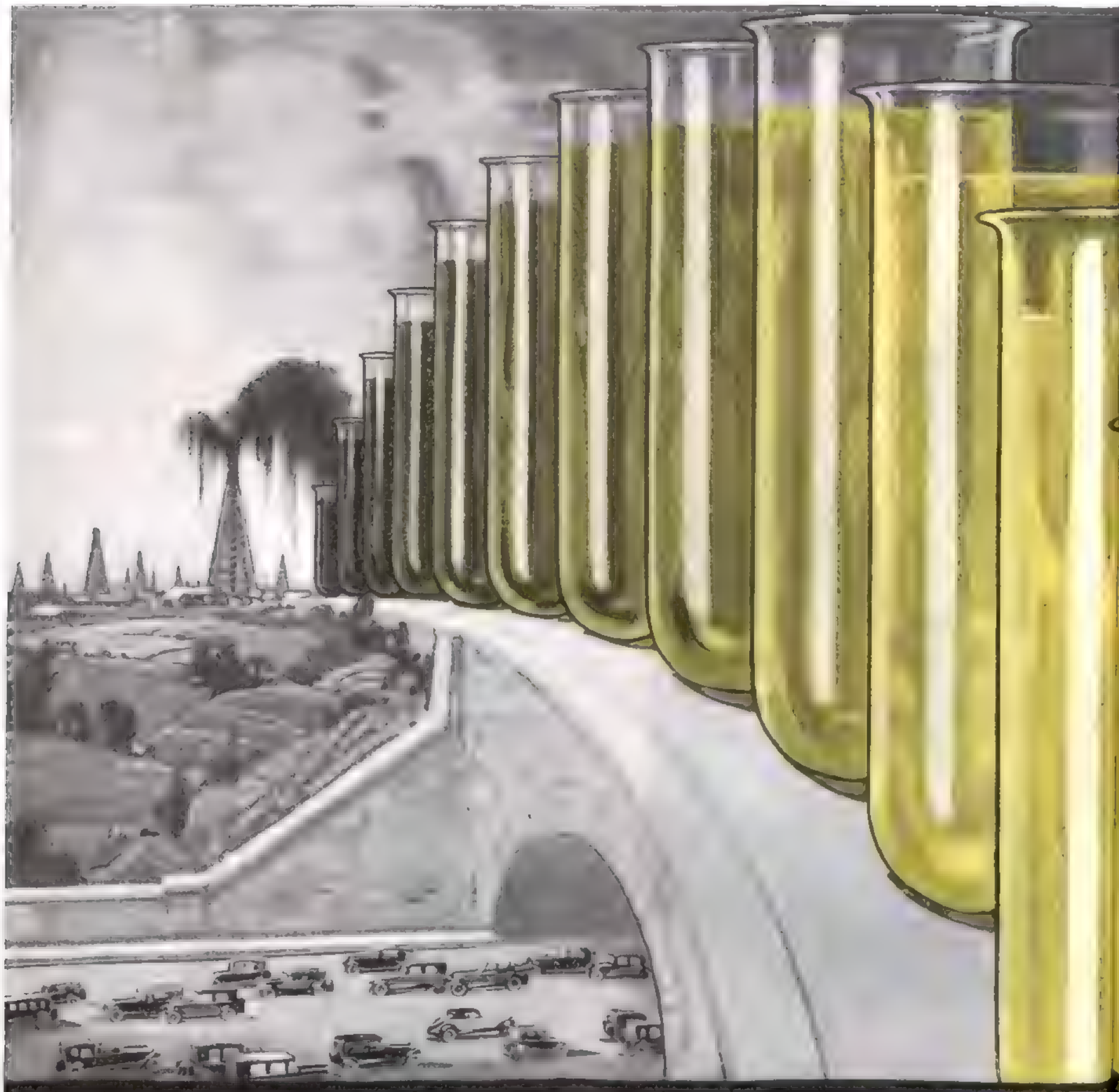
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STARRING STUPE

Continued from Page 25

the few heaves he did unloose toward first were about as accurate as shots fired by a blindfolded woman with the palsy. Seven of the eight runs made by the post nine were with the compliments of Stupe, while his contribution to the four markers we pushed across the pan was a young nix

"You going to play that kind of ball the rest of the trip?" I asks after the game.

"Clever, wasn't it?" grins Gilligan.

"Clever?" I repeats.

"Sure!" he comes back. "You don't think I was playing my best, do you?"

"Weren't you trying?" I asks.

"Of course not," returns Stupe. "This is a good-will trip, isn't it?"

"What about it?" I snaps.

"How you going to spread salve around," says Gilligan, "by trimming folks in foreign countries?"

"Don't you know these islands belong to us?" I queries.

"Do they?" exclaims Stupe, surprised. "Are they part of the Philippines?"

"They're in the same ocean, aren't they?" I barks. "Now listen here," I goes on. "This may be a good-will tour like you says, but you're no salve salesman from Schenectady or ointment peddler from Piqua. Your business is to play the best game that's in you and behave yourself on and off the ball grounds. Get me, or shall I repeat it in words of less than one syllable?"

Gilligan mumbles something about the boss' ideas, but I leaves him before he gets very far.

"Tripe is tripe," says Hartnett, when I tells him about the talk with Stupe, "and you can't lecture it into fillet of sole. The chief made the fatal mistake of dropping a few cracks in front of Gilligan about carrying good will abroad and ever since the trip started he's been trying to tell the other boys how to act in foreign countries."

"You didn't tell me anything about this before," I remarks.

"No," admits Dave. "The condition you were in, I didn't think you could even hold information. If I were you I'd ship Stupe back to the States. He's going to bean somebody with these good-will heaves of his before we get far and get the whole gang of us in Dutch."

Two days later we leaves Hawaii and heads for New Zealand and Australia. For a while Gilligan's under cover and I got nothing to complain about. About a week or so out Stupe passes by me and Hartnett, lugging a camera.

"What you shooting?" asks Dave. "Fish?"

"The equator," returns Gilligan. "We're going to pass it in about ten minutes. I want to get all set."

"You want to be careful," advises Hartnett, "or you'll get a couple of meridians in the picture. They're hard to tell apart."

"Not for me, they won't be," brags Stupe, and goes on deck.

"Come on," says Dave, after a bit, "let's go up and see what luck he's having."

When we arrives Gilligan's having an argument with an Englishman and I listens in.

"If it was there I could see it, couldn't I?" growls Stupe. "What do you think I got—umpire eyes?"

"But," protests the Britisher, "it's an imaginary line, you know."

"So's your grandmother!" snaps Gilligan. "If it was imaginary, it wouldn't be a line; and if it wasn't a line, it wouldn't be there. Cackle that off!"

"What did you think the equator was?" I asks Stupe, when the other lad drifts away. "A brick wall with tire signs on it?"

"I was only joking with him," returns Gilligan. "It makes foreigners kind of feel good-willish when you joke with 'em."

"You must never tell an Englishman a joke on Saturday," I cautions him. "It makes him laugh in church. Did you take any pictures?"

"Yes," returns Stupe, "and when I get 'em developed I'll make a bum out of a lot of schoolbooks. I'll bet there's a line there, at that."

However, the equator stuff was nothing compared to what Gilligan pulls at the hundred and eightieth meridian. That's the place where you drops a whole day out of the week to catch up with sun time. A baby goes to bed Monday night, perfectly sober, reels off eight hours of snores and wakes up Wednesday morning. Hartnett's explaining the whys and whereases to me and some of the other boys when Stupe and his flat-wheel friend Tracy come along.

"You mean to say this is Wednesday?" asks Gilligan.

"Yes," answers Dave.

"It may be for you," comes back Stupe, "but not for me. Nobody's going to swipe a day out of my young life. Hey, Hank?"

"They're only kidding," says Tracy. "If this isn't Tuesday, where is it? Where has it gone?"

"The same place," answers Hartnett, "where your lap goes when you stand up."

"Yeh," jeers Gilligan, "but I can get my lap back by sitting down again."

"You'll get this day back when you return," Hartnett promises him. "There'll be a pair of Tuesdays."

"You fellows can do what you darn please," growls Stupe, "but nobody's going to make a sucker out of me. I'm willing to go as far as the next guy in soft-soaping these foreigners, but I draw the line when it comes to shooting a day out of the week; and it's no imaginary line either. I got a lunch date with a gal on Deck B for today and nobody's going to make me think today's gone and this is tomorrow. I got a date with another chick for Wednesday. That'd leave me in a fine fix, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose," remarks Dave, "that you and Tracy are going to wear your heavy overcoats down in Australia."

"Isn't it cold in winter there?" inquires Hank.

"Sure it is," returns Hartnett; "but it's summer in Australia now."

"Gosh!" gasps Tracy. "They're swiping whole seasons!"

"Not with me, they're not," barks Gilligan. "It's cold in America and it's going to be cold for me in Australia. There's limits to good will."

IV

WE PUT on nothing but exhibition games for the Anzacs, so there's no reason for Stupe playing rotten ball except the natural one. For a week or so I have no trouble with him. His tongue perspires as freely as ever, but I'm able to snap his trap shut before he pulls any international complications; and by the time we head for the Orient I'm beginning to feel a little easier about that garrulous millstone. Dave's still nervous though.

"Send him home, Jim," he advises. "He's giving the whole layout of us the social standing of horse thieves and the intellectual rating of deaf-mute Digger Indians."

"He's harmless," I insists.

"Maybe," says Hartnett; "but I still have a hunch that he'll pull the whole tent down over our heads before we get that Tuesday back."

In Japan we're due for a series of games with a university nine and the boys are on their toes for a real scrimmage. And "real" is right. The day before we're to play I watch two Tokio teams work and they put up a brand of ball that's not to be sniffed at even by big leaguers. There's a real pay crowd out for the tussle between us and the college boys, and they give us what goes in Japan for a large hand.

"Now you play real ball," I cautions Gilligan.

"All right," he comes back; "but the boss was particular about spreading good will around here."

"I'll look after that," I yelps. "You pull any fumbles out in the field and you'll be spreading good-bys from the back end of a cattle boat bound for home."

The game develops into a snappy, close affair. Jameson, in the box for us, puts everything he has on the ball; but his everything's not enough to keep it away from the brown boys' busy bats. They hit to all corners of the field, and besides are chain lightning on the bases. By the end of the third inning they've got a four-run lead on us. In the fourth session, however, Tracy bangs one out with the bags full and the score's love all. Stupe comes up in the fifth with a man on second and third and two down. The other times up he'd popped to right field and flown out to third.

"Slap it out!" I shouts.

"How big is Japan?" comes back Gilligan. "I want to keep the ball in the country."

"You kept it here," I remarks disgustedly, after he takes a barn-door swing at the third strike and misses it a foot.

Stupe's pretty grouchy when he goes out to take his place at second. The first college boy up shoots a clean single to right. The second slaps the ball in the same direction. Perritt, out in the sun field, comes in with a rush, grabs the pill on the hop and with the same motion heaves it to Glover at first. Glover's on the job, too, and lets no lawn grow under his feet. He snaps the ball to second for a fast double. The

Continued on Page 117

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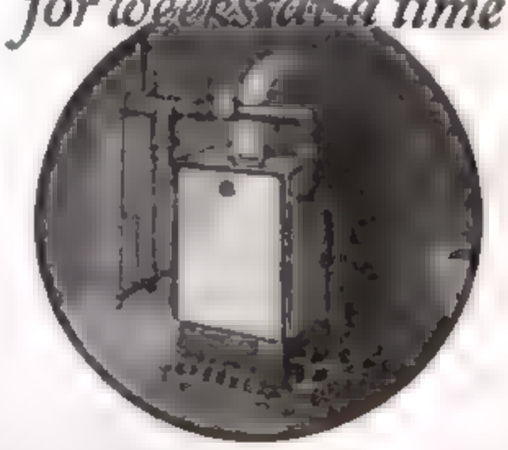

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(Continued from Page 115)

throw's a little wide, but Gilligan reaches out, snags the old onion with his meat hand and plasters it on the Jap for one of the snappiest two-time outs I'd ever seen.

I notices the runner getting up and dusting himself off. He's been tagged and he's not arguing about it. Stupe says something to him and I catch a flash of the brown lad showing his teeth in a smile.

Then it happens. Gilligan lashes out with his gloved mitt and catches the Jap flush on the chin. He follows with a rain of wallops and then the college boy starts fighting back. After that it's a kind of yellow blur of a mob pouring into the field and surrounding the players. With Hartnett and others on the bench, I starts out to where the battling's thickest: but we never get very far. A gang rushes on us and in a few seconds we're having a free-for-all knock-down and drag-out. I don't know how long the fuss lasted, but I wasn't any mother's pride and joy when the cops busted through to the dugout and dragged me and the other boys free from the scrimmage.

The whole flock of us is taken to the hoosegow and it's a couple of hours before the American consul is able to get us out and sent to the hotel under guard. There, for the first time since the excitement started, I sees Gilligan, and what a fine mess of raw meat he turns out to be! His face is slashed to ribbons, his nose is squashed flat and he's a Black-Eyed Susan for fair.

"How'd it all start?" I demands.

"It was the Jap's fault," mumbles Stupe through his pillow lips.

"How?" I wants to know.

"Remember that snappy double play I pulled?" asks Gilligan.

"What of it?" I snarls. "Did you have to knock him out as well as put him out?"

"After the put-out," goes on Stupe, "I turns to brown baby and says innocent, 'Good play, huh?'"

"And what'd he do?" questions Hartnett. "I thought I saw him smile."

"So did I," I adds.

"He hissed me," barks Gilligan, "and "

"Hissed you!" gasps Dave.

"Yes," says Stupe. "He went, 'y-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s.'"

"Hissed you, hell!" exclaims Hartnett. "That's the Japanese way of agreeing with you. He just said yes polite."

"Well," shrugs Gilligan, "it's hissing where I come from and that's good enough for me."

Two days later I get a cablegram from Bull Grogan. It reads:

"Return to America first ship. Goodwill tour. I laugh."

I shows the message around.

"Laugh!" repeats Stupe. "Where's the joke?"

"In that mirror over there," I yelps. "Take a look."

DIRTY WORK IN THE ARGONNE

(Continued from Page 17)

"Anything in his pockets can stay there," he said.

The chaplain started to argue, but Lieutenant Baird cut in, "This man is his brother; whatever he says goes."

So the chaplain reached in his pocket and brought out a book and read out of it. I can't remember what it was, but I guess it was all right. Then we lifted Snipe off the stretcher and put two ropes under him and let him gently down into his grave, still wrapped in his army blanket.

There came a burst of rain, and we started to shovel dirt into the grave as fast as we could. Somehow we seemed to get the idea that we ought to cover Snipe up before the rain got him wet. Foolish idea. But anyway that is what we thought.

Finally we stopped for a little rest, and Lieutenant Baird and me and Henry were standing all together on one side of the grave. Baird kept looking at Porky, who was on the other side.

"How does he seem to be taking it?" whispered Baird. "Pretty hard?"

"Yes," said Henry, "awful hard. He don't say much, but I never seen such a set look on his face before. If he could only cry or something, I believe he would feel better."

"I wish I could talk to him," I said, "and make him feel better, but I don't know what to say."

There came a voice behind us. It was the chaplain.

"I will comfort him," he said, and walked over to Porky. We heard him commence, "I know you feel very badly about this, my boy, but you must try to look on the bright side of things."

"Huh?" said Porky.

"Remember, all things work together for good to those who love God."

"You shut up!" said Porky, clenching his hands and gritting his teeth.

"But, my boy, you don't know what you're saying," said the chaplain.

"You shut up!" said Porky. And just then Lieutenant Baird stepped up.

"Just a minute, chaplain. I want to tell you something in private."

He led the chaplain a little way down the road. I don't know what he told him, but when Baird came back the chaplain was not with him.

Most of the dirt was now back in the hole. Me and Henry was working the shovels and Porky was walking up and down. All at once he started to talk to us.

"I'm crazy," he said. "I don't know what I'm doing. It ain't the people around here I want to hurt. There's no use getting sore at Sloppy and the top and the chaplain, is there?"

"No," I said, "there ain't."

"They don't mean no harm," he went on. "It's the Germans I want to get. Them damn Germans killed my brother, and I'll get even with them if it takes till my dying day."

"Listen, Porky," I said, "you're getting yourself all tired out. Why don't you go and lie down in our tent, and me and Henry will finish this job, and ——"

"I don't want any rest," said Porky, "until I get some of them Germans. And in the meantime, I'll send 'em a message—the dirty pups."

He walked over to the Number One gun and looked at the shells standing beside it.

"Which one are you going to fire first?" he asked.

The section chief pointed out one of them and Porky went over to the escort wagon, fished around a while and came back with a piece of chalk. He bent over and started to write on the shell:

"You damn German sons of ——"

There was a noise out on the road. Four men had arrived with a stretcher on which they were bringing a wounded soldier back from the front lines. The four stretcher bearers set their burden down beside the road and came in to the battery position asking for a drink of water.

"What you got out there?" someone asked.

"A wounded German," answered one of the men.

"What?" asked Porky suddenly.

"A wounded German."

"Aha!" said Porky, and a look came over his face like the very devil himself. He lifted his hand, felt at his belt, and then I heard him whisper to Henry, "Lend me your pistol; I left mine in my tent."

"What do you want with a pistol?" asked Henry.

"Never mind what I want with it," said Porky, and his face was as ugly and vicious as any I ever saw. "If you won't give me yours, I'll get mine." And he started for his tent.

"Here, Porky," said Henry, and handed over his revolver. Porky grabbed it and started toward the side of the road where the wounded German had been left.

"Did you give that man a gun?" came a sharp voice behind us. We turned, and it was Lieutenant Baird, very severe.

"He was going to get his own gun," said Henry, "so I gave him mine because it wasn't loaded. But we better watch him, anyway."

We followed out to the road. The stretcher bearers were over by one of the guns getting their drink of water. The stretcher was resting on the grass by the road, and on it was a German. His uniform was torn, muddy, soaked with rain water. His right arm lay across his body and it was wrapped up in bloody bandages. His face was dirty, unshaved, pale. He seemed to be feebly asking for somebody.

"*Wo ist Josef?*" he kept saying. "*Wo ist Josef?*"

And as we came up, Porky Hennessey—the good-natured Irishman, the gentlest man in the battery—held the muzzle of his pistol to the German's head and pulled the trigger. The hammer rose—he was using the double action—and fell with a click. But there was no report. Porky looked at the pistol, surprised.

"Not loaded," he said, disappointed, and for the first time he seemed to notice that the German was asking for something. Porky looked at him for a minute and turned to Lieutenant Baird.

"What does he want?" he asked.

Lieutenant Baird listened, asked the German a few questions, and then turned back to Porky.

"He's asking for his brother Josef."

"His brother?" asked Porky.

"Yes, he says his brother was in the same outfit he was. Just before he was wounded himself, he saw his brother get hit, and thinks he was killed. But he wants to make sure."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that maybe when he gets back to the hospital he can find out."

"Good Lord!" said Porky. "If he has lost his brother, he is in the same fix I am. And I was going to kill him!"

"Well," said Henry, "you didn't, anyway "

"I'm glad I didn't," said Porky. "He ain't the guy I want to get. But I won't feel right until I get revenge on somebody. I'll get the Kaiser or Hindenburg or somebody and then I'll be satisfied."

"Maybe," said Henry, "that wouldn't do you no good either. You thought you was going to have a fine time killing this German, but if you had, you would have been sorry."

"Yes," said Porky.

"All the revenge in the world isn't going to bring back your brother."

"I suppose not," said Porky. All of a sudden he sat down on the ground and began to cry. "What can I do?" he said. "What can I do?"

"I'll tell you," said Henry. "You just come along with me." And he put an arm around him, lifted him up and led him down to our pup tent. "You crawl in there," Henry went on, "and you pretend you are a kid about five years old, and you cry just as long as you want to. And that is about the only thing I know that will do you any good."

So we bundled him into our tent and walked off and left him.

"He'll feel better after a while," said Henry.

We looked up. Snipe's grave had been finished and sodded over by the other men. They had set up a little wooden cross. And far off through the misty drizzle we could see the four stretcher bearers carrying the wounded German down the road.

Built with watch-like precision

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Such perfect-cooking and convenience features as the Wilcolator Oven Heat Regulator, Cast Iron Oven Bottom, designed to produce the finest baking and other oven cooking, improved raised Burners, and Pyrex Glass Oven Doors are always at your service on the Tappan.

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TAPPAN
GAS RANGES
With Oven Heat Regulator

The Tappan Range must be seen to be fully appreciated. By all means see it at your dealer's before you buy a new stove. In one of the beautiful models you are sure to find your ideal of a range

COUSIN JANE

Continued from Page 29

plump hands and the smallest of feet, with lovely fat ankles; and she managed such an effect of trimness with her dress that Jane was disposed to like her extreme breadth, especially after learning that Sam Slater called his wife Dumpling, or, more fondly, Dumplin's. She wore black skirts and white waists, at the neck of which she pinned a cameo brooch that showed a lady bowed in mourning by the tomb of a loved one beneath a lifelike weeping-willow tree. What might have been an effect of austerity was lightened by her cheerful, rather babyish fat face with its pink cheeks, doll-blue eyes and very yellow hair that would often escape the confining pins.

She was merry and laughed a great deal, which made creases in her face. But she could be sad too; as when she told Jane of her own lost daughter who would have been Jane's age and not unlike her in appearance. Then she wept above her sewing; Jane thought the tears were almost funny as they fell on her fat and still merry cheeks, quite like a doll crying.

But the woman was efficient, not interrupting her work for the talk, or even for the crying, except to reach for a handkerchief, which she applied with swift businesslike strokes; and in almost no time—in two jerks of a lamb's tail, as she herself boasted—she had transformed Jane from a very old-looking little girl to a very young-looking woman, at least in two dresses that would suffice for her professional labors.

Tided thus swiftly over a crisis that had simply clamored to be met—things were always put off so long in the Tedmon house—Jane's friend asked to be shown those fabulous silk and velvet gowns of old Tedmons; it seemed a rumor had long been current in the village that the house possessed more than one capacious closet fairly stuffed with them. Jane was only too glad to exhibit this treasure, and was gratified when Mrs. Slater became so exclamatory with delight over them, clasping her plump little hands and uttering cries that quickly subsided into throaty gurgles.

The closet was emptied, the gowns arrayed on the big bed where she and Sarah had first put them on a long-past rainy day. But this time there was no play, no dressing for a reception. Each was coldly appraised with a view to its utility; this was plain fact; it had to do with growing up. Mrs. Slater began a thoughtful examination of them, holding each one up, scanning it front and back with eyes funnily pursed in calculation, contracting voluminous sleeves with her fingers, gathering outmoded ruffles under a condemning glance, abolishing trains with swift gestures of disdain, fingering lace and silver embroidery with respectful little touches.

"Great bustles and overskirts!" cried the expert at last, uttering the phrase, with rare humor, as an oath. "And scalloped sleeves and fichus and what nots!"

Then she grimly chose two of the gowns for immediate slaughter—the canary-colored silk with silver embroidery and the wine-colored velvet. They needed a lot of what nots taken off them, what nots being no longer worn; but they could be made to renew their youth.

Jane trembled at sight of the gleaming shears already drawn by the impassioned executioner and was unable to suppress a cry at the first assault on the wine-colored velvet. It was apparently so uncalculated, the cruel cutting of a beautiful thing by a woman seized with a blind rage for destruction. But she was instantly reassured. If two perfectly stunning gowns for Jane didn't come from those antique survivals, then the name of Jane's friend was not Maurine Slater. Jane knew it was nothing but Maurine Slater, and the gowns that did come very beautifully confirmed it.

Long before the last touches were done, she knew they were going to be stunning; she knew it with the first fittings that equally excited them both. She learned, too, that she would probably never be much above medium height and this was amazing after all the talk she had heard about her unseemly length. She had supposed she would be taller than anyone in the world, would continue for years to outgrow skirts in a way that drew unfavorable notice. She could see plainly that she didn't look so tall in the new dresses as she had in her old short ones, and here she was already come, on excellent authority, to her ultimate height.

"Of course you'll fill out some," explained Mrs. Slater at a fitting, speaking through lips that bristled with pins.

"Oh," said Jane, standing stiffly but shifting her eyes sidewise, on that, to her friend's yellow head, bowed low on a front that had also filled out. She wondered how much Maurine Slater considered "some." Did she think it meant the same for everyone?

When the gowns were done, Jane remembered the cedar chest full of minor fineries. Mrs. Slater again became exclamatory to the point where she could merely gurgle over each find of lace and embroidery, fans and handkerchiefs. She insisted on going to the bottom of the chest, which Jane had never done, discovering silk stockings of delicate tints and satin slippers with jeweled buckles that brought cries of rapture from Jane herself. Nothing like those in the Union Hill shop! In a pair of the sheer stockings, and slippers with gleaming toes, she felt an exaltation that she had learned to call religious.

Then at the very bottom of the chest the tireless Maurine Slater uncovered an important long box that she snatched open to disclose an undoubted wedding gown of stiff white silk, with its cascade of lace veiling. This find renewed the excitement of both and caused Mrs. Slater to become emotional. It reminded her, she said, but did not explain of what. They spread the gown out on the bed and draped the lace beside it. Still emotional, Mrs. Slater, in a choking voice, said that it would be Jane's wedding gown, needing only to have a lot of what nots removed that wouldn't take a second. Embarrassed by this suggestion, Jane carried it off by remembering something light.

"Oh, I shall have a good fling before I put my head in the sack."

"Fair enough," conceded her friend as she wiped her eyes. "But when the time comes, there's your dress—though God knows how you'll ever find the man to it in a frowzy old mining camp that went to sleep forty years ago. However ——"

Being calmer with this, she examined the wedding finery more judicially.

"Of course, they're not pretty; not the Queen of Sheba herself could look passable in one. Why brides keep on making terrible shows of themselves in 'em is beyond me—even letting their pictures be taken so people can't forget what sights they were. Marriage is serious aplenty, but why in the name of Peter and Paul should that keep a bride from looking her best? Let the serious come when it must, I always say."

She studied Jane at length in the new canary silk, musingly fingered a fold of the wedding gown, kissed Jane on both cheeks, burst into tears and went gulping from the room on her quick little feet that looked too frail for their life work.

Jane's discovery, after the new gowns, that she was definitely grown up came with no particular shock, because she had so long been aware that the process was under way. It seemed to her that her eyes first grew up. She began to take the cool measure of so much that her child eyes had ignored, or perhaps glanced at without appraising.

There was the village of Union Hill. Her known world had at first been the Tedmon house, its people and the grounds close about. Beyond its orbit was vagueness without personal relation to her, save for a post office fertile with circulars, the outlying blue Alsatian mountains, and a few shuffling phantoms of people too old for any actually operating world. Then as her eyes grew up she began to orient herself. The town with its wider surroundings began to blend plausibly with her first-known little universe; its inhabitants, no longer grayish phantoms scarce distinguishable one from another, came to be recognized as individuals with certain clear relations to, and definitely involved with, herself and the people more nearly about her.

She was in a wide valley of the mountains, an understandable distance from cities, where years ago a fevered horde of gold seekers had found the metal in plenty and conceived that so it would always be found. Then one day it hadn't been found, and Union Hill had become a dead—but unburied—mining camp surviving by the inertia of a few souls who had clung and got very old in a stubborn belief that the dead camp would revive. "Come back" was how they put it.

Certain of these survivors still prospected the cañons round about, from habit, if not quite hopefully; while those who had aged beyond the physical requirements of this diversion came hobbling to the post office, leaning on sticks they had cut and querulously prophesying the always imminent resurrection. To these the ancient dismantled stamp mill at the end of town was an eloquent reminder and a portentous promise. They were as little troubled by its years of disuse as by the main-street perspective of shops with eyes long tight-shut beneath uncompromising wooden lids. They were still alive in the past they daily reinvoked. They didn't like to read patronizing contemporary smartness about "the land of cities that were," or "the slumbering land of yesterday."

Jane often listened to this talk in the post-office forum and loved to watch the ancient graybeards nod emphasis to their rosy predictions. There would always be a bit of good news to spice the garrulity. Elihu Dunway had just found ore rich in galena and showing "some" silver in Nine Mile Cañon; or old Abner Lyman—so warped with years that even Union Hill called him old—would come and mumble mysteriously about certain float rock he was trailing, in a secret recess of the hills, to a ledge that was bound to make the camp hum again, the indications being that the ledge carried just enough ore to hold the gold together.

At certain seasons the daily gossip might be made more vivacious by the showing of a tiny nugget of gold just found, perhaps in the middle of the unpaved street or close by the sidewalk. This would be after a spring rain had flooded the street from a near-by gulch, washing random spoil from its auriferous earth. Marcy Tedmon had found such a nugget one day, but didn't exhibit it to the post-office crowd. He merely polished its smooth side and took it home to lay beside the skull, where, he told Jane—but not why—it so fittingly belonged.

As she gradually comprehended Union Hill, Jane found it easier to relate all Tedmons and Starbirds to the town. It was after she began to know it that she was inspired one day to tell Marcy a wonderful way of restoring the Tedmon fortunes. This was to sell the costly mansion for an immense sum, buy a smaller house that needn't be a mansion and have a lot of money left.

"Splendid!" Marcy cried. "Here's an investment of several hundred thousand dollars lying idle." Yet Jane had no time to feel proud. "But who'd give a thousand for it?" he quickly added. That, it appeared, explained "Tedmon's Folly." "I'm afraid," he continued, more gently, as he noted Jane's chagrin, "that we'll have to do for ourselves, as we are, with the driblets that come in from a few tiny things Wiley overlooked and, I'm glad to say, doesn't even know about. Our properties were

(Continued on Page 121)

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2 *for* 15¢

Package of 10 *for* 75¢

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White Owl

a million a day

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The tremendous popularity of White Owls does more than benefit the smoking public in price. It builds up buying resources that enable [illegible] to buy [illegible] tobacco crops. It enables them to store [illegible] reserves of these wonder crops so that White Owl smokers are never at the mercy of varying conditions of climate and soil. It can truthfully be said that the goodness of White Owls never varies. The taste and mellowness you like so well today will be the same tomorrow, next month, forever.

Small wonder, then, that so many men who can afford to pay much more for cigars smoke White Owls. They judge them by quality alone, for they know that if White Owls were not made at the rate of a million a day, they could not be sold at 2 for 15 cents. White Owls are happy proof that price no longer can be taken as an indication of cigar quality.

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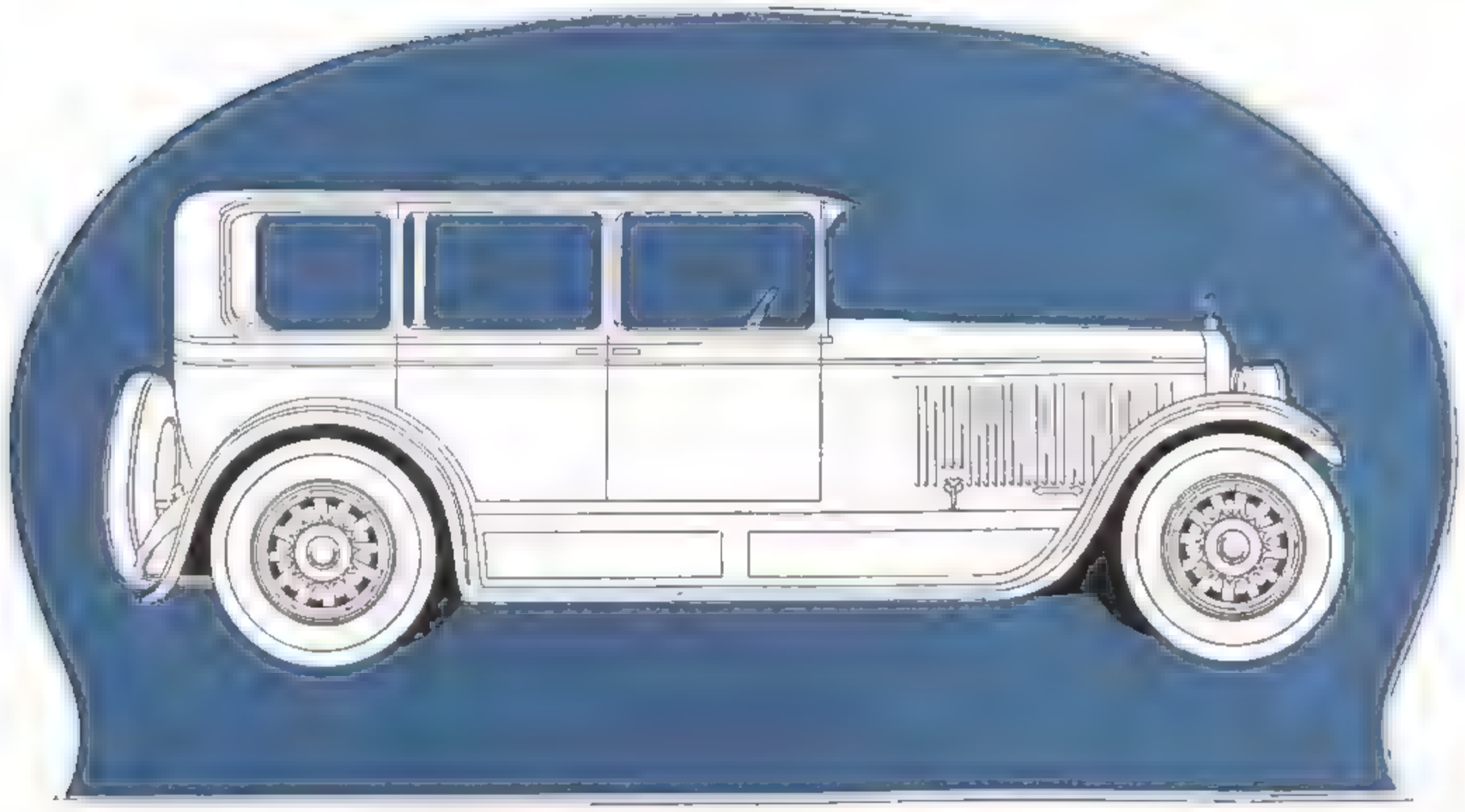

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Eight cylinders are the choice of people of good judgment and good taste. Jordan has proved that in the success of The Great Line Eight.

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Everybody knows that a Jordan at such a price, with Jordan quality, is sure to tax the capacity of the factory—and that some people will have to wait.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

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JORDAN

Somewhere far beyond the place where men and motors race through city canyons—lone trails and winding waters beckon and allure. There, life truly slips its tether and every day is full of promise.

(Continued from Page 116)

pretty extensive. Even Wiley's genius wasn't equal to swallowing them at a gulp. To be sure, that's, in a way, unfair to the poor chap. He'd have been so much more thorough with only a little more time."

He dilated on the unfairness to his brother of the first comment. It was one of those times that he reminded Jane of the occasion when she found herself in a clump of nettles. Marcy could affect her very much as nettles did. But the solving of that old mystery about Tedmon's Folly made her feel still more grown up. She could identify now an attitude of the townspeople that had often vaguely piqued her—a kind of pitying condescension. The Tedmons had committed a tremendous folly, and their fellow citizens were not averse to showing that they recognized it as precisely that.

The night she realized that she had completely grown up she revealed herself, with a try at the casual manner, to both the brothers Tedmon. She wore the canary silk and a pink coral necklace with pendant that the cedar chest had yielded. It was the first time her neck and arms had been formally exposed to public inspection. Wiley Tedmon was delighted with her.

"Who'd ever have thought it?" he warmly demanded after an ardent survey of her well-fitted lines. Then, at his demand, she stood away from the bed and slightly lifted her skirts that he might rejoice with her in jeweled slippers and stockings of pale silk. "Great guns! Who'd ever have guessed it? Come close again." He took her hand and held it up, running an expert eye along the cool soft contours of an arm to where it melted into a pale little expanse of shoulder. "Here you've gone and become a grand lady, Tiddledywinks, just overnight! And you actually have a way with you—I never knew that either. You certainly have a way with you!" Then he more closely scrutinized the hand he held, and his face clouded. "But you're letting your hands go. Haven't I spoken about that? Haven't you remembered? Dear me, those hands will never do—rough hands! Calluses!"

Jane felt more grown up than ever. This was how he had talked years ago of Sarah's hands, roughened from the same unavoidable causes.

Marcy Tedmon, Jane thought, was just a little abashed in her new presence. He formally complimented the craft of Maurine Slater and said that Jane in the yellow gown was pleasing, especially with the note of coral at her throat; but he was not so expansive as Wiley had been. His regard would return to her during their dinner with something troubled, or at least puzzled, far back in his eyes, and he spoke less frequently than usual.

Jane found his long silences not unwelcome. They gave her time to anticipate Gus Pedfern. She rather loathed Gus, and tried to deny to herself that she was flushing with wonder at what he would say to her newness. As if it mattered!

XI

JANE wasn't completely grown up—a matter of fifteen, perhaps—when she first learned that the Pedfern lout was peculiar. From year to year she had loathed him since the day he so uncouthly derided her new shoes and bluntly doubted the supremacy of Cousin Wiley's hat. But under something like an armed and suspicious neutrality she had continued to play games with him and his sister in that orchard nook where there was a seesaw and a swing, and secretive glades adjoining in which one could quiveringly hide when pursued.

It came vividly, but quite inexplicably, to her one day that she was playing with Gus Pedfern boorishly impatient of any but rough games, to the exclusion of his sister, who would be compelled to stand aside from their tussles, a bored onlooker. Jane for a moment caught herself up on this discovery.

She, too, like Alpharetta, had always preferred a gentler scheme of play, something with talking, and no rude pushing or grappling. Yet here she was not only enduring but none too subtly inviting the more boisterous sort of pretense, with its sudden rude contacts, seeking to veil her directness under little frenzies of dismay or baldly pretended angers at a random violence.

All at once, clearly, she saw through herself; that she was initiating tussles with the offensive Gus; snatching his dingy cap from his head to hold it provocatively behind her, deliciously exerting all her strength until he regained it; tagging him and running so that she must be quickly caught; pretending she broke from jail so that Gus would have to wrap both his stout arms about her and drag her back, squealing, flushed and waiting only for breath to make another futile dash for liberty.

But if she knew she incited these tussles, she was ignorant of any reason for doing so. Nor did she waste time searching for one. She merely thought it strange that she should still loathe Gus and yet constantly be contriving those near approaches which she was shrewdly aware would have been much less frequent if Gus had been left to himself. The contacts at this time were never of his seeking.

At intervals she would pause to study him with cool distaste—a stocky, homely boy with a wide mouth, a broad nose and two dark slits of eyes close up under his shock of black hair. But in his very violence, formerly so objectionable, there was now some tyranny that irresistibly drew her, even when she knew, with shame in her heart, that she was being coarsely loud and rowdy. She became defiantly louder when she felt the shame. Something beyond her vision was compelling her out of her gentler self.

In those days she waited with a curious tenseness for this playtime, restless, bored with herself, impatient of her surroundings, until it came. When Gus and his sister didn't arrive promptly she crossed a lane to the Pedfern place and called, "Alpharetta! Oh, Alpharetta!" not thinking of Alpharetta, but of Gus, whom she disliked. If they came to return with her, she would have Gus' hat behind her and an impudent daring in her eyes before they even crossed the lane, nor would she be long after that in breaking from jail under the very eyes of its determined custodian.

Yet when the playtimes stopped, after Gus went to learn the blacksmith's trade of Sam Slater, Jane quit feeling that he was peculiar; then she could remember hardly anything about him not unpleasant. She was dimly relieved at this discovery and glad he had gone. She hadn't at all liked that too vivid impression that she was loud and rowdy when she clearly knew that she was a gentle, well-behaved and very quiet young girl who liked best of all to read history. When she passed Sam Slater's shop one day and saw an incredibly begrimed Gus working at the forge, she felt indignant at him and ripped out her lovely oath that she had found in a story.

"Egad!" she muttered grimly. "I'd just like to see him try to pull me around like that again! He'd better wait till he learns some manners." And she stalked past the shop with a rigid disdain, wondering if Gus wouldn't see that he was being scorned.

It was a year or so later, and still before the Slater transformation, that Gus became more intelligible to her, if not less troubling. The new understanding began on a Sunday afternoon of early summer when a high wind blew and she went for a walk with Gus and his sister. The budding blacksmith was washed of his grime and wore Sabbath garments that gave him a new dignity, including a crisp straw hat in place of the dingy cap that Jane had been wont to snatch. She had no impulse to snatch the hat; they seemed beyond scuffles, in a gusty new world where one must progress sedately and converse instead of shouting or squealing.

But she was conscious that she liked to walk beside Gus. When their hands brushed lightly together she felt a quickening little shock, and in embarrassed recognition of this she would begin to talk with animation so that no one could suppose her to be conscious of hands. She talked a great deal, because soon she was deliberately bringing about those apparently random and meaningless contacts.

They leisurely climbed the bare scarred hill east of town and reached the pine forest on a ridge above. The trees were tall and sparsely set, so that sunlight sifted down among them and spiced the thin air with a resinous scent that they gulped with deep breaths. In open glades, as they went on, they found clumps of wild azalea and plumes of white syringa. And the wind kept up for Jane a steady excitement in the pine tops. At intervals a dead branch would be dislodged and hurtle to the ground. Gus said they must watch for these, because they were widow makers—that was what the lumbermen called them. Sometimes he would seize Jane's arm to wait while a branch fell or to divert their way around one that might fall.

Then they came to a gulch where widow makers no longer menaced. Here were colorful madronas with peeling bark, quaking asp with leaves prettily dancing in the breeze, and dense growths of laurel and bay that loaded the air with new scents. There were also Madeira vines that would trip the feet and cause Gus to save Jane from falls. There was an old tunnel boring into the gulch side; this was thought to be interesting, and Jane was helped up the narrow trail so they could explore it. She and Gus went in a little way, Alpharetta being afraid of snakes. They stood in the dusk beyond its mouth in a sudden stillness that was disquieting to Jane. She affected an interest in the tunnel wall, however, and in a rusty pick long since abandoned by some discouraged miner, doing this to hide that she had consciously come there to be alone with Gus. There was a moment of silent awkwardness when they both seemed to realize their loneness and the need of the otherwise negligible Alpharetta to put them at ease again. And Jane missed the wild roar of the wind and the resistance her body must offer to its thrust. They went quickly into the sunlight and at once became noisy with talk.

Descending the gulch trail, they came on a coiled snake with lifted head and darting tongue. The girls screamed, but Gus killed the snake and seemed to regard the incident as tame. He was surprised when Jane refused to accept the six rattles and a button that he coolly severed from his quarry. She couldn't be brought to touch the thing, and screamed when he sounded the rattle in her face.

She had felt curiously afraid of Gus, too, while he was beating the snake—something sinister in his deliberate, ruthless eyes and the cool efficiency of his blows. But again, when the trail widened and they could walk side by side, she found her hand bringing about those little careless meetings with his hand that sent a strange current pulsing up her arm. She talked glibly, as before, to make it seem that she must be wholly unconscious of these moving encounters.

Presently she suffered a quite unnerving shock—she had to recognize that Gus Pedfern was behaving with a subtlety like her own, deliberately managing, but with apparent casualness, those whispering contacts she had supposed herself alone to be aware of. After that they were both self-conscious and studied ways to bring Alpharetta into their talk. If their glances met they shifted quickly. But whatever they talked of led somehow to hands.

Alpharetta, pleased and voluble at the notice they were taking of her, told of a boy at school that she perfectly hated, adding that old Grandma Mulkins said if you hated anyone you would come out all over with warts. Alpharetta doubted this, but Gus said it was probably true, and boldly took one of Jane's hands to examine it for warts. He was a long time at this, minutely examining each finger.

Jane tried to make her hand limp in his grasp, but all at once her fingers, in spite of this effort, nervously contracted in one warmly answering clasp of his own that might seem to be merely a part of the playful jerk to free herself. Thereafter, though Gus again skillfully diverted the talk to hands, she walked well apart from him in a bewilderment not wholly agreeable.

They parted at the Pedfern gate with talk about another walk the following Sunday. Jane went on alone, turning a queer thing about in her mind. From the parting words it had seemed to be assumed that she wouldn't see Gus for another week, but she knew this wasn't so. Something was going to happen.

That same evening—the moon was rising while the last gleams of daylight lingered she had gone out to scatter grain to the chickens, a duty she had promised Seth not to forget while he was off down the valley to inspect a proposed new site for his turkey ranch. She had nearly forgotten it, and felt guilty when the chickens fluttered clumsily from the perches to which they had already gone. It wasn't like her to be forgetful. She flung the last handful of feed over the noisy pecking heads and turned to go back.

When she saw Gus Pedfern coming swiftly up past the orchard, his new straw hat already bathed in a spectral radiance from the warming light, she felt that she was surprised, and yet also felt that she had known he was coming. She waited in the path to the house; and when Gus saw that he had been observed he slowed his pace to an idle saunter and affected an interest in the growing vegetables.

"Oh, good evening!" Jane greeted him formally. "Who ever expected to see you so soon?"

"I was just passing by," he explained. "I have to go on an errand."

They went slowly on together, past the side door and around to the front of the house, stopping at a rosebush, a flower bed Jane had been straightening, or anything that gave an excuse for talk. She showed him the old fountain with stagnant water in its bowl, and said she knew it held snakes. She had seen one with a frog it had caught. They progressed haltingly to the gate, both a little embarrassed, Jane with a sort of murky foreboding. She knew something was different now and tried to cover it with chatter.

At the gate Gus said, "Well, I'll have to be going now."

"Oh," Jane said, and they went slowly back to the house and sat on the steps.

From about the corner of the house there ran a clear river of moonlight between them and the first masses of shrubbery that were like a wall of luminous black velvet. Gus said the moonlight was pretty and she said she had always loved moonlight. This topic exhausted, they both grew uneasy and sauntered to the gate, where Gus again said that he must go.

"Oh," said Jane, and asked him if he believed in ghosts, saying that the moonlight made her think of them.

Gus didn't believe in ghosts; and Jane, letting a hand swing near one of his, succeeded in getting herself soundly kissed.

Gus went about it with the singleness of purpose she had noted in him and been afraid of when he killed the snake. She was afraid now. She felt the rush of hot blood to her cheeks, and began to push from his grasp—but there was still that strange sweet savor on her lips. Gus masterfully kissed her again.

"Oh, my!" she murmured, protesting, but she made no effort to free herself; it was like the first time she had put the prism of crystal to her eyes. She had never thought much about kissing. There was talk of it in stories, but she had believed it to be a rather amusing form of salutation—the sort of thing she had watched at a railway station so long ago, where veils might or might not be lifted.

And all the time it had been this! Except for the little outcry, in which her voice had been stifled to a whisper, she was speechless as they stood there, an arm of the boy still about her, a clutching hand at her shoulder. She put a finger up to her lips as if to feel some change that must have come to them.

(Continued on Page 125)

FRANKLIN

Opening Today

THE STYLE DISPLAY OF THE YEAR

The Fall Salon now in progress at Franklin showrooms presents the season's greatest style advances. Assembling all the sensationally successful New Franklin Designs, it depicts the style trend for years ahead. The special color schemes on view foreshadow the finest custom practice of 1926. Altogether this exhibit offers for your inspection the most advanced fine car ideas for personal, family, sports and town service. It also gives opportunity to examine air-cooling and the exclusive comfort and safety features which make the Franklin especially desirable at this season.

At the new lower prices Franklin Series 11 includes complete equipment, even spare tire, tube and cover. Only tax and freight are extra.

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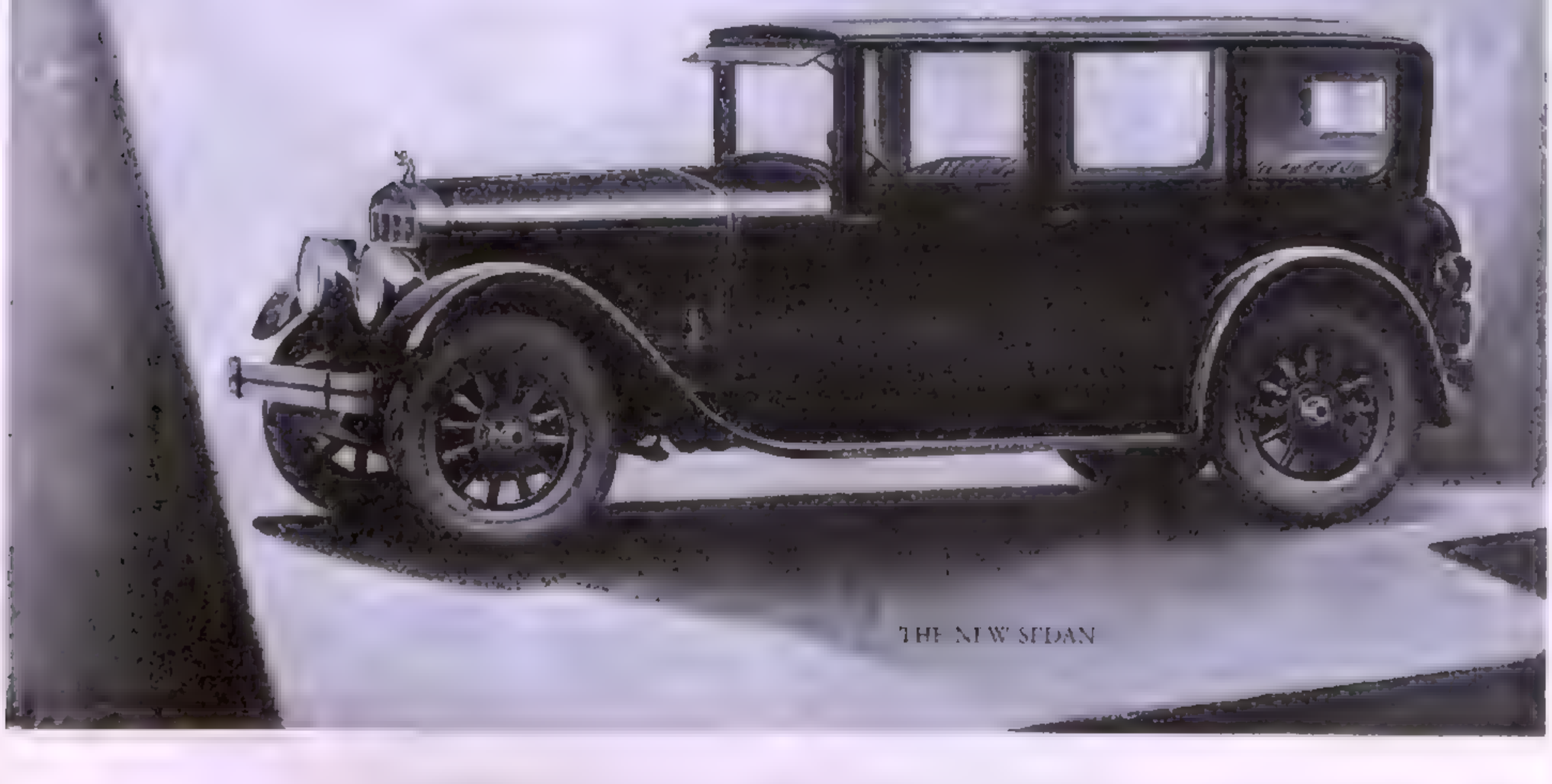
SYRACUSE, N Y

THE NEW SPORT SEDAN



THE NEW SEDAN

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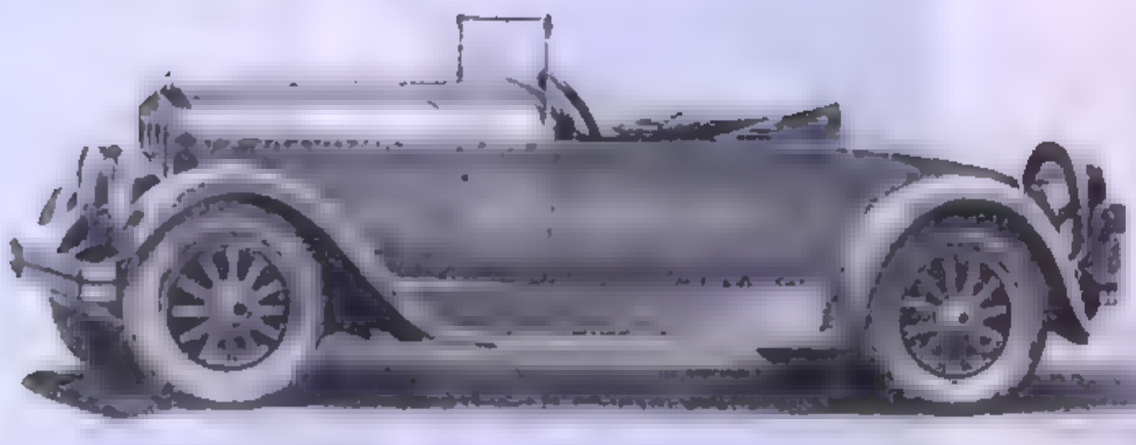

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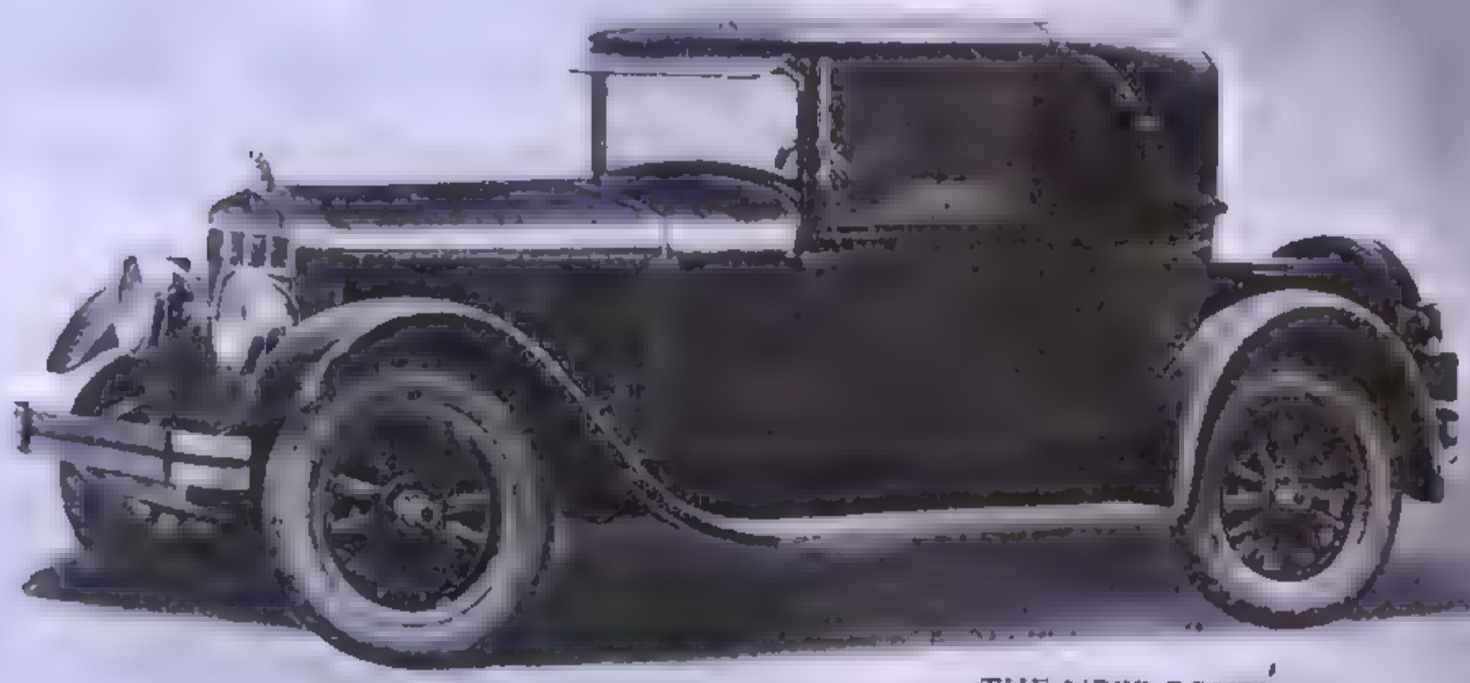

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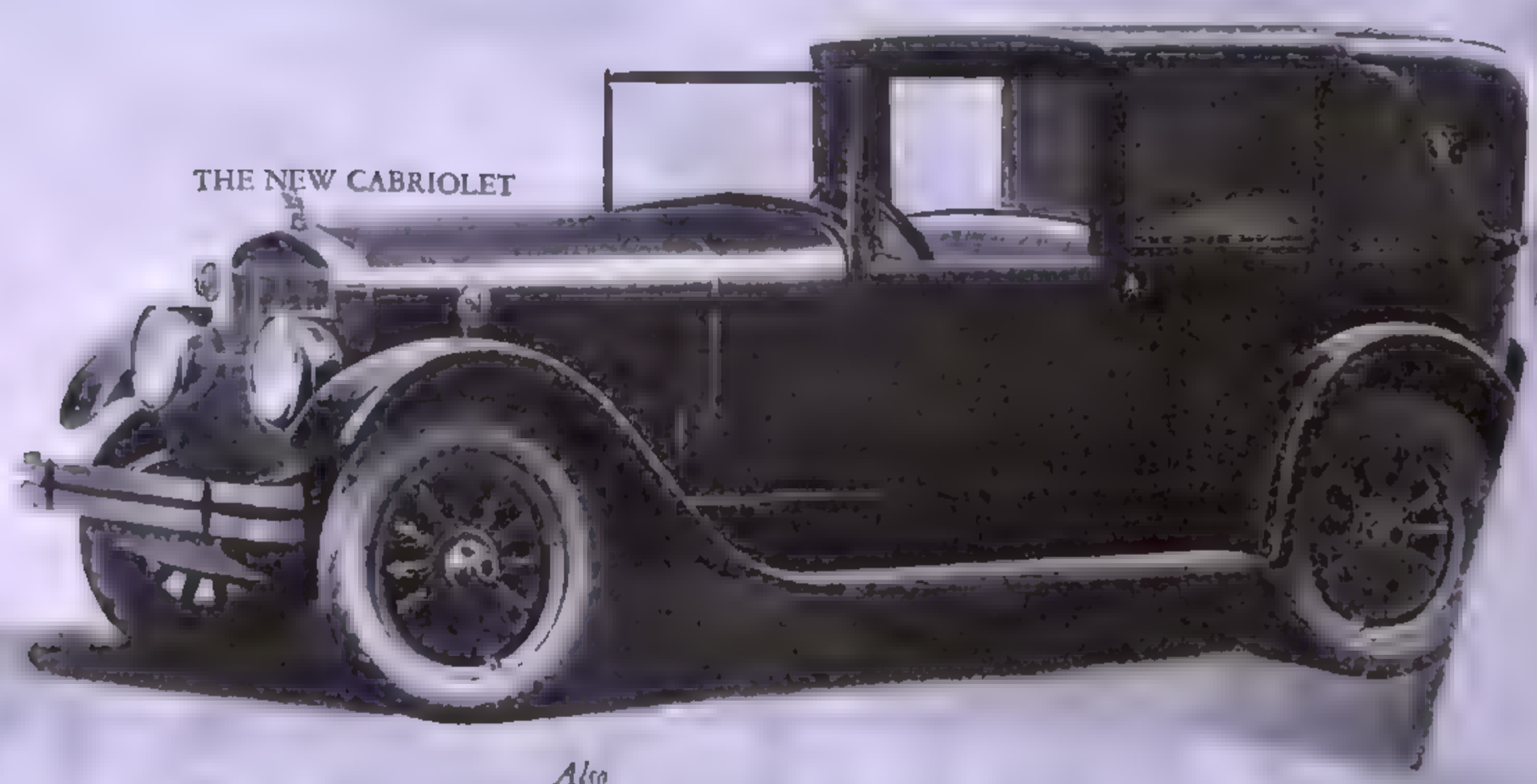

THE NEW CABRIOLET

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THE NEW ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE
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Everett Hussey

A Real Long Range Crosley Receiving Set, $9.75 . . .

Do not assume from its very interesting price that this very unusual Crosley set is a toy. Its impressive performance alone entitles it to serious consideration.

Heretofore, the $10 radio was designed only for local reception. Now the Crosley Pup extends the entertainment radius to 1500 miles under ordinary conditions. Place it beside some costly multiple-tube set and operate the dials. Both tune through local stations sharply. Both get the same programs with equal ease and clarity. Both let you tap the infinite enjoyment coming through the air. There is only one difference—the Pup operates with head phones instead of a loud speaker.

The Pup is the newest Crosley set with a price that reflects the volume-production economies of one of the world's largest builders of radios. It is substantially constructed and permanent in every regard. Its design is an improvement of the famous Crosley one tube set with which Leonard Weeks of Minot, N. D., heard the MacMillan Polar Expedition while the rest of America listened in vain.

Almost overnight the Pup has become the most popular Crosley set ever offered. It is being bought for youngsters whose curious fingers cannot resist the lure of dials and switches; for the cook, the maid, the old folks back home, and for shut-ins. Traveling men are selecting it because of its easy portability, and radio enthusiasts to have an inexpensive check on their larger sets. Hear it once—and you will own one too!

In addition to the Pup, there are Crosley sets for every price and preference. Operating 1, 2 and 3 tubes, these are encased in handsome Crosley-built cabinets and range in price up to the Super-Trirdyn Special which retails for $60. Each will deliver the superlative performance that has made the word "Crosley" a hall mark of radio perfection in millions of homes throughout the world.

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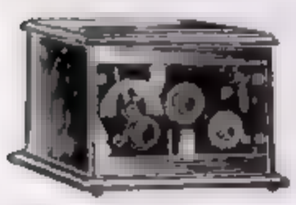
Crosley manufactures receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. patent No. 1,113,149 and priced from $9.75 to $60.00 without accessories. None of the prices quoted include batteries, tubes, head phones, etc. Add 10% to all prices west of the Rocky Mountains. See the complete Crosley line at your Crosley dealer's, or write to Department 31 for an illustrated catalogue.

The CROSLEY Pup - $9.75



Crosley 2 Tube 51 S. D.
A true long range set, easy to tune and handsome in appearance - $23.50

Crosley 3 Tube 52 S. D.
Mahogany finished cabinet, sloping panel. Holds all batteries -

Crosley Super-Trirdyn Regular
More compact than the Special Model but equally the same superb performance. $50.00

Crosley Super-Trirdyn Special
Mahogany finished cabinet and exquisite beauty combined with [illegible] making an alcove with sloping panel -

Crosley De Luxe Combinations
Master De Luxe -
Super T[illegible] Special
[illegible] De Luxe
Console

CROSLEY · RADIO

BETTER · COSTS LESS

(Continued from Page 121)

They fell apart, both overcome with embarrassment. This couldn't be passed over as they had tacitly ignored those sought little encounters of the hand. It had to be recognized, and they were at a loss for words that would do it. They went slowly back to the portico, still silent, Jane trying to steady her unevenness of breath. An arm of Gus clung to her waist as they walked.

When they halted he said, "If you're my girl, you can't be anybody else's girl."

It helped Jane to recover.

"I'm not anyone's girl," she retorted.

"Ho! You are too! If you're not my girl, what did you kiss me for?"

She pondered this, wondering herself.

"Well—because I couldn't help it," she said at last. "Besides, it was your fault."

"Well, anyway, it shows you're my girl."

"Does it?" she asked, quite simply. She was doubtful of this; she thought it probably hadn't shown anything nearly so important as that sounded, but she had no wish to argue with Gus. "Oh, all right," she added, hiding her reservations under a show of meekness.

They sat on the steps, Jane silent and Gus talkative. But irresistibly her hand would go out to his. Something imperious drew it and kept her wondering what the tyranny could be. It was so different from taking Seth Hacker's hand, which she would still do at odd moments with no thought about it.

And all at once, while Gus spoke of the trade he was learning and where he would go when he learned it—he wasn't going to small-town it in Union Hill—and while her hand as insistently as ever demanded his responding pressure, she found herself coldly wishing that this boy wasn't that funny Gus Pedfern. She found herself wishing it again, when with the simple directness that had vanquished the snake, he kissed her at parting. Something of her answered to him—and she was afraid of him.

Yet he was only Gus Pedfern, to whom she instinctively felt superior. She could laugh at him when he had gone; it was only his nearness that bewildered her with some rushing wind like the one they had walked in that day. She was uncertain what Gus might think it meant to be his girl, but she was pretty sure it would mean less to her.

Whatever it might mean to Gus, he held stubbornly to it thereafter, so little troubled by doubts that he seemed to need no confirmation from her. He at once assumed airs of ownership and command. Nor would these be even momently quelled by a certain tartness that came to spice her manner in the early stages of his almost nightly calls. He was single-minded, with room for no suspicion that there were moments when Jane regarded him with a lively aversion; moments in which she was resenting his mastery, with little nagging taunts, trying to provoke quarrelsome passages in which she could vent a certain blind rage, even as her hand went helplessly out to his.

This opposition to him would endure for whatever of daylight was left after Gus appeared, while he would stand or sit at a distance and she could be coolly aware of his broad face, his funny mouth, his unkempt shock of black hair and his stocky, blunt figure. But after moonlight softened these, or an even more merciful dusk obscured Gus, she would forget that she felt superior, and not again laugh at him until the next day, when she might laugh in full accord with Seth Hacker, who frequently said that Gus wasn't anything he'd enter at the county fair for a beauty prize.

"But handsome is as handsome does it," he would generally add. He conceded that Gus was a steady boy, "not one of these here fly-by-nights." And he spoke genially of a time when, if Gus kept on coming to June her this way, there would be doings with a preacher and pretty soon Jane would have to put another slat in the dining-room table.

Jane would always giggle at this nonsense. She wasn't going to put her head in the sack until she'd had a fling. She was merely having an affair with that Pedfern boy.

Then the time came for Gus to "go up the grade," something that every Union Hill boy did after he got to growing up. He went first to Creston and later to Sacramento, where he worked in a garage. He had learned of Sam Slater to be a blacksmith, but what good was a blacksmith any more? Gus was keeping up with the times.

Jane, on the whole, was glad after he had gone. What he had made her feel was unforgettable; but Gus himself wasn't. She would read his occasional letters—in which he blandly assumed that Jane was still his girl—and wonder at herself. How could she have tolerated that funny boy? Even his letters were funny. He seemed to begin every sentence with "Well." "Well, it is raining today, so I will write you a few lines." "Well, how is everything back in the old town?" "Well, I will close now——"

When he came back on brief visits he was still funny, even if he looked more important in grown-up clothing, with a watch chain, a ring and a jeweled scarfpin. Decked with these gauds, and for all his more knowing talk of men and cities, he remained funny. Yet he was still invincibly her master in moonlight or the covering dusk, and he suffered not a moment of doubt that Jane was inalienably his girl.

This was so certain that he rarely mentioned it to her. She grew rather to dread these visits. She still believed she wasn't Gus' girl. It was too easy to forget him when he had gone. She always wished he wouldn't come back. But she could never escape the thrill that news of his coming caused her. She grew more and more impatient with herself when the scrawled word of his approach would so profoundly perturb her, even set her perversely to trying a new way to mass her thick coil of hair. She knew he didn't notice such things; he had never spoken of her correct nose, as Wiley Tedmon often did. He never said she was pretty. She was just his girl. And she loathed his sureness.

Even on the memorable night of the canary-colored silk, he came swaggering his thick shoulders, whistling a lively air of the outer world, and greeted her as calmly as if she hadn't, since he last saw her, become a grown lady in a gown that had won the discriminating praise of Wiley Tedmon and caused Marcy to regard her strangely. This enraged her to a chilling aloofness that was only reënforced by the manner of his tardy recognition that something had happened.

"Gee!" he said at last, as if his eyes had only then opened. "You're all dolled up tonight, ain't you?"

"Ain't I?" she venomously mimicked.

And that was quite all about the new gown. Gus never knew that she had been venomous.

In Jane's drab memory it was, vaguely, years afterward that Gus, with a funny bristle of mustache and still heavier shoulders, first spoke of their marriage as something long understood and now, at last, imminent. He was a capable motor mechanic, making more wages, he told her, than any five men she could name in Union Hill. Jane didn't bother to submit names in this proffered competition. But she found it impossible, against a stone wall of certainty, to convince Gus that she had never been his girl and didn't mean to marry him. She had to repeat it again and again before he would even condescend to admit that she was, for the moment, talking foolishly. After she brought him to realize that it was at least more than a passing foolishness, he still maintained a calm conviction that maddened her, talking of other things with the quite obvious design of giving her time to recover the normal view of her destiny. This certainty she had never been able to dislodge from his slow mind, not even with the formidable weight of years that should of themselves have destroyed it. She had never wavered in her own thought. The nearest she came to that was during the last few days before Gus went away to be a soldier.

Then she really felt something more than he had ever made her feel—a cherishing tenderness. But she shrewdly guessed this to be born of the moment; it was pitiful that so vital a creature should be trapped by circumstances, not of his own making, that might crush him from his stolid, assured and quite harmless life.

But if he could go on living, she was unable to forget that he would still be Gus Pedfern, with his matter-of-fact sureness, his always serious weighing of small matters, his occasional rather doltish mirth that saw only surfaces and never attained the unspoken but communicative thrill of humor. She thought herself a bloodless monster when, from the fleeting tenderness she felt at parting, she found herself persistently picturing Gus as going to his death and knew that she could always think of him more comfortably as slain on a field of battle. When he came back unharmed, heavier and more knowing and even more masterful, she was glad she had been clear-minded about him.

Gus was his old assured self. He had his job back at more money, this time, than any ten men of Union Hill were making. And he was always to be there when Jane quit her nonsense. She was weary by that time of trying to make him comprehend an incredible thing.

"Why do you persist?" she complained. "You must have had other girls all these years."

She expected a sober, hurt protest at what, after all, had been but a tired raillery, and was not prepared for his cheerful "Of course I've had other girls. What did you think? What difference does that make?"

The cool bluntness of the admission caused her a perverse little rage. But again she was shrewd and knew it for a passing gust. She didn't deeply care that Gus had other girls; it was an unreasoning irritation. She was fond of him and wished him well—and at a distance. Marriage with Gus was so preposterous.

Alpharetta was married long since and gone to live at Creston, returning each summer to visit her people with a new baby. She wasn't companionable any longer, and her babies had only a morbid interest for Jane. She never felt the warming delight in them that kittens always aroused.

XII

THUS time went for Jane, aligning itself behind her in a perspective so nearly empty that its far extent had not been remarked. The days had seemed to go on leaden feet, but how swift the years! She couldn't recall ever counting them until this day of her perturbing discovery that she was old, and then she hadn't been moved to any serious computation until she stood in Marcy's room staring dazedly at the skull, probing the flesh of her face, tracing the line of jaw and cheek bone, fingering the depression at her temples—in some instinctive response to the smirking reminder.

"Oh, my!" she said aloud, when she had accurately counted her unbelievable years. Thirty-two! But the mere count brought her no dismay. It was only another exhibition of what she had noticed as a child, that time had a sneakish way of stretching out before you noticed.

She smiled at a thought of Gus Pedfern. He very clearly had no least sense of time lapses. It was disconcerting, his ingenuous belief that their boy-and-girl passages were but yesterday. With Gus, at least, youth wasn't ever going to be a thing remembered. She recalled herself under a shivering consciousness of her own burden of years.

About to go from the room, her eyes fell on Marcy's suit of evening clothes draped over a chair just inside his bedroom door; that suit he had stubbornly donned each night of all the years. She slowly crossed to it, realizing that she had never before seen it except in artificial light. She took up the coat and was shocked at the signs of wear it revealed. In places it was threadbare; in others glossy; here and there the seams had started. It was such a poor, shabby little

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Dr. Wm. M. Scholl has developed and perfected an absolutely *scientific, specific and natural* method of correction for every foot ailment, which not only immediately ends all pain, *but removes the cause of the trouble.*

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Opportunity's Lakeland year round play ground

Well-informed men hold that the building situation is the key to local business conditions. Building affects so many phases of industry it may be considered the barometer of business in general.

Lakeland, Florida, built 1000 new homes during the past fifteen months. Commercial and civic structures swell building total for first seven months of 1925 to $4,370,000. This year's building permits will exceed $8,000,000. *And this in a city of 22,000.* Assessed valuation of realty, $32,000,000.00. Lakeland pre-eminently presents opportunities and openings for business, manufacturing and investments of the more substantial type.

For further information, write

John A. Morris
Lakeland Chamber of Commerce
Lakeland, Florida

coat, weakly persisting in a gallant pretense. All in a moment, it seemed, as with herself, age had stricken it. Poor coat, and Marcy with his fanatic punctilio!

But not poor Jane! She proved again to herself in Marcy's mirror that she wasn't threadbare and outworn.

She replaced the coat over the chair back, conscious of a childish impulse to warn it never to brave the light of day if it cared what people thought of it. Then she went softly out to her own room. She bathed, observing that her skin wasn't faded or wrinkled like Marcy's, and dressed with more than usual care, in a leisurely musing that she often broke with confidential smiles for the child self she continually saw discovering a strange house and strange people.

She longed to have that child by her now to tell it wise things. And yet, came the quick thought, what would there be to tell? She really knew nothing herself that the child wouldn't quite happily discover. There was no evil to warn her of, no unguarded pits she might stumble into; not even struggles to fortify her against. The child was already old without mishap, and facing a future that could be nothing but placid; at least she could imagine nothing that wasn't placid save an irritated pity for Gus Pedfern, who would calmly persist in disregarding the inevitable.

As she worked the thick strands of her hair into place and pinioned them, she idly recalled a way Gus had of rushing upon her to loosen the hair so that it would fall about her shoulders. Afterward he would let it run through his fingers, showing astonishment at the mass of it. He never remarked that it was beautiful hair, only that there was a lot of it. And his hands were so big and corded and hard and ugly with glistening black hairs. She had never understood why they weren't also hateful.

When she had done the hair, she slipped on for the first time a late triumph of Maurine Slater's, a dull cherry-colored silk that fell in straight lines from shoulder to hem. She was still disconcerted by the hem's daring altitude from the floor. She had been aghast when Mrs. Slater first tried it on her and had sorely needed to be convinced by the fashion magazine that such things were actually worn. But there they were, as her friend stoutly indicated, dozens of them, all as short as this. And so few things were worn beneath them.

This had been another shock that Mrs. Slater had to counteract, not only by the illustrations but by reading plain words from the printed page, such as, "Light and slender ways of wearing less under the summer frock," or "The greatest dressmaking minds of today, with youth their beckoning star, study to make the natural proportions of the body more evident."

Jane had been convinced, if not reconciled, by the authoritative tone of these excerpts. Mrs. Slater had added that the new styles were a godsend, because you could almost get two or three new gowns out of one of those voluminous old ones. So long as the style stayed skimpy Jane needn't worry about frocks. Her qualms had been dispelled for the moment; but now, as she tilted down her mirror and stepped back from it, there was again the feeling that she had let her friend go too far. She twirled quickly about, looking anxiously back over her shoulder, with results that quite startled her. Then she brought a chair before the glass and tried various postures in that, with a result equally perturbing. She was able to recall so many years in which garters were not casually visible items of a woman's gear. She was on the point of changing to something more reticent about pale silk stockings, when she caught herself up with a laugh, recalling Marcy's ancient protests about her skirts. If he protested now, she would show him Mrs. Slater's magazine, make him look at the pictures and read the words that pronounced this skirt the only possible length even for the aged. She was amused at the thought of confuting a probably shocked Marcy, who had passed his years playing at a sort of Olympian aloofness, a Nirvanic indifference to what didn't actually prick him. She began to like the gown better. Maurine Slater had known. And she was looking young, not showing her age in the least.

As always when she had something new, she went to display herself to Cousin Wiley. Even as she opened his door she was again keenly aware of the strange new consciousness of time that had just overwhelmed her, for the familiar room was all at once a place of faded, stale grandeur, of murky shadows and a chill silence. It was somehow like Marcy's coat that she had seen with new eyes, revealing at a glance the defilements wrought by unhurrying but relentless decades. Time had cunningly worked its ravages behind a curtain and all at once the curtain was drawn to reveal the finished, musty tableau. As she crossed to the bed she noted the waiting clothes on their chair and the hat so expectant on its table, detecting that the coat had become ancient and the hat's luster dimmed. Yet each item was still carefully disposed.

She shivered, thinking of old Chong brushing and replacing the things every morning, as reverently as if he dressed an altar. Or it was like a tomb in which, with these powerful aids, he prayed for a resurrection.

But the sinister reflections passed with Wiley's quick rejoicing at her frock. He, at least, needed no assurance from a fashion magazine that this was precisely the correct garb for Jane. He fingered the cherry-colored silk admiringly, then had her stand back and turned his head on the pillow for the full view of its simple lines. She waited for him to hint that the skirt might have been mistakenly contracted, but he only applauded and remarked wistfully upon a change in fashions for the better since his own day.

"Poor ladies! How they did have to harness and blanket themselves!"

His eyes seemed shrewdly to guess at Jane's lack of harness and blankets.

She bent to survey her feet, hands pulling the frock aside.

"Do you think it makes me look younger?"

Wiley laughed at that.

"Younger? That's good! How old do you think you are, anyway, child? Of course it doesn't make you look younger. How could it? Are you playing you're grown up and old, and needing to look younger? That's good, that is!"

So Wiley was another who hadn't noticed the years sneaking by. To him it was still only yesterday that anything had happened, such as the coming of a child to the house. It was true that he hadn't for a long time spoken of her going back to school, but she half expected him to do so now.

"Well, anyway, it makes me look grown up," she humored him.

"Oh, it does that, all right." His eyes again slowly traversed her. "Anyone could see you're grown up. What a winsome jade! You know you're really going to be a beauty some day, Tiddledywinks."

"Going to be—some day!" she echoed.

It would be harsh to tell him bluntly her years. She would stay a child to him. His pleased eyes lingered upon her a moment, narrowing in some delightful retrospect as they often did after she had shown herself in a new dress. He seemed to be dreaming back into years when other colorful ladies had submitted themselves to his discriminating appraisal.

She was glad when he no longer looked at her—meeting his glance had become difficult.

Her strange apprehension of forgotten time had left even the invincible Wiley suddenly devastated. How could she not have seen the marks on him before? That very morning she had chatted unthinkingly with him, the same care-free lord of years he had always been, listening with the old eagerness while she laid out cards and told him of glad surprises at the end of a journey—wealth and dark, lovely ladies, and he had glanced over at the waiting panoply of his good days with the old confident anticipation.

Then here, but a few hours later, he was a palsied gray wreck, a mere shrunken caricature, grotesque and monstrous, of the perfect Wiley she had so long believed she saw. She stared in sickening unbelief, and was glad when his lids utterly fell on his so-often reinvoked visions.

She could look freely now and was shocked by an insistent sense of his unrealness. All the tangible things of the room were familiarly in place, but Wiley was no longer there; only the worn shadow of a man, an absurd effigy clumsily fashioned, from which an age-cracked voice would unaccountably issue. The pendants of beard still faintly echoed an old warmth of color; but their living luster had gone, and there was something merely ludicrous in the persistent jaunty curling of the bleached hair above the thinned face to which ever-emerging bones were bringing a kind of tragic dignity the old careless face had never shown.

And all this because one of her accustomed placid moments had been shattered by the swift impact of her own accumulation of years. This was age coming into the open, throwing off all pretense, telling her what to expect, what she couldn't hope to evade. For the first time she felt a fear of age. She couldn't grow old like that; she wouldn't be caught in a trap. There must be ways out.

As she softly closed Wiley's door—afraid to look back at him, she reflected, quite as he had once been afraid to look at the skull—she began hopefully to recount her years. She must have made a mistake. They couldn't add up to thirty-two. It must be only for the moment she couldn't make them fewer. Like Marcy, with his trove of gold coins, she was notoriously vague about figures. Tomorrow she would surely run down an error in that count.

In this delusive exercise she quite forgot when she met Marcy at dinner that she was wearing a dress of the latest mode, one that might conceivably move him to rasping comment. It was not until she felt herself the target of his single glass that she remembered the gown. He had come in spry and dapper and precise of step as ever, and her mind had shifted from fervent denials of her age to amazement at what artificial light could do for the decrepit evening coat. Seen thus at its proper hour, it was wholly plausible and quite engagingly set off Marcy's trim shoulders. It was a veteran not only capable but gay after years of service. She thought there had been something tactless in her taking it unawares and off parade.

Marcy completed his inspection of the new gown almost before she realized he was making it.

"How youth-giving!" he murmured, allowing the glass to fall from his eye.

She resented that, wondering in quick alarm if Marcy had been all this time thinking her old. It appeared not. He had been considering the gown on its merits as a creation, rather than in relation to its wearer. It was a charming thing, he assured her.

"But do you like it on me?" she insisted, still pricked by "youth-giving."

"Oh, but quite tremendously! I'm not up in *couturière's* jargon, but it—it seems to interpret you, I might say; your personality—that sort of thing." He picked up the glass to wave it at her assistingly, also to indicate that he had not finished. "What I get from it is that you're a creature of great delicacy, yet with no look of the insubstantial that so often defeats a try for delicacy in architecture—even in the other arts."

"That's nice of you, Cousin Marcy. I was afraid it might be just the least little bit ——"

"Oh, not at all, not at all! I consider nothing in all dress to have been uglier than the modes of our mothers and grandmothers. It never did humanity the slightest good to disguise the female figure. We might as well have made the best of it, at all periods. The good was certainly always good enough, and the poorest was never so

(Continued on Page 129)

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(Continued from Page 126)

bad as the clumsy swathing and ugly adornments that sought to conceal it."

"And you don't think this makes me look too young?"

"Too young? No. Young—of course. Why not?"

"You'd never guess how old I really am."

"I sincerely hope not, my dear. Guessing of that sort—it—it can't be done nicely till one gets to a certain age—years beyond yours, I'm sure."

She wanted to say, "Well, I'm nearly thirty," but for the moment she was unequal to it, and shifted the talk to Wiley's age, reflecting as she did so that Marcy's own face, finely wrinkled though it was, by no means carried the full tale of his years. His eyes were sprightly, his smile, when he chose to have it so, was young, and his small white teeth of a child were still as they had always been. She had expected to note, by this new illumination of hers, some long-hidden signs of age such as had shocked her in Wiley; but, beyond a loss of timbre from his never-resonant voice, she could detect nothing. He not only belied his coat but he was astoundingly the Marcy that had greeted her child self all those years ago. Time was so reasonless in its vagaries. She was conscious now of feeling older than Marcy looked.

"I've noticed that Wiley fails," he was telling her. "That old tawny impudence—rather too bad to see it go; the quality that kept him from conceding the existence of such things as eternal verities. Of course, without it I should suppose he'd have been pleading for a draught of roach bane long since. I dare say he's never suspected that he died once—not quite efficiently. One would have expected him, lying there interminably, to be nagged and tortured by ghosts of old desires that once ruled him. I used to watch for this, but seemingly he was never importuned. What makes it more curious is that up to the moment of his seizure he was ever a realist—rather brutally so—and you know the sumptuous ideal world he's captained ever since."

"It's beginning to hurt me," Jane said, "the way he has always expected to get up—those clothes and the hat he keeps ready."

"He still expects it. He'd feel no surprise whatever if he got up and put the clothes on tomorrow. He wouldn't even know he had lost time. If the dead lived again, wouldn't they have to begin with their last memories? Cæsar, after all the centuries, would only know he had been stabbed, and Wiley Tedmon would only know yesterday—his last active yesterday."

He mused on this, then brightened with another disclosure.

"I paid for Wiley. I came too soon after him. I wasn't robust, wasn't a doughty realist. But our mother was proud of me because I learned to read before Wiley could. I was a prodigy of learning while he still floundered down the alphabet. So she thought to make something choice of me, not knowing I needed at least a bit of his tougher fiber, some slight gift for the real."

"Poor Cousin Marcy," Jane murmured.

"I paid for Wiley," he went on, a tinge of asperity now in his tone. "But Wiley never paid for anyone, even for himself, as we've just noted. Another man would have suffered in so many ways—even for having lost great sums he was supposed to guard for other people. God knows a tithe of mine would have done me handsomely if I could have rescued it. But Wiley actually feels benevolent about the mere money he lost; he was so rich in good intentions for the others. He hasn't even suffered from his own disability. It hasn't tormented him to lie there away from the world. Apparently he hasn't so much as wanted to want the things he couldn't have any more. Suppose he had continued to lust after the world, the flesh and the devil—his trinity. That would have made him pay something, wouldn't it?"

This was plainly a rhetorical question that called for no answer, so Jane offered none.

"Even suppose"—the speaker grew more genial, a sign informing Jane that he was relishing a moment of pure spite—"suppose the millions had come back while he lay helpless—all that he craved, in fullest abundance, and he unable to feast. Oh, but that would have made him pay! Tantalus, indeed!"

He stopped, eyes narrowed on this vision of a helpless and tortured Wiley solicited by the delights he had prized, with all power to command them but no capacity to receive.

"What a superb revenge to take on an enemy," he sighed at last—"to crowd all upon him after he can take nothing!"

This was Marcy being waspish, as Jane had long known. He was old, after all; even senile now, in his rapt contemplation of Wiley in torment. She began to be again uncomfortably aware of her own age.

"We're all getting old." She broke in with this on Marcy's mean little ecstasy.

"Eh, old? Not too old to feel, surely. Wiley never had power to feel anything but the obvious. But I'm not too old. And you—you're merely not too young."

"I'm not far from thirty," she lightly said. If he misconstrued this, it wouldn't be her fault.

But Marcy chilled her. His lips moved a moment in a silence she found ominous.

"Quite true, my dear," he said at last, crisply, and with a troubling glance at her.

He spoke then of the asparagus, while the ripe coolness of Jane's cheeks took on a warmer tint. More than ever she hated age. Couldn't there be a way out—at least out of this house of spiteful age?

Marcy was babbling of Italy and ripe figs while she was remembering Sarah Tedmon and her way out. Sarah hadn't given up; but, as Marcy had remarked at the time, there weren't enough door knobs left to afford a second flight. She fell to wondering about Sarah, so mysteriously swallowed by the place that waited for her. Had she been happy? Had she done more than escape from one hole to another? She must be very old now; wishing, perhaps, she hadn't escaped. But no; that wouldn't be like Sarah. She was game. Whatever she had done, she'd be glad of.

Her companion toyed daintily with a dessert of fruit, chatting along smoothly, and with an unwonted good humor that Jane suspected to have been caused by his neat, silent riddling of that incautious announcement about her age. Though he spoke of other things, he would now and then smile knowingly at her as if he still enjoyed the little triumph. He was telling her of a certain fruit to be found in the Orient, the mangosteen, which he considered the world's only perfect fruit, a creation of such delicacy that it never long survived beyond its habitat, a thing of delicate tissues beneath a stout husk, and of a flavor truly paradisical.

Jane affected interest in a fruit that couldn't survive outside its own narrow valley, wondering if she were possibly like that and would wither and perish beyond the girdle of mountains that seemed always to have shut her in; but she felt that Marcy, under his light talk, was really saying, "Not far from thirty, my dear—true enough! As if my useless web of a mind didn't at least imprison wholly unimportant dates!"

When they left the table, Marcy, still genial, suggested an evening of reading.

"Shall we go on with the little Corsican who conquered his world by impudence? You'll find his mother was the only one of the family with any real strength of character."

But Jane didn't want Napoleon. She already knew why Marcy considered his brother to have ably surpassed that ruler, for whom one Waterloo had sufficed; and the night before she had been instructed that the Corsican's star had been dimmed because he possessed nothing more potent than impudence; a certain vitality of impudence, effective only during a narrow span of animal life. Napoleon's high days, said Marcy, were nicely numbered by the days of his favorite war horse. Horse and master passed together, neither having a talent for survival after brains alone would prevail. The stricken ruler had perhaps stupidly kept a uniform at hand where he could watch it and dream of riding over the world again.

So Jane spoke of a headache, and Marcy left her with murmurs of condolence. Napoleon wouldn't have been unbearable, but she wanted to be away from little shrewish Marcy Tedmon, who, for the moment, wasn't enough cast down by his own years. She wanted to be away from everyone old, to be old all by herself.

When Marcy had gone, she walked absently through the lower hall with no design other than to be solitary, and was presently surprised to find herself sitting on the edge of an armchair in the unchanged, ancient parlor. She was suddenly aware that she couldn't remember ever having sat down in that room of still and forbidding grandeur. It had been enough to pass through, with a pause here and there before some bit of its archaic flaunting. It invited one to sit no more than a museum would. Yet she sat there stiffly while the dusk grew, her mind a motley of remembered phrases, of glimpses of herself in a glass, of fleeting and absurdly unrelated impressions that dazed her by their stupid impacts and left her with a wearying sense of desolation.

She got from it a sharp conviction that she must do something. But this something was undefined; do what, to what end? She wanted to think, but nothing came save meaningless scraps—a glimpse of the skull with its lipless grin, a hand of Wiley Tedmon, transparent now, its ring loose on a shrunken finger; the weed she had pulled to recall matter-of-fact things when she felt those whispers in the garden; a perfect fruit that couldn't be taken away; Napoleon and his horse passing together—it was a rabble she couldn't command.

Again it came to her that she had in all the years never sat in this room before. That, of itself, was queer. Then it occurred to her that she had instinctively done a new thing to help her to some new thought that might be stirring in a far recess of her mind, some long-closed chamber. She mused on this; but it proved fruitless, leading her merely to the locked wine cellar which she saw opened for long-gone Tedmons who began to people the room in groups gay with laughter and quick speech.

She got up, shrugged her way from this phantom festival, rid her eyes of all those meaningless unrelated images that had run before them, and went to stand outside in the portico with a mind at last placidly vacant. Off to the west sunset fires were fuming where the valley narrowed, lighting the more distant peaks that hemmed her in. But she no longer thought of them as a barrier. She wasn't thinking now; even her age was happily obscured.

In this mental void she relaxed a long time. Then the immediate engaged her; she smiled with a sudden resolve. She went quickly to her room, taking the back stairs so that she wouldn't be heard by Marcy, changed the satin slippers for a stouter pair and threw on a dull-colored old cloak that would make her more seemly—it all but swept the ground—to the unschooled eyes of Union Hill.

It was picture night in the village and she was going alone, eluding Marcy, who might have wished to go. Her mind was at rest again, but still she preferred not to be with Marcy just yet; not with anyone ironic and so old that he had no future.

Union Hill had not escaped quite all the penalties of progress that swept the world beyond its girdle of hills. The motor car had come as a sensational contraption of which nothing good was prophesied, and stayed into a period where it was no longer remarked by even the oldest citizens. The airplane almost daily winged a high course over the sleeping town, sometimes so low that its monstrous drone could be heard and the sheen of its wings dazzle upturned eyes. And the moving picture had, even more quickly than either of these triumphs, become, twice each week, a coherent part of the town's night life. This had meant, too, distinctly more to the Tedmons than to other people, for the old bank had been transformed into a picture theater—"Palace Theater," the electric lights boasted—its counters and cages banished, its floor space lined with chairs and a screen hung at one end within a shallow proscenium. It had amused Marcy Tedmon to portray certain shocked old ghosts returning to view this profanation. They wouldn't be appeased, he thought, by the pittance of rental paid monthly into depleted Tedmon coffers, or pleased by the eagerness with which their impoverished descendants received it.

Jane's first picture views of an outside world she had but skirted as a child left her with sensations not entirely pleasurable. She had come rather to disbelieve in that world. It had its place in the background of her mind, but only as something preposterous and distorted beyond human credibility—something wild she had dreamed. She had never gone out from Union Hill, except the time Gus Pedfern drove her in a motor car to Creston, where the trains passed. She had watched a train stop there, and it might have been the train she had ridden on. She even looked at the windows of the forward car for an unnaturally old boy who might be briskly vending his wares from a basket.

At that time she hadn't begun to see, as another person, the small girl who got wonderingly out of the train and kept determinedly within reaching distance of her companion. And save for this one excursion, her life had had few reminders that a world went on outside the mountains. Even the train she saw had meant but itself. She had been unable to imagine it one of many that had run by Creston every day since she debarked there.

Yet after a few nights at the Palace Theater, that forgotten outside world had lost its distortion and she was able to orient herself again to wider spaces, as once Union Hill itself had insensibly merged with her closer surroundings of the old house. She was now in a world that didn't end, even with Creston, where the trains passedk a world where people led exciting lives quite as matter-of-factly as the ancients of Union Hill made their daily pilgrimage to the post office.

They were strange people, many of exquisite beauty, either very bad or very good. And that outside world never failed to punish the bad ones or to reward the good with all manner of benefits. But even Jane, so unspotted of the world, couldn't help very soon being aware that the dramas she saw were pretty much cut to one pattern; those punishments and rewards went a little too inevitably to the right persons, and the beautiful young girls were rather too similarly persecuted through a series of tribulations so standardized that she came to foresee ends from beginnings. She finally learned to accept them as fairy stories, though Marcy Tedmon had told her that fairy stories were immoral because they were merely what ought to be true—not what had to be.

And, of course, she saw more than the dramas that not even she could long believe in; thrilling spectacles, lovely gowns, people dancing in the sort of places that must have been waiting for Sarah Tedmon; strange, alive faces that never looked up at her, as if she were a visitant from a distant world and stayed invisible. And there were fleeting panoramas of her own and foreign countries that never failed to enchant her.

Marcy Tedmon had sat with her one night when they saw Italy, and been moved quite out of himself, gripping her hand at intervals when some remembered beauty spot flashed out at him. He could almost see himself, he told her, climbing a wind-swept hill of Capri—he remembered the book he carried and a certain coat he wore. Marcy quite won her pity that night, he was so still on their way home, refusing to talk even of Italy.

(Continued on Page 133)

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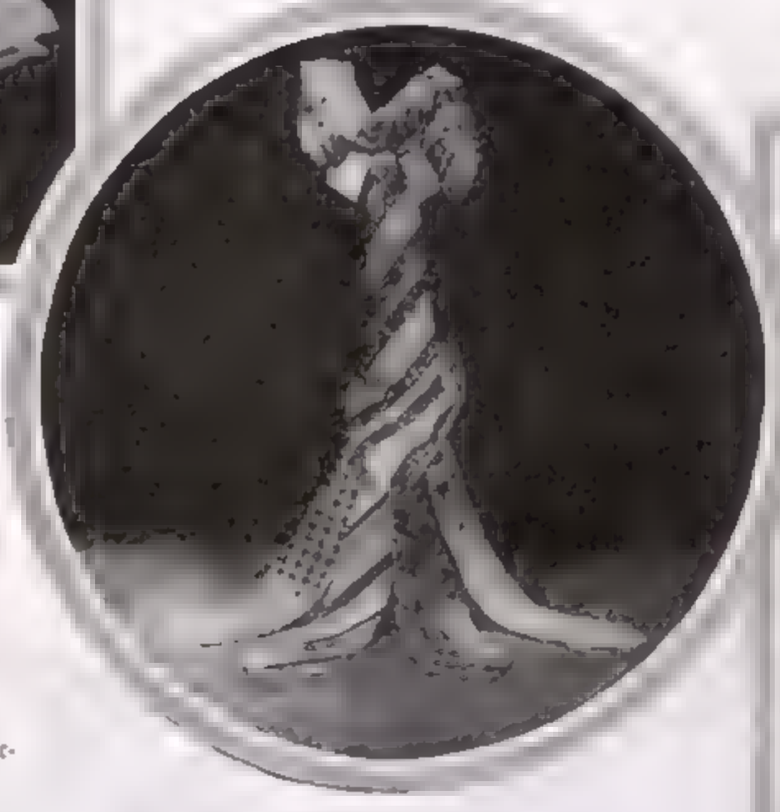

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BAKELITE

THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

(Continued from Page 129)

After that he always hoped for Italy when he accompanied her, though a progress through other countries and certain Old World cities he had known would often leave him almost as unhappy. Once, in Paris, he showed her the bridge he had so often crossed, past the gray, frowning Louvre on his way to lodgings far over on the left bank of the Seine, through narrow, winding streets. The picture obligingly took them along the very street where Marcy had lived, and with his strong little grasp on her hand he would keep her informed in broken whispers. They didn't see the house he had lodged in, and Marcy gulped curiously when they left that street. Jane thought it queer that he should have passed the Louvre almost daily. She had never imagined Marcy being so closely involved with history.

But the pictures were not all thrice-told fairy tales and shows of the Old World. There would be swift glimpses of contemporary life in their own country that Jane often found as piquing as foreign travel or exploration in savage lands. It was a relief to know that people in that outside world weren't all either heroes or scoundrels constantly foiling or being foiled in one never-ending intrigue.

Many of them, it seemed, followed undramatic but estimable occupations that were sometimes picturesque. They sanely harvested wheat or adventurously caught fish or made glassware or greeted dignitaries at railway stations.

It was on a night when Seth Hacker sat with Jane that the vast field of turkeys had been exposed under a caption that caused Seth to sneer so that he became conspicuous. The turkeys were thrilling—a noble spread of them, such as Seth had been patiently visualizing since Jane had known him; but in the midst of the birds, looking pardonably proud, was a woman said to be the Turkey Queen of the West.

Seth had sneered and muttered until people about began to look at him. It was some moments before Jane realized that Seth found a turkey queen unthinkable. He continued to mutter; there had been trickery in the picture or falsehood in the caption.

XIII

SHE stole from the side door, hooded in her cloak, feeling mysterious and elated to be going out alone that way. The company of Marcy or Seth Hacker would have spoiled something she was conscious of—a novel sense of detachment from the old house and its tepid concerns. She was leaving behind that tedious perspective of empty days that had so long crept furtively by, only to turn and overwhelm her at last.

Down the drive she moved with quick soft steps and a precautionary glance at Seth Hacker's light in his room above the carriage house, another for Marcy's dimly lit windows. She felt the thrill of escape and rejoiced when the shadows outside the gate engulfed her. A thought made her gleeful—she was celebrating alone, and in one evening, all those birthdays that only now had taken on a meaning. She was away from an old house and old people that had conspired to make her also old. For the moment, she was free, going to the picture theater because nothing better offered. It was really enough to be out and alone.

Being now beyond friendly but unwelcome pursuit, she walked slowly, smiling as she came abreast the little darkened brick church standing so funnily aloof from life, it seemed to her, gloomily aware of being neglected. She would, for this secret festival, as soon be within it, she thought, as at the picture theater; but of course it would be locked. She smiled again as she passed its blank front. Marcy had long ago told her it wasn't one of the better class churches, and she had gone there but a few times as a little girl in search of recreation.

Marcy had insisted that the building was atrocious, nothing in which he could suitably worship his Creator. It simply couldn't be managed in so ugly a box. He had shown her a volume of etched cathedrals, giving her the impression that only in ornate structures of this character could the Creator of Tedmons—and, presumably, of Starbirds—be fittingly acknowledged. Mere brick boxes supporting viciously angular belfries of timber would suffice only lesser folk whose creation had demanded no pains.

For many years Jane had felt a condescending pity for the poor little edifice and the people who had been made not to be offended by its architectural shortcomings. Marcy had conceded religion to be an essential in human life; but to attend a church you didn't like the looks of was submitting to herd prejudice, and therefore injurious to the soul.

Jane had kept her soul unflawed with her mentor's, but now she thought, "Poor old Marcy!" and clicked her tongue, pitying, against helpful upper teeth. For a moment she almost wished she had brought him with her; perhaps more of his old haunts would be shown that night, or a cathedral in which even Marcy might have bowed with at least the humility proper to a Tedmon. But this weakness passed before the lighted portal began to beckon her. Very definitely she wanted no one with her, and she hoped to sit far from anyone who might be moved to talk. Tonight was her chance to see herself removed from the old life, and she wanted nothing to remind her that she really wasn't.

In the slow thin stream of people that drained through the lighted doorway she observed Sam Slater and his wife. They loitered outside to study the poster and Jane paused in the shadow of a doorway across the street, glad of the dull cloak that covered her. She enjoyed this bit of stealth, hiding from Maurine Slater whom, commonly, she would have rushed to greet. But tonight Maurine wouldn't do at all, with her loud-whispered comments on the frocks that would be shown.

It was these chiefly that excited Maurine in picture plays. As to their drama, save for a shortening of breath at tense moments, she dismissed it with the invariable remark, "Don't it beat all, in every single picture you see, how one thing leads to another!" She said this often, the frequency of its repetition denoting the warmth of her approval. She liked most of the pictures, finding few, indeed, in which one thing didn't lead to another.

The Slaters went in, but Jane still waited. Maurine would be sure to spy her in the crowd and point cordially to the nearest vacant chair. She followed only when she saw the lights die through the open door, and found a seat in a vacant row safely remote from talk that would disturb her newly prized solitude. She liked Maurine Slater; but there were so many things tonight she couldn't tell her and did wish to tell herself—chiefly that, in some deep recess of her mind, she knew she was entering on a new life, away from old people, away from her old, tame self.

Her first thought as she found her seat was that she was the only young person there. The crowd was made up of children and very old people. Those in between had already "hit the grade." Jane recalled the local phrase. Sarah Tedmon had hit the grade. So could another Tedmon, she reflected, with a sudden plunge of her heart.

She hadn't so definitely let herself think this before she noted that sharp alignment of the crowd. Now she played with the thought, imagining some immense hidden store of silver door knobs back in the old house.

The projecting machine had begun to whir through its news reel and Jane was relieved to note that Marcy wasn't missing anything that would move him. There was the finish of a boat race, a confusing blur of baseball players, the exposure of certain factory secrets relating to preserved fruit, none of which excited Jane; though these were followed by views of an entirely satisfactory railway wreck which showed that trains weren't the invulnerable things she had passively considered them.

A comedy ensued, and she enjoyed the antics of a droll who was chased through the crowded streets of a great city for a crime he hadn't meant to commit, and had the narrowest escapes from instant death in front of street cars and automobiles. She was not wholly attentive to this, however, preferring to anticipate what the poster outside had promised—Sumner Gale, America's Screen Favorite, in a Gripping Drama of Today—The Love Route.

She was glad she could see Sumner Gale on this night that she felt was somehow more than other nights. She had seen him before and had never failed to rejoice in his triumphs over fate and the enemies who, for one reason or another, sought his ruin. In his quiet moments, his handsome features in repose, he seemed to express modest, whimsical doubts of his prowess in the conflict never far off; but at the crisis his perfect face grew stern and taut and all afire with high resolve. He might merely ride a winning horse to victory—the jockey having been drugged by his enemies—or he might invade a water-front dive and single-handed best a band of burly cutthroats; but always he became stern, with his fighting chin lifted.

With helpless women and children, he was again whimsical in his unvarying gentleness; but with women not helpless, his slow, conquering smile wrought a havoc to which he was often playfully indifferent, as with the hollow-hearted society girl, beautiful but selfish, or the sultry-eyed adventuress whose burning glances under the beautiful fall of her lids were vainly prolonged for him.

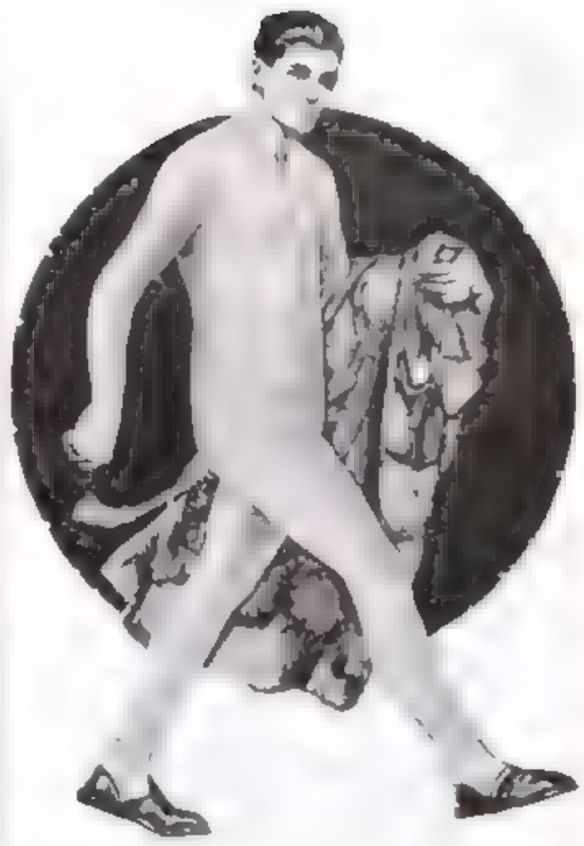
Even Marcy Tedmon had not been insensible to the pictured charm of Sumner Gale, conceding him to be a winsome whelp.

The drama began and Jane forgot the bare, whitewashed walls of the old Starbird and Tedmon Bank, held wholly by this life in another world which she was magically permitted to overlook. Sumner Gale was now Ralph Hardwell, only son of old John Hardwell, the great railroad magnate, a multimillionaire with an iron will. The son fell into evil ways, doing it attractively, Jane considered, mostly out-of-doors, in company with beautiful young women in what Maurine Slater called sports apparel. There were, to be sure, evenings at the gaming table, where he lost immense sums, and other evenings in vast and splendid restaurants, where he lavishly entertained, so the screen disclosed, "the fairest ornaments of Gotham's gilded fast set."

Jane felt cheated at the swift curtailment of these evenings; she wished to see more of the dancing and to study at greater leisure the frocks worn by the lovely young ladies. She had no doubt they belonged to a fast set, because they all smoked cigarettes; but they were worth looking at. Always, after these evenings, Ralph Hardwell awoke whimsically at the call of his graven-faced valet, who very plainly worshiped the boy despite his mien of severe disapproval. Jane beheld a great deal of his bath and quite all of his breakfast, after which she saw him arrayed in fair garments for a call upon his fiancée, Miss Maude Delancy-Rivington. Jane disliked this girl at once, for all her high-bred distinction and blond hair; nor did it seem to her that Ralph Hardwell was irrevocably enamored of her.

It was no surprise then, and a hearty relief, when Miss Delancy-Rivington broke the engagement the day Ralph's father cast him off because of his idleness and spendthrift habits. The gruff old multimillionaire had his secretary write Ralph a check for five thousand dollars and ordered him to "fish, cut bait or go ashore." Whereupon Ralph tore the check up, flung its pieces in the face of the shocked secretary and walked slowly from the sumptuous office with a look of whimsical sadness, appearing later at the magnificent home of his fiancée, where his father's order was, in effect, repeated.

Jane especially noted that Miss Delancy-Rivington didn't even wait to learn that Ralph had torn up the check for five thousand dollars, which seemed to be a great



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deal of money. Ralph merely told her that his father had cast him off with a pittance, and the selfish society girl found this enough.

Ralph was again whimsical of face when the Delancy-Rivington butler came, almost with a frown, to show him out; but there was no sadness in this expression. It was whimsical but determined, and not wholly uncheerful. Jane had seen enough picture plays to be certain that this affair was definitely over, and she was heartily glad of it. She settled more easily into her chair, knowing that throughout the remainder of the picture nothing unpleasant would seriously menace Ralph Hardwell. And soon she was aware that she watched this drama with sensations even more novel than the feeling of sudden detachment from the old life that had brought her out alone.

Always before, she had felt that the life portrayed in pictures and those portraying it were not of the world she knew. Never had it seemed to her that mere onlookers like herself could tread the same earth. But tonight she was aware of little shocks of reality. She was watching real people in real settings. The story they were telling was still undoubtedly a fairy story that never could happen, but all in a moment she had been brought close to them; they were people like herself. And more of them, in exciting numbers, were just across the near barrier of hills that had so long been the limit of her insipid little world; not actors in picture plays, but people more importantly living a life that didn't have to be pretended, a great, spacious, glamorous, filling life that could be richer than any pretense.

Her eyes followed the drama on the screen, but in her suddenly lifted mind she saw pictures of shining turrets and golden walls in which great doors were invitingly open. When her own pictures grew too extravagant, she would steady herself with a shrug or an under lip caught between reminding teeth. She mustn't, at her age, be silly. Turrets and shining walls were silly, beyond a doubt. Yet the life was there, just over a few hills; and it did call her.

She knew perfectly now what Sarah Tedmon saw when she said a place was waiting for her. And with a sudden pang, she clearly knew what Marcy Tedmon had felt when he saw Italy. That had been cruel, like letting the unwilling dead come to life for a moment. She wondered Marcy hadn't been more of a wasp.

For moments she kept so intently to her own visions that the progress of Ralph Hardwell would seem queerly intermittent. Ralph, the pampered son of wealth, was incongruously revealed as "a common laborer" in the Far West, on "a small but important railroad." She saw him in rough clothes with a shovel, one of a section gang, but happily on the end where he could be conveniently photographed, pausing to wipe honest sweat from his brow and shake back profuse curling locks.

Then he seemed to save a passenger train from wreck, though Jane wasn't sure how he managed it; and this brought him to the notice of the road's president, who lived in a modest white house near the station with his motherless daughter, a beautiful young girl called Gypsy. After that, Ralph was promoted to be an engineer and spent a great deal of time running a locomotive back and forth before the station, where he would often stop to chat with Gypsy and sometimes give her a ride.

Within a few days he became an assistant superintendent of the small but important railroad because of his efficiency in handling strikers when they threatened to destroy the property. By this time the aged president of the road had come to rely upon Ralph, confiding to him that their small road, the C. & K., was wanted to complete a merger that would swallow it up, the power back of this infamous plot being none other than old John Hardwell, the great multimillionaire railroad magnate.

Ralph Hardwell, who had smothered his identity under the name of John Jones, was greatly affected by this news, and clasping the hand of the elderly president, swore that he was in the fight to stay. He was then made general manager of the C. & K. and went to live in the modest white house of the president across from the railway station, where it at once became apparent that between him and the president's lovely daughter, Gypsy—who loved railroading and spent the most of her time around the station in a short skirt and tam o' shanter—a friendship had formed that promised to ripen into something deeper and finer. Jane was glad to observe this, because Gypsy was far preferable, as a mate for Ralph, to the cold-eyed New York society girl who had once infatuated him.

After this happy assurance, Jane became even less watchful of the drama. She did note with glee that old John Hardwell, back in his sumptuous New York office, began to realize that a master mind was balking his nefarious merger that would swallow the C. & K., but she was uncertain just how this was achieved by Ralph. A great many papers were filed by both sides, but the new general manager of the C. & K. always filed his first.

This happened so often that John Hardwell at last said, "I must face this secret enemy," and went West in his private car with a dozen or so of Ralph's former light-minded associates in sports apparel, including Miss Delancy-Rivington, still the same haughty, cold-eyed society girl, caring nothing for true worth.

Jane, paying closer attention after that, was able to see that Ralph foiled his father by stealing the locomotive from his private car beside the station—with the valuable help of little Gypsy—and racing off into the night to file some more papers that seemed forever to insure the independence of the C. & K. The picture showed the multimillionaire cursing his plight, and also the racing locomotive, Gypsy at the throttle and Ralph shoveling coal, as they rocked at a mad pace over a road bed that plainly needed a lot of work done on it.

But Ralph triumphed, and returned the next day, so that John Hardwell could meet the master mind that had outwitted him. Father and son met on the station platform, and old John Hardwell handsomely said, "Tricked by my own son, by gad! I shall take my medicine, but you must come back to your rightful place in my office, where there is a man's work to do."

Miss Delancy-Rivington was prominent in the group of New York society favorites who listened to this speech, and Jane observed that her cold eyes surveyed Ralph with reviving interest; but she was in no doubt as to Ralph's course. With the old whimsical humor he turned significantly to the elderly president of the C. & K., then even more significantly to his daughter Gypsy, who had a smudge of coal dust on her cheek, and said very simply, "No, father; my life work is here in God's country, where I have found myself."

Miss Delancy-Rivington sneered at this, but it could be seen that gruff old John Hardwell was proud of the son he had once so lightly cast off. After the palatial private car had gone, Ralph and Gypsy entered the station for a moment; and when they returned, the elderly president of the road burst into fond and hearty laughter, for Ralph's more than ever whimsical face was now smudged with coal dust even as little Gypsy's, and Jane knew that the Love Route had been traveled.

She was quickly outside, wishing to evade Maurine Slater's conclusions about the picture and all contacts reminding her that she was still a part of Union Hill. The fairy tale she had seen diffused itself over her own picture that she had no longer consciously to summon—the picture of herself not a part of the old life, but one of those people beyond the hills who wore sports apparel and to whom wondrous things happened casually. As she walked back to the old house, her step was light and she laughed often to herself, reviewing her day from that queer moment of illumination in the garden.

Beyond question it had been a day of decisive significance. She wasn't old—merely not too young. Life was at that moment impatiently awaiting her with delectable surprises.

She awoke the next morning, at first with her usual dull routine running unsummoned through her mind. Then under this, her head still on the pillow, she began to feel that pulsing rapture of the night before. Something new and good was true, even if nothing tangible had happened. She felt it through all her relaxed being. She raised on an elbow to regard the new frock carefully disposed on a chair across the room. It made her think for a moment of Wiley's clothes he had kept so long waiting for him.

But the shadow swiftly passed. She wasn't like Wiley. She turned in the bed, flexing her body triumphantly, rejoicing in the quickened life that flooded it. Then she raised again to stare at the frock, seeing herself in it in some far-off place among people so young that things still happened to them—where things could still happen to her. The dress seemed to her to be impatient; she thought of Sarah Tedmon with her joyous inspiration about door knobs. There must somehow be the equivalent of silver knobs in that old house—something with which she might file her bars.

She dressed with little grim mutterings. She wasn't chained to her bed like Wiley, nor helpless like Marcy, though even futile Marcy had gone out once and found money—more than enough money to blast a way through that mountain barrier she was now hating.

Fully accoutered—taking more than the usual time with her hair, noting that a day had seemed to give its pale hue a warmer tinge, though she knew this must have been done by the years—she went out, uplifted, to meet the day. And the day proved to be, on its surface, merely one of the old days, of the sort that crept sluggishly by to blend drably with its fellows.

But she knew the surface to be deceiving; beneath it ran a current rich with wonders it was bearing down to her from a hidden source. She put on the cherry-colored silk again that night—already the long skirts of her other gowns looked absurd—but once more pleaded headache when Marcy would have read, and spent the evening with her own new visions, stimulating these by a device of which she felt half ashamed.

This was nothing less than to take a pack of cards to her room and tell her own fortune. She distrusted her first promising layout; for so long a time she had told for Cousin Wiley fortunes that simply had to come out right. But she challenged the future again, recalling her ancient lore, reading no false values for an invalid's cheer; and even with this rigid honesty, discovered that she would presently go a long journey, find wealth at the end and—there it indubitably was—meet a dark man who was to influence her whole life.

Again she dared the hazard, and after a shuffling beyond cavil, the cards persisted in promising journey, wealth and the fateful man. She dreamed above this confirmation, visioning unconsciously the dark beauty of Sumner Gale, his mouth whimsical with humor, his eyes yearning upon her above the slow compelling smile.

She caught herself there and murmured "Oh, my!" in shocked dismay. The cards might truly enough predict a dark man to become involved with her portentously; but Sumner Gale! That was absurd. She laughed at herself. This was still the house of make-believe, and she had become a victim, like Wiley, of delusive fantasies; or like Seth Hacker, believing himself to be the predestined turkey king of the West.

She mustn't let herself make-believe. She must keep only to what she knew—that something would happen, something shining. She began to study her hands, recalling that the hands of Miss Delancy-Rivington had been slenderly exquisite, especially when she held up the long jeweled holder containing her cigarette. Jane was pretty certain this girl had done little gardening of a practical sort, and probably no laundry work.

(Continued on Page 136)

His keys had worn a hole in his pocket. Now they were gone.

Locked out in the rain

—just because of a missing key

"AN *evening stroll . . a threatening sky . . We hurried home . . Just as we reached the door . . the storm broke . . Hastily I fumbled for my keys . . They were not in my pocket . . I searched . . Useless . . The rain fell harder . . I climbed through a window.*"

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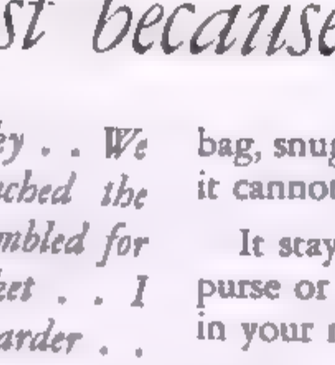
BUT if you should lose it—the famous Buxton Key Return Service comes into action. Each Keytainer pocket carries a numbered card, offering a reward for return to Buxton Headquarters. There—a similar card bearing the same number is always on file—filled out by you with your name and address. Only Buxton knows to whom those keys belong.

When a lost Keytainer is sent in, Buxton forwards the owner his missing keys and mails the finder his reward—all free of cost.

Leading jewelers, department, leather goods, stationery stores, etc., carry Buxton Keytainers. A wide assortment at around a dollar. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the "Book of Buxton Keytainers." BUXTON, INC., 891 Main St., Springfield, Mass. or 844 Marbridge Bldg., New York City, or the Canadian Distributors, The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



KEY RETURN SERVICE

These two cards carry the same number. One you fill out with your name and mail to Buxton. The other, without your name but bearing your number, stays in the Keytainer and offers a reward to finder for return.

No. 02-6. A sturdy cowhide Keytainer in black or brown. 6 swivel hooks, holds 12 keys. The inner flap has a double function—it contains the pocket for the return coupon and keeps the Keytainer in shape. A great value at $1.00. Other cowhide models from 40c to $1.50.

No. 03-2. A very feminine suede in grey or brown. This size is especially designed for the small handbag. Convenient for the keys to the car. 2 hooks, will hold 4 keys, 65c. Other suede models from 40c to $1.50.

No. 05-4 P. A pin morocco Purse Keytainer. Full leather lined. Business women and housewives now carry keys and money together in the Purse Keytainer. 4 hook model; room for 8 keys and supply of money $3.00. Other morocco Keytainer models from $1.50 to $3.50.

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

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Known ever since broadcasting began as makers of the

Largest Selling Transformers in the World

(Continued from Page 134

She got cold cream then and began seriously to treat her hands. They were not badly shaped, Wiley often said. She held up a pencil in the delicate manner of Miss Delancy-Rivington holding her cigarette. She wondered if she would care to smoke cigarettes. The girls in sports apparel seemed to smoke a great many. She wondered, too, if ingenious Maurine Slater couldn't manage something in the way of sports apparel from the still ample stock of old gowns. And about white sports shoes? She had never seen these displayed in the post-office shop window. She treated her hands a long time, and slept in gloves, oddly feeling that she had already begun that golden adventuring "up the grade."

The next night, after another day deceptively dull of surface, she listened to Marcy read, feeling that she had, for the time, been enough alone with her agitating visions. He read of the Corsican's Hundred Days, and afterward told Jane that these were positively the most wonderful hundred days that had ever come to anyone, the supreme bit of drama in all history; that they should have come to a man who won them solely by his impudence was one of those dazzling ironies that prove the possession of conscious artistry by a force the keenest philosophers considered merely blind.

But Jane was suddenly illuminated about Napoleon. His impudence she admitted; doubtless it was impudent for anyone to plan or even to hope for a change of circumstances that seemed unalterable; but—"He believed in his star," she excitedly told Marcy; "and that's why he had his hundred days. If he hadn't been sure he was going to have them—sure in his own mind—he wouldn't have had any days at all." All at once she was drawing a helpful parallel.

"Of course, you're right in a way," Marcy conceded. "It's one thing to be impudent, and quite another to believe in your impudence as this little vulgarian always did. We must credit him with that."

Jane was seeing through the mountains. "Anyone impudent enough can have a hundred days—if they only believe it," she said.

"You sound like a seer," Marcy replied, glancing sharply at her rapt face. "You're positively delphic, my dear. Oracles, indeed!" Jane could feel his sharp little eyes that stung like nettles and knew that her cheeks told him they did.

"Are you by any chance"—Marcy's voice seemed to crackle dryly—"thinking you believe staunchly in your own impudence?"

She wanted to deny it with a laugh, but all she could do was to say, helplessly, "Oh, Cousin Marcy, I do, I do, I do!" She turned her confessing eyes upon him with that.

"And you're planning your hundred days." His voice had mellowed; she could feel an uncharacteristic human note warming in it. "You're measuring the leagues from Elba to the mainland."

"Yes, I am!" she said swiftly.

"And not caring what comes after the hundred days?"

"No, I'm not."

"Of course you're not, because you're naturally thinking the hundred days will be a lot more as our friend did. You know what he got at the end."

"I don't care," she said stubbornly. "He'd rather have had his hundred days than none. So would I."

"Yes, yes, that's understood—perfectly, perfectly!" He mused on this. She might have thought he had forgotten but for the swift brightening of an occasional glance he shot her. Marcy hadn't forgotten. He was interested. At last he said, "Has anything especial come about, something that has perhaps deranged your sense of values? I'm only trying to understand."

He was inviting, compelling, her confidence. Never before in all her years with him had she felt free to talk to Marcy except on matters not personal to either of them. She felt a rush of grateful frankness.

"Oh, Cousin Marcy, I don't know if I can tell you, but I'll really try. It's so much harder because nothing has happened, nothing that sticks out, I mean. It seems just to be me—inside of me ——" She paused, a jumble of words before her eyes from which she must choose those that would make her seem not to be merely silly. "Only something inside of me ——"

He tried to be helpful.

"But inside, that's where the very biggest things take place. Momentous happenings aren't usually the outside ones that happen with a lot of noise and knock us off our pins and have to have something done about them."

"Aren't they? I didn't know. I'll try to tell you something; only, every time I start, the happening spreads out—so thin—till it's like nothing at all." She laughed silently, shrugging. "It gets so scared if I try to tell about it."

"Very well, let's have it out anyway. One day you were sitting quietly, thinking of nothing important ——"

"Oh, my! That's nearly it; only I was standing quietly; in the garden, it was, three or four days ago, and I got frightened at nothing, because all it was—I thought I'd got very old. Then I found I wasn't; I was only not too young—you said that yourself. But I felt so different, and I didn't want to talk to anyone, so I went and saw a picture by myself. I still felt queer, and the picture made me feel more queer about you and this house and everyone. Everything keeps on being queer; and so, you see—that's how it is." She looked at Marcy brightly, begging him to understand.

"Perhaps I see," he suggested, but it was plain to Jane that he didn't. She must look for words again.

"Don't you remember one night at the picture place how you felt when you saw Italy, and the bridge in Paris, close to the Louvre, and the queer old street you used to live in?"

"Of course!"

"Then you must remember how it made you feel, making a big want swell up in your heart." Marcy bowed assent to this, his eyes enigmatic. "Well, it's that way I feel; that wanting is big in me all the time. Only you, you'd had your your hundred days, and I haven't had mine. And it isn't queer, my wanting. What is queer is that I keep knowing I'm going to have them. It's simply certain, that's all. I can't tell you how I know it, or how I'm to get them. But I know I shall get them. So that's how it is. Perhaps I explained better this time."

"Adorably!" Marcy beamed with understanding. "You want something you were cheated of."

"You know what they say in the village—I want to go up the grade."

"And you were frightened that day in the garden because something warned you that pretty soon you wouldn't any longer want it—even want to want it." He looked at her again, not beaming now. "Poor child!" She knew Marcy hadn't often said "Poor child!" to anyone in that warm nice way, yet she protested.

"But I'm not! I'm strong. I'm still young and wanting. I'll have at least my hundred days."

He raised his hands with a familiar eloquence, all of futility.

"I had everything you have. I was even more avid, because I'd tasted. Yes; I had everything but initiative, which is vastly important. Perhaps you have that." He regarded her doubtfully.

"I don't know." She shrugged lightly. "But I have my star; I have great faith in that. You'd never believe how bright it is, how sure I am."

He looked at her a long time, his eyes slowly softening. She was compelling his admiration for what he himself had lacked.

"How you stir up the past!" he finally said. "Here I find myself wishing Sarah Tedmon had left the silver knobs for you."

"Pooh! Door knobs aren't everything."

"You're so unhumanly sure, aren't you? You almost make me believe they may not be."

He was like a timid child hearing a companion plan some hazardous feat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A View of the Coast of British Columbia Between the Mainland and the Off-Shore Islands

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A MAN OF PLOTS

(Continued from Page 5)

bark, shavings, sawdust and the accumulated dust left by millions of wood borers which have burrowed into the fresh lumber piled there through many years, the house stands. Old Abel Mudie built it as he built the mill. This man was in the days of his strength one who dominated the imagination of the village, about whom tales were told; a man of foresight and vigor and intelligence, actuated always by a keen and acid appetite for money. And money flowed into his hands—and stayed there. The house he built in his youth; he would not in later years have been guilty of such an expenditure. For it was a large house, a substantial two-story structure, boasting on the first floor not only a front parlor but also a sitting room. His wife must have been in part responsible for this effulgence; but as they grew older together and she came more and more under the influence of her husband's powerful personality, as her life shrank into itself, so did the life of the big house contract until it focused in one or two rooms. The sitting room was shut up and seldom used; the front parlor was reserved for weddings and for funerals. The kitchen and dining room accommodated the family and served every need save that of sleeping. There were no Mudie boys; but there were three daughters. Emily was the first to marry; she chose a man named Burford, who lived in Augusta. Mary married Will Marley, of East Harbor, who later moved to Portland, and 'Tilda was left alone with her father, to care for him and keep his house in order.

To her, when presently he died, he bequeathed the house, the mill and a proportion of his fortune; to the two other daughters their share of what remained. And 'Tilda, for some strange reason, chose for husband Sam Dunnack, a thriftless and inconsequent man, amiable, lovable, yet without any suggestion of that driving force which had been so strong in Abel Mudie, and which he had transmitted almost unimpaired to his three daughters. Perhaps 'Tilda had had some thought of making Sam Dunnack into a man more after her father's pattern; but she found in him that strength which is often to be discovered in weaklings. He was ineradicably kindly and inconsequent. Everybody liked him—save his wife and his eldest son. Everybody liked him, but few could be found to confess any particular respect for his abilities. He had become submerged in the stronger tide of character which flowed through his wife's veins, become an inconsiderable figure in the family life; and it was only in such rare moments of passion as that which had driven Newt from home that he asserted himself at all. That his son Sam was like him was, when the two boys were young, a source of fretful impatience to Mrs. Dunnack; but Newt had, even as a boy, all his grandfather's vigorous and single-minded energy.

Newt, arriving home this evening in late summer, found the old mill deserted, the house closed and apparently lifeless. Dusk was upon the countryside, but there was not even a light in the kitchen window. By the river the mill buildings sprawled. The end of the mill which faced the house was open below, while the upper part was sheathed in and there were two blank windows in this triangle formed by the roof lines. Newt, studying the building appraisingly, had a momentary thought that the windows were like eyes, the open end of the shed below like a wide and grinning mouth. In the dusk the mill assumed a curiously sentient aspect; and, though he was not ordinarily an imaginative man, it seemed to him to look derisively upon this his homecoming, to grin at him in a curiously inscrutable and philosophic way. This fancy of his affected him strongly; he had difficulty in withdrawing his eyes. The cessation of motion on the part of Uncle Jasper's decrepit horse aroused him; he realized that their journey was done, and alighted and extracted his bag from beneath the rear seat, then handed the old man a dollar and a half.

Uncle Jasper looked at the money doubtfully. "Figure it's wuth more'n that," he argued.

"That was what we agreed," Newt retorted.

"I never agreed to anything less'n two dollars," the ancient persisted feebly. "And I ain't had any supper. Long drive back to town."

"There's no light here," Newt pointed out. "Seems like there ain't anybody at home, so I guess there won't be anything to eat here. You better get you something when you go past the store."

"Mighty little for driving ten miles," the old man grumbled; and Newt laughed good-naturedly.

"More'n you usually make in a day, I guess," he retorted.

The other, still grumbling, put the money in his pocket. "Guess you take after your grandfather," he said sourly as he wheeled his horse; and Newt laughed again, curiously inflated by this tribute.

He was in vast good humor as he watched the carriage move slowly away along the road toward the village. As he picked up his bag and turned toward the house the mill caught his eye once more; and again he had that curious impression of a conscious and whimsically malignant intelligence looking out at him from the blank windows, dark blotches upon the graying field of the unpainted sheathing. He was glad to turn his back and go up the rising ground toward the house. As he approached, his mother opened the kitchen door and looked at him silently. Beyond her he saw his Aunt Emily Burford, sitting by a small table huddled against the window to catch the fading light, where dishes and cups showed the two sisters had been at supper. His mother, he thought, was never one to waste oil by lighting a lamp while daylight served.

He said amiably, "Well, hello, ma," and went into the kitchen, and she shut the door behind him. "Hello, Aunt Emily."

His mother, he saw at once, had aged more than he expected. Her hair had been merely sprinkled with gray; it was now almost as white as snow, and there was great weariness in her eyes. As he laid aside his hat and bag she said in a low tone, "I wondered if you wouldn't be home, when you heard about pa."

"Meant to let you know," he said heartily. "But I been mighty busy and no time to write, and I couldn't get away till now."

"Funeral was last Saturday," she told him. "I didn't know as you'd come at all after that."

"Well, it looked to me like I was due for a vacation," he told her. His Aunt Emily had not risen from her seat at the table by the window, and listened to their talk without movement or remark. "I didn't get any supper in East Harbor," he announced.

"We didn't look for you tonight," his mother said. "Probably there's something. A cup of tea, anyways."

He sat down in the chair she had vacated, and she brought a fresh cup and filled it from the teapot on the stove. There were no victuals left on the table; he perceived on one plate a few crumbs that suggested the plate had held toast. The little pitcher which had contained milk was empty. There was a small pat of butter, and sugar in the bowl. He smiled a little, remembering that his mother had always set a frugal board.

She said uncertainly, "Aunt Emily and I just had some toast. We don't eat much. I can make some toast for you if the fire ain't down."

"Bread's as good," he assured her. "And some milk for the tea."

"We take a pint a day from Gay Hunt," she explained. "We don't eat hardly anything, except when Sam's here. He eats hearty."

"Where is he?" Newt asked, his mouth full of bread and butter.

"He's got a little place over at the orchard, he sleeps in when he's working around there. He's going to stay over there tonight."

"Guess I come by there," Newt remarked. "If I'd known he was there."

"We can telephone to Trask's and they'll tell him you're here," his mother explained; and Newt looked at her in surprise.

"You got a telephone?" he asked. She shook her head. "Where do you telephone from? Store?"

"It costs a nickel there," she explained. "When I have to I telephone from Gay Hunt's. No sense my having a telephone. Nobody ever wants to talk to me, and I don't do much of any talking to folks myself, and Gay has to have a telephone anyway, so I just use his."

He nodded, finishing his supper. Aunt Emily rose and began to clear away the few dishes and prepare to wash them.

"Aunt Em come for the funeral?" he asked.

Mrs. Dunnack glanced toward Aunt Emily uncertainly. "She come here to live with me after her boy died," she explained in a lower tone.

"Died, did he?" Newt echoed, studying the other woman. She was gaunt and silent and forbidding, her hair still strongly black and her eyes somber. "I remember he was always kind of pindling," he commented. "What was the matter with him?"

"Consumption," his mother explained. "He was ailing for a long time."

Newt, having finished eating, rose and moved about the kitchen, appraising the place with his eyes. Darkness had fallen, a lamp was lighted. He saw the remembered chairs and table, the familiar wall paper a little scarred here and there where a chair-back had scratched it, and the picture of his Grandfather Mudie which had formerly hung in the sitting room, now on the wall opposite the door. Once or twice he discovered that his mother was watching him with level eyes; and he was, as he moved to and fro, more and more conscious of this scrutiny. There was a quality in her which he could not at once define; he remembered her as strong and assured and assertive, dominating his father as she had dominated them all. But there was now something definitely uncertain about her, as though, thus late in life, she was suspecting that the very foundations of her existence were of doubtful solidity.

He looked into the dining room, but the lamp in the kitchen shed no light that far, and he returned to the kitchen to wait while Aunt Em and his mother put away the dishes. Then they all went into the dining room and sat about the table there, his mother composed and still in her chair, his aunt knitting fretfully with gnarled and knotty fingers.

They seemed to wait for him to speak; and he asked, "How's Aunt Mary? She come to the funeral?"

His mother nodded. "She come, but she went right back."

"Uncle Will come along with her?" Newt inquired.

His mother shook her head. "He's took to drinking heavy," she explained. "She said she didn't want to fetch him."

Newt chuckled. "Didn't know he was that way," he remarked.

"He wan't, till this last few years."

The young man reverted to the question of his brother. "Want to go telephone to Sam? Or will he come home tomorrow anyway?"

"I better telephone," his mother decided. "He said he'd stay over there till Monday. He's coming back to chore around here for a while then." She rose and drew a shawl over her head and went out through the kitchen. Newt was left with Aunt Emily, who sat in the stony silence which seemed her habit, knitting steadily, the little clicks of her needles the only sound in the still room.

Newt, after a time, asked incuriously, "Pa sick long?"

"He ailed for a year," his aunt replied. "He was a care." She seemed to dismiss the dead man with this phrase, and a considerable silence followed.

"Sam as much like him as he used to be?" Newt inquired at last, faint scorn in his tone.

"Sam don't change any," Aunt Em told him, and again her tone had that finality which seemed to put a period to the conversation.

"I heard Sam did right well with the orchard last year," Newt suggested, when he could no longer endure the silence.

"It wan't his doing. Apples was high," Aunt Emily rejoined.

"I guess Sam didn't have much to do with it, at that," he agreed, and he was relieved when his mother came in through the kitchen door and took off her shawl. "Get hold of him, did you?" Newt inquired.

"I talked to Linda Trask," she explained. "She said she'd tell him if she saw him. She said she saw you drive by. She'll see him."

Newt caught the meaning in her tone and smiled. "Sam's girl, is she?" he asked.

"He's there a good deal," his mother assented mildly.

"I saw her as I come by," Newt said, and added good-naturedly, "Guess she's got too much sense to set store by Sam."

"Folks like Sam," his mother remarked noncommittally. "He's always helping around."

"Folks liked pa," Newt remarked. "But he didn't get anywhere by that. Shouldn't think you'd let Sam run the orchard. Don't know enough for it, does he?"

"Your pa give him the orchard, two years gone," his mother told him. "Up and give it to him."

Newt exclaimed impatiently, "Gave it to him? He didn't have any right to do that. I'm older than Sam."

"Well, he did, all on paper," she assured him.

"What'd he go to do that for?"

She looked away from him, answered in even tones, "Why, he said if he waited till he died you'd come home and get it away from Sam, so he give it to him to begin with."

Newt frowned, then laughed. "Guess pa knew Sam didn't have sense enough to take care of anything," he commented.

"Folks take advantage of Sam," she agreed, a suggestion of bewilderment in her tones. "Guess he knows it, but he don't seem to mind. I kind of put on him myself, sometimes."

Newt nodded, watching her. "Who's running the mill?" he asked.

"It kind of runs itself," she replied. "Herb Faller runs it, as much as anybody. There ain't the money in it there was."

"I'll straighten that out," Newt told her.

She looked at him curiously, asked in even tones, "Don't you have to go back?"

"I fixed it to stay long as you needed me," he replied.

"We can get along the way we have," she suggested.

He laughed reassuringly. "You need a man that knows something. I'll stay a spell."

"We live plain," she reminded him.

"I'm sensible," he assured her, and upon this the conversation halted, and for a considerable time they sat in a silence broken only by the click of Aunt Em's needles, and the faint creak of his mother's rocker as she swayed back and forth, her arms tightly folded across her bosom, her eyes occasionally turning to her son.

Once he asked, "Pa didn't leave anything, did he?"

"He give Sam the orchard beforehand," she reminded him. "That's all he ever had to leave anybody."

(Continued on Page 143)

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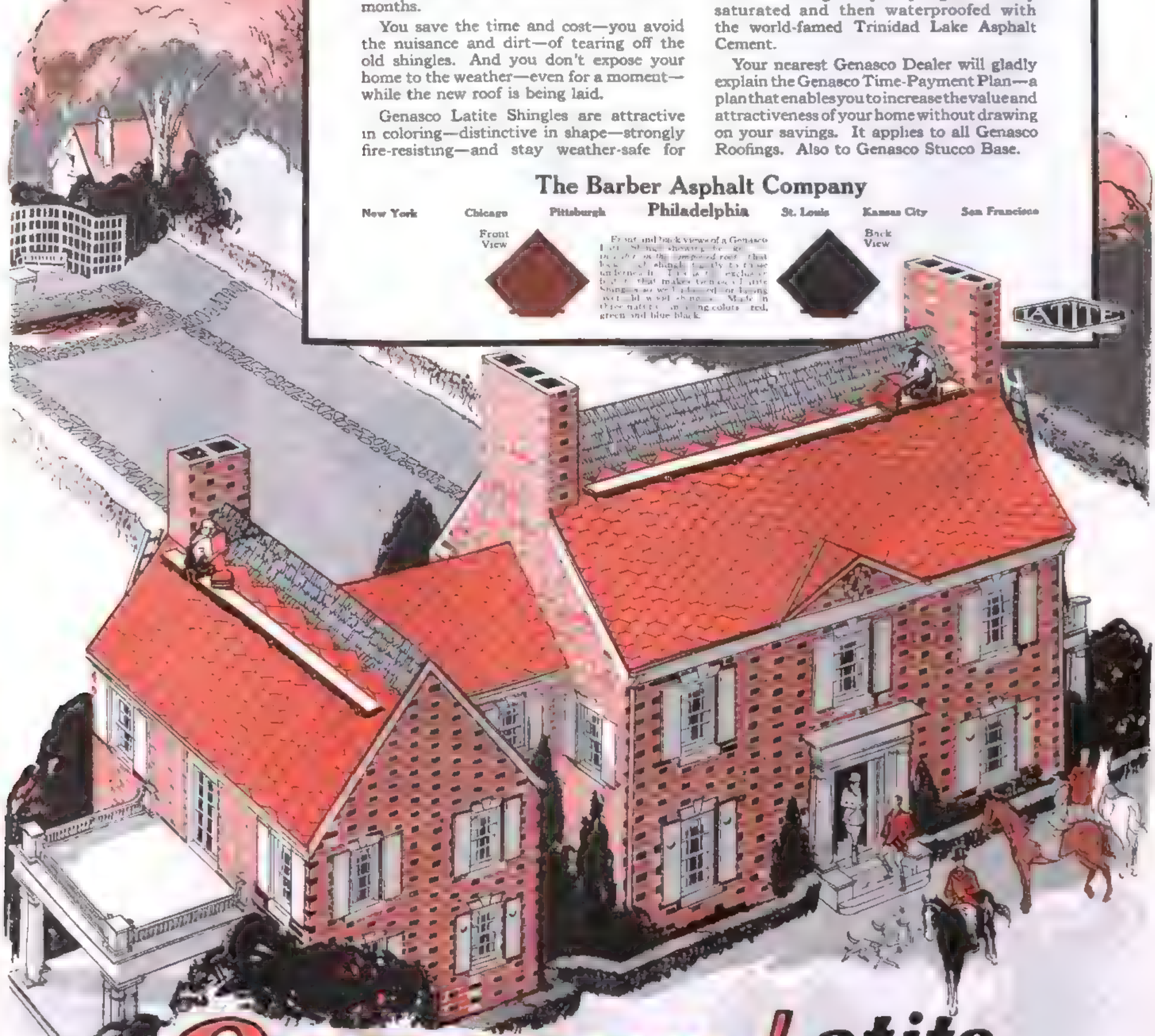

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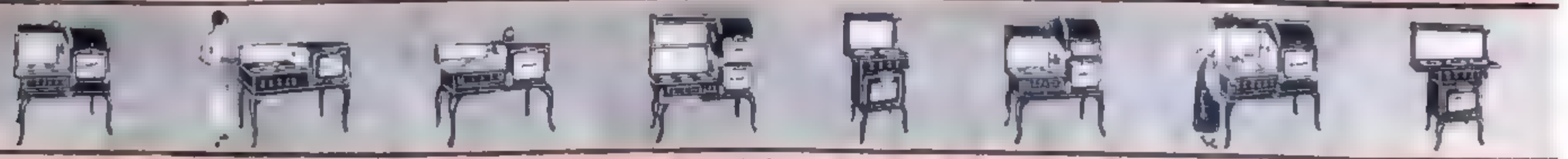

THERE'S A HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 138)

"He was a load on you," he remarked shrewdly. "Figure you're as well pleased to be shut of him."

"I kind of miss him, some days," she confessed. "He was an easy man." And fell silent again. Aunt Em finished a sock and folded up her knitting; and Mrs. Dunnack observed the movement and rose. "There ain't any use in burning oil just to set by," she remarked. "I'll make up your bed."

When they went upstairs Newt saw that his mother and Aunt Em shared the big front room. His own bed his mother prepared in the small rear room that had been his when he was at home. After she left him he undressed absent-mindedly and blew out his lamp. He had, he reflected, found just about the state of things he might have expected. The fact that the orchard had been given outright to Sam was a complication; but he was confident of his ability to talk his simple-minded brother into a reasonable view of that transaction. After all, they were entitled to share alike in the estate their father had left behind him. Everything he had seen convinced him that his mother lived with the frugality which had always been her habit. Having Aunt Em here might be thought an extravagance; he told himself she would have to go. But with this exception he saw no signs of waste about the household. This pleased the thrifty young man.

When he had blown out the lamp he opened his window. It looked out upon the old mill. The moon had risen, and he could see the sprawling outlines of the structure; and he had again that sense of a personality contained in the decaying building. During his boyhood it had been a busy place, full of the energy which he had always associated with his conception of his grandfather; but now the roof had sagged lazily, and a corner post was out of line here and there. His father had run it for years; he thought condescendingly that the mill had acquired some of his father's characteristics of sprawling indolence and lazy ease.

It would be, he decided, pleasant and profitable to whip some life into the thing again; and he said, half aloud, "I'll make you sit up and hustle some."

The mill in the moonlight made no reply; but the gaping end of the shed was like a grinning mouth turned toward him. An imaginative person might have thought its very silence mocked the young man.

IV

WHEN Newt waked in the morning he heard his mother already stirring in the kitchen, and he dressed and went downstairs. She had the fire going in the stove, and a kettle of water heating, and she was mixing biscuits. Upon his entrance she looked up at him doubtfully; and to his genial morning greeting she returned a slight nod.

He said briskly, "Going to be a hot day."

She made no comment upon this prediction; but after a moment she said, as though addressing a third person, "We ain't used to eating much of any breakfast. I guess a man'd want more."

"Coffee's pretty near all I want," he assured her. "I ain't one to eat. You won't have to think about me any more'n if I was Aunt Em."

She seemed vaguely relieved. "I thought I'd bake up a batch of biscuits if the oven come up," she told him. "The stove don't work so good. It's kind of aggravating, of a morning, sometimes."

He came and looked at the stove with an interested eye; and by the familiar crack across one of the disused stove lids he knew it was the one that had been in this same kitchen from his earliest recollection.

"Grates burned out, have they?"

"I watch out for them," she told him; and she added in a curiously humble tone, "I've cooked on that stove since ma died; and she'd had it before then."

"That's one thing about a stove," he agreed approvingly. "They don't wear out."

He turned away across the kitchen, moving indolently to and fro, surveying his surroundings. From the window he could look down toward the mill. It would be idle today, since this was Sunday morning. In the light of day the structure appeared to him even more dilapidated than it had seemed the night before; and he wondered if the working parts were in good repair, and thought that he would have to take this business in hand.

By this thought he was reminded of another of his determinations; and he looked into the hall toward the stairs, and came back to stand near his mother before he spoke in a low tone.

"Where's Aunt Em?" he asked.

"She can't get up easy of a morning till the sun comes up," his mother replied. "She's got a kind of sciatica, makes her slow to move."

He nodded, and casually remarked, "You won't need her here, now I'm home to keep you company."

Mrs. Dunnack gave him a faint look from beneath her lowered brows as she set the cut dough that would be biscuits in the baking pan. "Em ain't got a soul at home," she remarked.

"Well, she don't expect you to take care of her, does she?" he inquired.

"She's been kind of company," his mother replied uncertainly.

"Far as I can see, she don't talk any more than she ever did. Just sits around and scowls. That kind of company don't do you any good," Newt urged.

"She says she suffers," Mrs. Dunnack reminded him.

"Well, we can't have her sick on our hands," he reminded her assuredly. "She ought to know that. Or else she ought to pay room and keep. She's got her share of grampa's money, ain't she?"

"Dave never done any good," his mother replied. "I expect Em had to use some of the interest, anyways."

"I'll talk to her," Newt promised. "She'll see the sense of it. She sure ought to pay board if she's going to stay here. Grampa left the house to you, and he made it up to her, so it's your house and all."

"I'll be glad to have her here after you go back," Mrs. Dunnack remarked.

And Newt said good-naturedly, "Well, there's a good deal to do here. I may not go back for a spell. Get things straightened out some first."

There was a suggestion of dread in her tone as she replied, "You mean you might stay a week maybe?"

He moved his hand in a large gesture. "Stay all winter if you need me."

They heard Aunt Emily's step as she came slowly down the stairs; and he fell silent while she approached the kitchen through the hall. In the kitchen, without speaking, she went near the stove and stood with her side almost touching it, absorbing the grateful warmth of the fire.

Newt said affably, "Morning, Aunt Em!"

She nodded in silent reply.

Sam Dunnack, Newt's brother, arrived a little time after they were through breakfast, driving into the yard and stabling his horse before he came up to the house. Newt watched him from the kitchen window, withdrawing a little so that his scrutiny might not be discovered by Sam. Sam was, he saw, the same as he had been ten years before; just a little thicker across the shoulders and chest. He was a tall young fellow with a pleasant, amiable face and fair hair of the color of straw faintly tinted copper by the sun. His face was leather brown, and his blue eyes were arresting and immediately notable. He came up toward the house at an easy, shambling gait, and opened the door and came in; and Newt, who had drawn back from the window, hailed him heartily.

"Well, Sam, how are you?"

Sam grinned and took Newt's extended hand; and he said in slow pleasure, "Good, Newt! Good enough for any man. You look pretty able your own self."

"Never any better," Newt declared. "Strong as an ox."

"It's mighty good to see you home, Newt," Sam declared. "You been away a long time."

"Well, pa and me didn't get along, Sam."

Sam nodded. "Yeah, I know. Pa was too easy-going for you, Newt. Yo're more like Grampa Mudie."

This comparison always pleased Newt; he accepted it now with a complacent nod. "That's what they say," he agreed. "And I guess I am more like him than you, Sam. You won't never be anything but a farmer."

"That's right," Sam agreed good-naturedly. "Farming suits me, and raising apples."

Newt thought with condescending amusement that even Sam recognized his own limitations. He laughed and touched the other's shoulder in a gesture of fellowship. "You've got sense enough to know where you belong, anyway, Sam."

"Sure, I know," Sam assented. He had been standing near the door, studying Newt while he talked with him, watching his brother with friendly eyes. Now he spoke to the two women. "Morning, ma. Much obliged for telephoning. How's the sciatica this morning, Aunt Em?"

"It don't change any," she replied tartly.

"That's too bad," he told her. "Yes, sir, I bet it bothers you a lot."

His mother asked, "You had any breakfast? Want I should pour you a cup of coffee? There's hot biscuits."

"No, I had some breakfast at Trask's," he replied. "I'd left the horse in the barn there. Linda come over this morning and told me you'd telephoned."

"Working on the orchard?" Newt asked shrewdly.

"Killing borers," Sam told him. "Glad of an excuse to lay off too. It's mighty hard on the knees."

"They said in East Harbor as how your apples did well by you last year."

"Why, yes," Sam agreed; "yes, they treated me handsome. An apple tree will do that, ever' so often, if you give it a chance."

"I'll drive over there with you after dinner and see what the place needs," Newt announced. "I guess we can make it do better, handling it right."

"Sure," Sam assented. "There's a lot I don't know about apple trees, for a fact."

Newt felt a momentary sense of satisfaction in the fact that Sam had thus accepted his own assumption of part ownership in the orchard without debate; but Mrs. Dunnack said dryly, "That there orchard belongs to Sam, Newt. His pa give it to him outright."

"Well, Newt can probably tell me some things," Sam told her good-naturedly. "He's a business man. Glad to have him."

"I wanted to get here before, time for the funeral," Newt explained. He thought scornfully that Sam was as spineless and as acquiescent as he had always been. "But it looked to me I might have to stay a spell and get things going right, so I waited till I could fix up to be away long as I wanted."

"I didn't hardly think you'd get here for the funeral," Sam assented; and Newt looked to see if there was any edge to these words, but Sam's countenance was wholly friendly and amiable.

"I never held any grudge against pa," Newt declared. "I'd have come if I could."

"Sure you would," Sam agreed. "Well, I'm right glad you can stay a spell."

"Pa had let things go," Newt reminded his brother. "And ma ain't able to handle the place the way a man could. I'll bet the mill can do twice what it's been doing."

"We've kind of let Herb Faller run it," Sam agreed. "I had about all I could do."

"I'll get Herb straightened out," Newt promised. He looked toward the window, moved to the door. "Let's you and me go down and look it over," he suggested. "Ma and Aunt Em don't want us under foot. Dinner to get and all."

Sam nodded; and the two brothers went out into the yard together and down toward the mill. Newt jerked his head back toward the house.

(Continued on Page 145)

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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

(Continued from Page 143)

"How long's Aunt Em been here?" he asked.

"Quite a spell, now," Sam told him. "I'm away a good deal. Stay overnight at the orchard. She's company for ma."

"She's fixing to be sick on our hands," Newt declared. "I told ma this morning she might as well let Aunt Em go on home."

"She ain't got a living soul," Sam protested mildly. "And this here was where she was brought up and all. Gueas she'd ruther stay here."

Newt looked at his brother calculatingly. "I can see she frets ma," he suggested.

"Does she?"

"Ma says she never bothers you about it; but Aunt Em's mighty gloomy to have around."

"Well, I guess that's so," Sam assented; and Newt saw that Sam was as weak as he had always been, unstable and indeterminate, ready to be talked out of any position he might even momentarily assume. The discovery gave him a new assurance; he decided that within a week he could dominate them all.

When they reached the mill they paused and stood side by side while Newt surveyed the place. The circular saw gleamed in the shadow against the rear wall of the shed; and through the cracks in the floor Newt could see the slope of sifted sawdust slanting down to the water below. Half a dozen hemlock logs lay between them and the saw, waiting to be loaded on the carriage. Planks or slabs were littered about, and at the end of the shed a pile of sawed lumber was taking shape. The saw, the pulleys and machinery seemed in good enough condition; but the floor was worn and broken, and daylight came in through crevices in the rear wall and through chinks in the roof overhead.

At one side there was an opening framed with new lumber, and evidences that work was in progress upon some additional device, and Newt asked, "What are they doing there?"

"Fixing to take care of the sawdust," Sam explained. "Keep it out of the river."

"What's the sense of that?"

"Kills the trout," Sam told him. "There's a lot of trout down below the village and down past Ghent, in the rips; and if we can keep the sawdust out they'll do better."

Newt spat disgustedly. "Sounds like one of your ideas, Sam. Spending money for fish."

"Well, I kind of like a mess of trout."

The older brother laughed.

"Sure; that's the way you are. What you going to do with the sawdust if it don't go into the river? It'll swamp you, inside a year."

"The law says we got to take care of it," Sam suggested good-naturedly.

"Nobody pays any attention to that law," Newt reminded him. "It ain't enforced unless somebody raises a row around about it. Anybody been rowing you?"

Sam shook his head. "No; no, there ain't."

"Gay Hunt shoots his sawdust into the river, don't he? And the rest of them?"

"Sure."

Newt laughed. "Guess it's a good thing I come home, all right," he remarked, and dismissed the subject as though it were closed. "I'll tell Herb to stop that, tomorrow. Mill busy, is it?"

"Yeah, guess so. All they can do."

"Good shape, ain't it?"

"Why, she'll saw up logs," Sam remarked. "But the floor's about gone. Sills are rotten, and the floor boards are going. You can see there's holes in it all over. Herb stuck his foot through one the other day."

"Can't he watch where he's going?"

"He was carrying a log," Sam explained. "I been kind of figuring on a new floor."

Newt said derisively, "What's the matter? Can't you find no ways to spend your money?"

"Well, if one of them was to get hurt they could come back on us," Sam reminded his brother. "Matter of fact, the saw's supposed to have a guard, too, I guess."

"You'd make a good lawyer, maybe," Newt remarked good-naturedly, "but you're no business man."

Sam grinned. "I'd just as soon you'd run the mill," he agreed. "It don't interest me, and maybe you can do better with it, anyways."

Newt nodded. "Pa's let things go pretty slack," he commented. "I can see that. Place ain't worth what it was ten years ago. Ma's aged, too, seems to me."

"Ain't so sure of herself as she was," Sam agreed.

"You don't have to tell me that," Newt replied.

He sat down on one of the logs, and Sam leaned against a post at the corner of the shed, and they talked there together, Newt questioning and Sam replying. There were times when Newt forgot to dissemble; when his questions had a naked insistence about them. But Sam answered him frankly and good-naturedly. They discussed the orchard, the farm, the mill, all the tangible property appertaining to the Dunnack estate; and Newt cross-examined Sam to discover how much money his mother had put away, and what her investments were. Sam said they saved every year; reminded Newt that they lived simply.

"Ma don't set much of a table," he remarked whimsically. "But I eat over at Trask's some, so I get along. Me, I like my victuals."

"That Luke Trask, ain't it?" Newt inquired.

Sam nodded. "He has the farm this side of the orchard," he explained.

"Saw a girl when I come by there," Newt remarked, watching Sam; and at Sam's faintly conscious smile Newt grinned to himself.

"That'd be Linda," Sam replied.

Now and then an automobile or a team passed along the road; and the occupants were apt to look toward the brothers, and to wave a greeting to Sam. Occasionally someone shouted a cheerful remark, and Sam replied in kind; and Newt thought Sam was like his father, making friends easily, taking life easily, probably soft as butter where any matter involving money was concerned. He liked Sam well enough; but he could not help feeling a faint contempt for him. The younger man's qualities were to Newt's eyes almost all weaknesses—weaknesses which he counted upon being able to turn to account when the time should come. By and by—they were neither of them conscious of the swift passage of time—Sam looked toward the house and saw his mother standing in the kitchen door watching them. He said, "By George, guess dinner's ready," and he and Newt went up to the house again.

They found that in honor of the day the table was spread in the dining room, and they sat down to the meal prepared—boiled potatoes, peas, sweet corn, and bits of salt pork tried out in deep fat and swimming in this amber essence. Sam ate heartily; wastefully, Newt thought. For himself, Newt was content with little, and found no fault with the frugality of the meal.

"Vegetables are fine," he commented. "Can't get the like of them in Boston"

"Garden does right well for Sam," Mrs. Dunnack agreed.

As they were finishing she spoke again, said to Newt: "Aunt Em thinks as long as you're here she might as well go on home."

Newt looked at Aunt Em, and he smiled agreement. "You've got me for company now," he said to his mother; and to the other woman: "You'll be glad to get back to your own things, I expect."

"I don't aim to pay board in my father's house," Aunt Em retorted stonily.

Sam said in surprise, "Pay board?"

Newt took up the word. "If she was coming here to live she'd want to, Sam. Nobody wants to be a load on folks; and ma'll have all she can do, taking care of me."

"She says she's going," Mrs. Dunnack interposed, a curious finality in her tones; and Sam said no more.

But Newt nodded cheerfully. "You'll be cheerfuler at home, Aunt Em!" he agreed.

After dinner Sam drew Newt aside and said apologetically, "Kind of hate seeing Aunt Em go. Uncle Dave don't live at home, now, and their boy died."

Newt grinned good-naturedly. "She wants to go," he insisted. "She's like Grampa Mudie, don't want to be beholden to anybody. She'd want to pay her board if she stayed."

"I guess the boy would have been all right if she'd sent him out West somewhere," Sam commented. "Doctor said so; but Aunt Em figured she couldn't afford it. She keeps saying so, like it was on her mind. Keeps saying she couldn't afford to send him."

Newt abandoned the subject. "Say we drive over and see what we'll need to do to the orchard," he suggested.

"Why, I'd just as soon," Sam agreed. "Maybe Aunt Em and ma'd like the ride."

"You hook up, and I'll see," Newt told him; and Sam went out toward the barn. When he led the horse into the yard, ready to start, Newt came out to say that Mrs. Dunnack and Aunt Em preferred to stay where they were. So Sam and Newt drove away toward the village together.

Newt asked curiously, "How long you had this horse?"

"Bought him last spring," Sam replied. "Give Will Bissell hundred and twenty for him."

"He ain't worth that," Newt remarked critically. "But you never could make a good trade."

V

ON THEIR way through the village and beyond to the hillside where Sam's orchard lay, the two brothers talked quietly together, Sam abstractedly replying to the greetings of the people they encountered, Newt giving full rein to the appetite for detailed information about family affairs which gnawed at him so perpetually. He had never known exactly how much cash money old Abel Mudie had left behind him when he took his departure from Fraternity for good and all; and he tried now to elicit the information from Sam. Sam repeated again and again that he did not know.

"Probably not much of anything, the way ma has to watch the money all the time," he suggested. "We have to be careful or we wouldn't get along."

"That don't mean much of anything," Newt reminded him. "Ma's like grampa. She never was one to waste money. Grampa must have had a pile of it put away. He'd made it all his life; and he was saving."

"Never could see how they did it, them days," Sam commented mildly. "Looks to me all a man can do to make a living; but they say old Thomas, died up on the ridge toward North Fraternity last winter, left much as ninety thousand dollars right in the bank in East Harbor, drawing interest there."

"If a man'll save he can do it," Newt declared; and he licked his lips a little at Sam's mention of this good round sum. "Figuring gramp left that much, and there must have been more, then ma and Aunt Em and Aunt Mary'd each have had about thirty thousand. I guess they've got every cent of it, the three of them. Ma never had anything to spend money on; and she had too much sense to let pa get hold of it."

"Well, I dunno," Sam said again. "I guess she's got enough, all right, to take care of herself, even if something was to happen to us. I ain't been able to put anything by for her; and it takes all I can do."

He was abruptly silent. They were climbing out of the valley toward his orchard, and the Trask farmyard was just ahead of them, above the road. His eyes were fixed in that direction; and Newt followed them and thought he had a glimpse of a girl just disappearing into the kitchen door.

Then Sam's posture relaxed; and he added, smiling a little as though at himself: "Yes, sir. Dunno what I'd do if I had a wife to take care of besides."

Newt eyed him shrewdly. "Not thinking of it, are you?" he inquired.

Sam shook his head. "Never did think anything about it," he replied.

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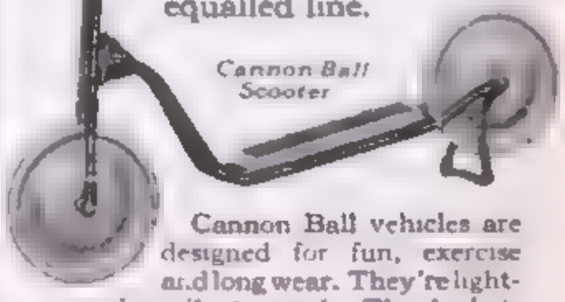

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"We got ma to take care of," Newt reminded him; and Sam nodded, and agreed, "Sure, we got ma."

They were passing the house now, and Newt looked toward it; but there was no one in sight. He thought with faint amusement that Sam was almost ridiculously simple and predictable in his reactions. Like clay, easily molded by the lightest touch. It was a good thing that he had come home to take care of Sam and his mother. Left to themselves they must inevitably have come upon disaster. He put aside with a certain sense of rectitude his momentary feeling that his homecoming had been a virtuous deed, smiling to himself in honest appreciation of the fact that he had come because he expected profit from the coming. If he took care of them, profit was certainly due him; and he did not blame himself for being prepared to take what was his due. Sam's orchard, for example.

Sam turned into a wood road and let the horse take its easy way up the ascent, stopping at last among the first trees, and the brothers alighted. Newt, looking about him with an appraising eye, saw that the trees were only moderately loaded, and commented on this. Sam nodded.

"They bore heavy last year," he explained. "Just bent down, they were; and I kind of looked for no apples at all this year. But some varieties have set pretty good. Apples are falling off, though, more'n you'd think. Like the tree hadn't life enough to help 'em much. Be better another year, I expect."

Going forward they saw branches half-broken off here and there, by the heavy crop of the previous year, and other branches that had been broken and then trimmed away.

"Ought to have propped 'em up when they were loaded so heavily," Newt commented. "We'll have to do that this fall."

"Them's Wolf Rivers," Sam replied. "You never saw apples as big as they was last fall. Best I could do, they broke the trees all to pieces; and I picked a lot early, at that, thinning them out all I could."

"Some of these spotted already."

Sam nodded. "Yes, they spot some. But I ship 'em unclassified, and a spotted apple is just as good to eat. Maybe better."

"You don't get the price," Newt said sharply. "We'll classify them after this."

Sam chuckled, whittling at a twig. "Takes a lawyer and a surveyor and a painter to classify apples nowadays," he said amiably. "Who's going to say? Got to be the right color, and the right size, and have the right label on them and all. Why, say, two years ago I had some big Kings, and I packed them by hand. Every apple in the barrel was fine as you ever saw, and sixteen of 'em faced a barrel. Yes, sir. But that left a hole in the middle of the face too little for an apple the size of the others, and I put three little ones in to fill the hole and keep the others from rattling. Marked the barrel Number Ones and they pretty near put me in jail." He grinned good-naturedly. "No, sir; unclassified for mine."

"Well," Newt said assuredly, "long as you were going it alone, you could do that if you wanted to. But now I'm here we're going to get some system into this. Anybody knows that if you classify your apples it pays."

"Wouldn't pay me for the bother," Sam insisted mildly.

Newt laughed, and clapped his brother's shoulder. "You and pa were always dodging bother and losing money by it. How many times you spray these trees?"

"Why, I give them the dormant spray," Sam replied. "But I never could see it did any good after. A good year they're good, and a bad year they ain't so good. That's all there is to it."

Newt grinned. "Wonder you didn't just wait for them to fall into the barrels, 'stead of picking them," he commented.

"Well, that would save a pile of trouble," Sam agreed, and Newt looked at him alertly, half suspecting for a moment that Sam had taken the suggestion seriously. Such a man was, he thought, capable of any indolence.

He was pleased that Sam had not contradicted his assumption of equal ownership of this property. There must be, he estimated, some five hundred trees in the orchard; and most of them were fit for bearing. That meant—how many barrels of apples, he wondered; and he turned back to his brother. "How many'd you have last year?" he asked.

"Four hundred and sixty barrels," Sam replied.

"What'd you get for them?"

"Well, I had to hire them picked," Sam explained. "And carried to town and all. But I cleared close to a thousand dollars, not counting my time. I'll do pretty good if I clear a hundred this year, though. And that don't count taxes and all."

Newt licked his lips. "What'd you do with the money?"

Sam grinned. "Oh, paid bills, taxes and things. It carried us through the winter all right. I guess burying pa took about the last of it."

"You and ma ought to get along on two-three hundred, looks like, with the garden."

"Ma could," Sam assented. "But money kind of gets away from me. I lent some of it out to Trask. He ain't done so good lately. Ain't been well."

"What'd you charge him?"

"Oh, I just let him have it."

Newt grinned angrily. "You need to learn some sense, Sam. You ain't going to see that money again."

"It don't worry me," Sam replied.

Newt considered the situation, his eyes roving among the trees. There was no more he could do here; he had come merely to establish in Sam's mind the fact that the orchard was to be considered their joint property. Sam seemed to accept this readily enough; they need stay no longer.

But Sam's remark that he had lent money to Trask recalled to Newt's mind the fact that Trask had a daughter; and he asked abruptly, "What's the girl's name?"

"Linda," said Sam.

"Let's we stop there on the way home," Newt suggested.

Sam nodded. "I kind of figured on it," he agreed.

So they came presently down the hill, the careful horse easing himself forward a step at a time, and turned into the yard in front of the Trask farm. Trask himself was sitting on the porch steps; and Newt, looking at him shrewdly, saw a gaunt and indolent farmer with the wide loose mouth which is so apt to indicate a talkative nature. A glance to right and left told the young man that the farm was unprofitable, slackly run, allowed to yield as it chose. Trask did not even rise from his seat to greet them; and when Sam introduced Newt, Trask merely lifted his eyes and said a slow good afternoon

Newt sat down beside him. "Got a nice outlook here," he remarked, pointing down toward the valley where they could glimpse the silver waters of Sebacook Pond couched among the covering trees. Beyond, the wooded lowlands lay and beyond them again rose the steel-blue slopes of the far hills, touched here and there with green where black growth clustered among the hardwoods.

Trask nodded. "Yes, sir," he said, with surprising emphasis. "Yes, sir, I like to set and look at it. Farm like this is wuth something, where you can rest your eyes on a stretch of country purty as that is. Man come along here this summer and wanted to buy. Said he never did see any place any purtier. I'd have sold, but he wouldn't meet my price; and the old woman, she said as how if I did sell we hadn't a place to go. Her and Linda. I'd have sold out 'fore this if it wan't for them. Taxes eat a man alive up here."

"That's poor business," Newt remarked authoritatively. "No sense in high taxes up here, if the town was run right, by a man that had any sense." As he spoke a new vista opened out in his thoughts. He had never considered taking a hand in the town affairs, but there might be possibilities in such a course.

"Killing the town, they are," Trask declared. "Got a bale of tax deeds over there now that ain't worth the paper; and more farms abandoned every year."

"Tax sales?" Newt asked, interested and alert. "Don't anybody bid them in?"

"Nobody fool enough to buy a farm here. All they're worth mostly is the lumber on them."

Sam interposed an inquiry. "Linda in the house?" he asked. "Want Newt to meet her."

"Her and the old woman is somewheres," Trask replied. "She was here a minute ago."

He reverted to the matter of taxes and hard times; and Newt listened to him with half his attention, listening also while Sam went to the kitchen door and opened it and went in. Sam was at home here, he decided; and he heard his brother in the kitchen calling Linda's name, and after a moment heard her answering voice, and that of Mrs. Trask. The girl's voice interested him; it was soft and low and faintly hesitant, so that even before he had seen her he had a picture of her, full formed in his mind.

When a moment later she and Sam came out on the porch, he found she was prettier than he had expected. Her complexion was good, and her skin was free from that slightly oily look which he had expected to see. Her eyes were blue, of an expression curiously compounded, timidly appealing. He thought her a girl who had been taught to doubt her own abilities. There was apparent between her and Sam a spiritual union and a close and affectionate sympathy. Newt rose and greeted her, greeted her with a smile and a cheerful word.

"Glad to make your acquaintance," he declared. "Sam's been telling me a lot about you ever since this morning."

Sam drawled a mild protest. "Never said a word but when you asked something," he reminded Newt.

"Well, you can't blame me for asking," Newt retorted, appealing to the girl. "I saw you yesterday, time I went by."

"I saw you too," she replied. Then, as though regretting this admission, she added, "But I didn't know it was you, though."

Mrs. Trask came out of the kitchen and Sam introduced Newt. She was a thin and weary little woman, in whom, nevertheless, burned that interest in life which is an attribute of country folk. She said quickly, "I been wondering if you wouldn't come home. I remember when you went away and what a stir it made and how everybody talked for a spell."

Newt grinned. "Pa and me didn't get along," he agreed; and added generously, "Guess it was my fault. Everybody else got along with him."

"Well," the little woman replied, "I must say I always liked Sam Dunnack, but I tell Sam here, and I've told him many a time, he was too much like his father."

Trask said impatiently, "Takes a woman to blame a man if he don't work his fingers to the bone all the time. I liked to talk to Sam Dunnack. Sat here a many a time and talked to him." He remembered himself and looked at Newt apologetically. "Guess you're more of a business man than he was, though. Guess you must have done well."

"I've got along," Newt said modestly, and caught Linda's eye.

The girl was watching him with a curious interest, and he warmed with pleasure at this; and thereafter, without appearing to be conscious of her regard, he nevertheless exerted himself to impress her, talking largely of his business affairs, addressing himself to her father, but never unconscious of the fact that she was listening. She stood at one side, and Sam was beyond her; but her back was turned to Sam, and Newt saw that he himself commanded her eyes and her ears.

When he and Sam came to say good-by he shook hands with her, and held her hand for a moment. "I'm mighty glad I came back," he said, "since I saw you. I'll probably be hanging around here a lot if your father don't chase me away."

She gave a quick sidewise glance at Sam, then smiled at Newt; and Newt thought there was faint coquetry in her eyes. "You can come over with Sam," she said.

The two brothers, on the homeward way, were silent for a while. Evening was laying its cool mantle across the countryside; the valleys were filling with clotted shadows; the distant hills were deepest blue and the air was very still.

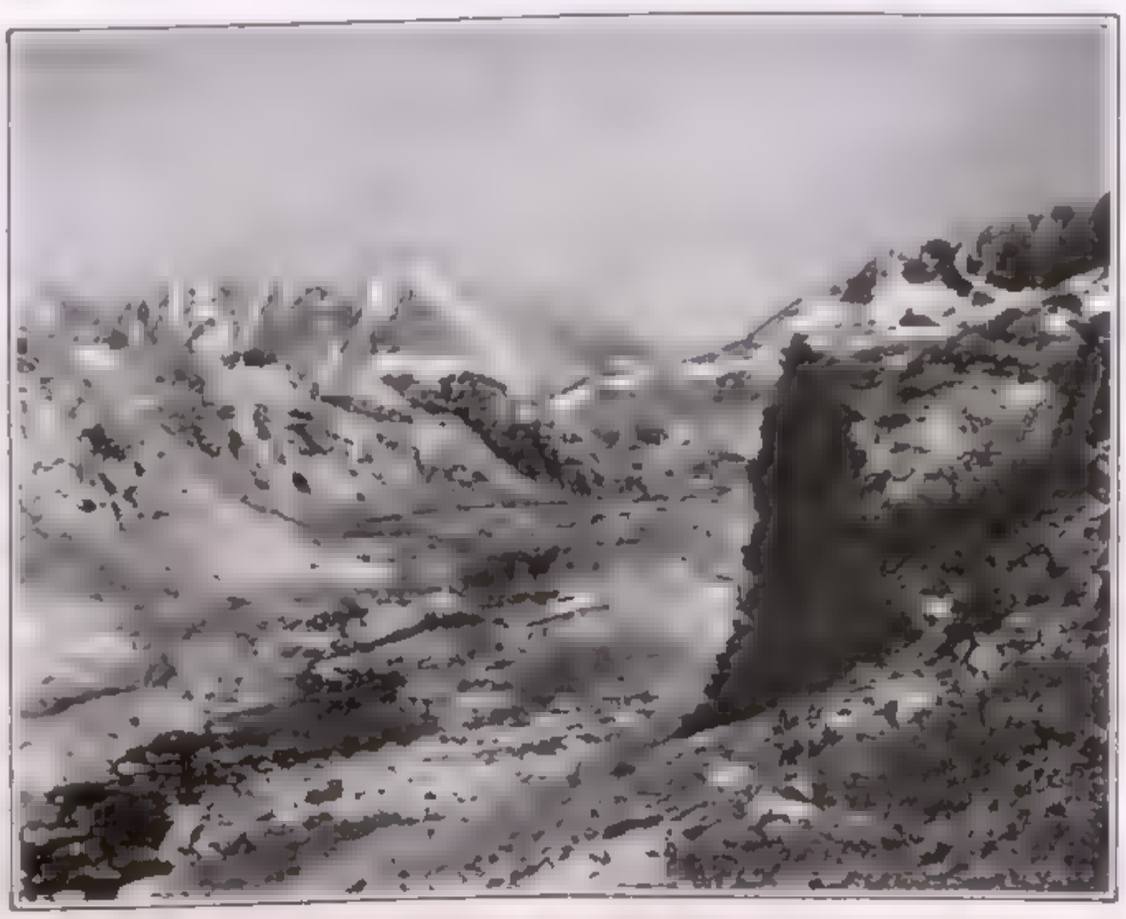
Sam said quietly at last, "Linda and me like each other pretty well."

Newt nodded. "Don't blame you," he said heartily. "You've got sense there." He chuckled. "Dunno as I can say as much for her."

Sam made no comment, and silence held them again; but Newt's thoughts were active; he saw unfolding before him a vista full of promise. He knew his own mental superiority over Sam; felt no doubt of his ability to dominate his younger brother. His mother, who had once inspired him with respectful fear, was grown old; there was an uncertainty in her bearing which hinted at a weakness of which he could surely take advantage. He foresaw no difficulty in gathering into his own hands the family affairs.

And he thought it would be equally easy to make Linda Trask one of his possessions. The prospect was appealing. He was in a very good humor during that homeward drive.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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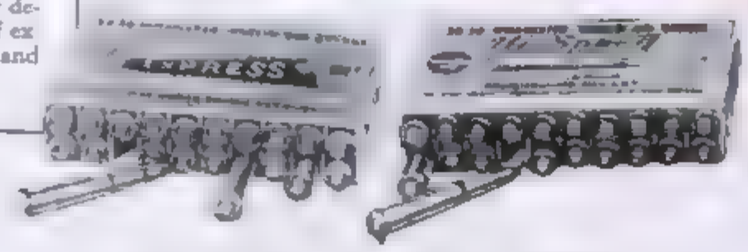

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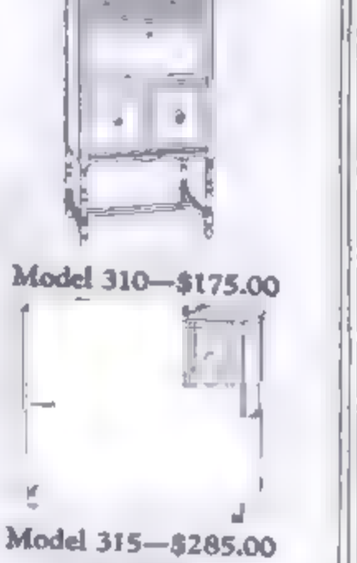

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GOLIATH

(Continued from Page 9)

to the blast of damp wind and the equal blackness outside. In that obscurity, there was a brief exchange of jocular recommendations, a curt wishing of good luck to one another ere they separated on their several duties.

The executive officer groped his way down the dark ladder to the dark deck below, descended a steel stairway to the battery deck where the six-inch guns of the auxiliary armament should be already manned by their crews. All below decks was his particular province in action. It was his preliminary duty to ascertain that the steel doors from compartment to compartment were all duly closed, that the action-candles, supplementary, if the electric light should fail, were all lit behind their wire cages, that the fire-brigade parties were alert and ready with hoses uncoiled, mains tested and gas masks susceptible of instant use, that the deep-down shell-room parties were standing by with anti-flash doors shut and ammunition hoists running freely, that all telephones and voice pipes to the command stations of the ship were in working order, that a thousand and one other details were as they should be. Held in conference with the captain, this was his first opportunity to make his tour of inspection since action stations had been sounded.

He arrived on the battery deck, dimly lit by the blue electric-light bulbs of darkened ship, was saluted by the young officer in charge of the forward section of the six-inch guns. The crew of the weapon in this compartment sprang to a silent immobility.

"All correct, sir," reported the young officer.

The executive officer ran his eye over the details of this steel-inclosed space, over the row of sharply pointed shells standing vertically on their bases in handy proximity to the gun, an equivalent sufficiency of cylindrical cordite charges adjacent, over the steel-walled ammunition hoist, open, with another shell horizontal upon the cradle at its summit, over each technical point for which he bore the responsibility, and nodded.

"Any news, sir?" queried the lad, in a barely suppressed effervescence of excitement. "Any chance of the enemy before dawn?"

The executive officer smiled tolerantly at him, his round honestly jovial face factitiously ghastly in the blue light.

"Gun flashes reported on the horizon. We're going to catch him all right. Don't worry."

The young officer grinned ecstatically.

"Thank you, sir."

The executive officer passed on, opened the steel door into the next compartment, closed it behind him with a clang. As he did so, he heard the not-longer-to-be-repressed cheer of the men in the compartment he had quitted.

"Good lads!" he thought, as he responded to the salute of the petty officer in charge of the next gun. "Hope they come out all right." He saw himself composing his report after the action—"Men keen as mustard."

He passed from compartment to compartment of the dimly blue-lit deck, behind six-inch gun after six-inch gun, each with its breech anticipatorily holding its first shell, past fire-brigade parties rigid in readiness at his approach, finding everywhere the same high tension of enthusiasm and excitement. Officers, petty officers and men alike along that deck lived only for the moment when the violent concussion of the first great gun should announce that the perilous game had begun. They were the comparatively lucky ones. Through the gun sights some of them at least might catch a glimpse of the enemy, get some direct knowledge of the vicissitudes of the fight.

The men in those lower spaces to which he now descended had no such privilege. Immured within electric-lit steel prisons below the water line, all they would know of the coming action would be a confusion of blurred detonations, of violent thuds and staggering shakes of the ship in which it would be impossible to distinguish the firing of her own guns from the impact of the shells that struck her. Yet as they stood to their posts, they were as enthusiastically eager for the ordeal, as ecstatically filled with the fierce self-forgetting primitive joy of deadly conflict, as their comrades on the deck above. Like those others, their individual identities, their individual hopes and fears, were in abeyance, were merged in one corporate battle-lusting confident oversoul which was that of the ship herself. The executive officer grinned amicably, fraternally, at them as he reassured their happy impatience, the imminence of the longed-for crisis provoking an unwonted mutual familiarity. The more bold answered him, in brief picturesque vernacular, as though the ship were theirs and they had made it, boyishly gleeful in their robust certainty of invincibility.

He left them, passed along narrow and deserted steel corridors deep within the ship. It was strangely quiet here; the humming whir of the ventilating fans the only sound. Always such an all-pervading accompaniment to the life of the ship as normally to be scarcely noticed, they were now dominant in their busy persistence. The executive officer found herself suddenly wondering what would happen if the ship had to pass through areas flooded with poison gas as did an army in the field, had a brief disturbing vision of her suicidally sucking in a mortally asphyxiating atmosphere, forcing it through every part of her to the remotest recesses. He banished the thought with a reassuring recognition of this wild improbability. Thank heaven, the insidious treachery of poison gas had no place in naval warfare. Conflict between ships was still the honest, stand-up, hammer-and-tongs fight between gun and gun, victory the portion of the one who could give and withstand the hardest knocks; the only poison gas to be guarded against, that locally generated by conflagration and the explosion of shells—a contingency for which the fire-brigade parties were duly equipped with masks.

He passed into a bleak confined steel-walled space, brightly lit by electric lamps and equipped with hot-water faucets and store cupboards thrown open to reveal arrays of bottles and piled-up rolls of bandages, where the surgeon and his assistants waited by an empty and still-white operating table—exchanged a cheery word.

"We shall soon be at it now," said the surgeon, his eyes also shining with the battle fever, professionally noncombatant though he was. "I hear that gun flashes are plainly visible."

"Yes," replied the executive officer. "In about an hour's time. We're in gorgeous luck."

He passed on, went down and up and down endless steel ladders to those profound depths where the shell-room parties were playing cards as they waited for the ammunition hoists to begin their clashing, clattering service to the hungry guns above, to those remote and isolated submerged torpedo flats where seriously intent men were fitting the war heads to the monstrous steel fishes presently to be ejected at the enemy, to yet a number of other buried battle stations only to be found by the experienced in the Daedalian intricacy of that steel-subdivided interior. Everywhere those prisoned groups of men, inescapably doomed if the ship should sink, greeted him with exultantly confident enthusiasm, with strangely jocular impatience for that appalling risk. He thrilled happily in a pride of community with them. The captain was right—the ship couldn't be beaten in fair fight.

Finally, at the termination of his inspection, he clambered down a vertical square well in the very midship center of the ship, found himself in a small room whose walls were covered with voice pipes, telephones and indicators, where the uniformed assistants of the officer in charge sat idly at the keyboard of instruments vaguely reminiscent of the fitments of a commercial office. It was the central transmitting station of the ship. Here presently the changing ranges, the varying relative rates of speeds and courses, would be telephoned down from the collaborating range finders and fire-control stations above, would be registered by those calculating machines on long ribbons of paper and the quotient automatically and swiftly declared, to be instantly telephoned back to the control station concerned. It was now hushed in a silence of suspense, the whir of the electric fans, sucking air down through the ventilating trunk, again the dominant sound.

The officer showed him the latest wireless signals still coming in from the retiring battle-cruiser fleet, the enemy still hard upon its heels.

"He's running straight into the trap," he said ecstatically. "We're going to annihilate him. Who says battleships are no good?"

The executive officer tersely designated the particular variety of fool as he went to one of the telephones, spoke to the captain, reported all correct.

The gray-headed engineer captain had descended another series of steel ladders, stood now in the starboard half of those twin armor-divided halls of complicated machinery, immense swathed steam pipes, vast black engine parts, bright steel and burnished copper, which were his realm. The hum of the great turbines, invisible within their casings, was like the purring of some gigantic feline, contentedly savoring her sense of power. Around him, the vertically moving piston rods of steadily working pumps, the rotations, oscillations, thrust and retreat of those crowded and various machines that, in one complex symphony of precisely correlated activity, supplied the innumerable auxiliary services one and all deriving their energy from this sole and central source, flashed and glimmered in the radiance of the great overhead electric lamps.

From above, a torrent of fresh air forced down one of the wide ventilating shafts fell upon his shoulders in a cold cascade, uncomfortably chilly by contrast with this warm oil-impregnated atmosphere. He moved out of it, went to the control station where, seated at an office-like desk between walls covered from top to bottom with dials and gauges, the engineer officer on watch was in tranquil command of forty thousand horse power.

"Steam for twenty-three knots by 2:15," he said curtly, antedating by a quarter of an hour a request made to him by the captain in the chart room above. "We may be in for a stern chase. Let all hands know that gun flashes are visible on the horizon. We're going to catch 'em at dawn."

The junior officer grinned as he went to a voice pipe.

"I wouldn't be in their shoes for a bit, sir," he said. "Holy Moses! They won't have a chance when we get at 'em. What colossal luck!"

The old engineer captain's eyes shone as he smiled grimly in concurrence.

"Magnificent! We'll show 'em who's cock of this walk."

He moved out of the control station, went toward the elevator that communicated with the boiler rooms, descended in the cage to a sudden suffocating heat. He emerged, passed along a perilously narrow passage between vast boilers that converged almost to junction overhead, came out on a transverse space where blackened half-naked men stood intent before the

(Continued on Page 153

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In varying circumstances they have emphasized the fact that Industrial Piping should be judged by results in use—by economy and satisfaction year after year, not by saving in first cost. They have portrayed the human problems which cannot be separated from physical and economic facts.

Can we dispense with dialogue—discard drama completely—and yet be able to correct age-old misjudgements about these extremely important equipments in modern industrial buildings?

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Mayor and Fire Chief

A Preference and its Cost

WHEN Grinnell Company is as low a bidder as anyone else on a piping contract, or on a specification for fabricated material and piping supplies, Grinnell Company is almost invariably awarded the business.

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Too often, however, buyers are unwilling to pay the cost of their preference. They want the best results, but they insist on the lowest price. They forget that the very factors that make them prefer us are the very factors it costs us money to provide. As a contractor, Grinnell Company cannot fly by night because, as a manufacturer, it has the solid roots of a $10,000,000 capitalization with all that means in the way of financial responsibility.

As a contractor Grinnell Company is not a jack-of-all-trades serving a few counties, but a service organization which for 70 years has specialized on piping throughout the United States and Canada.

Although a national, interstate organization, Grinnell Company is local in every part of the country, with ten strategically located manufacturing and fabricating plants and warehouses.

Further to bring to local service all the experience and equipment of a national specialist, Grinnell Company has thirty offices in principal cities from coast to coast, in each of which competent engineering corps furnish close personal coöperation with architects, consulting engineers, plant engineers and owners.

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These better standards apply not only to manufactured products but to fabricated material such as cut pipe, bends and welds.

With the usual contractor a specification is often interpreted by an organization which has not the engineering talent to understand what the consulting engineer or architect desires. The pipe on such a specification is often reamed by crude hand methods on the job or in some local pipe shop. Either it must be installed by the contractor, no matter how it measures up to the specifications, or else the installation work is delayed. The specification is handled by several separate and distinct organizations. Each has discharged his responsibility when he has done his part.

But on a Grinnell job, the engineering interpretation is Grinnell's, the fabrication is Grinnell's and the installation is Grinnell's. Our responsibility is never discharged until the finished equipment completely satisfies its owner. It is significant in this connection that Grinnell Company in all its contracts has never defaulted on a single one.

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When you begin to buy such products on the basis of low-cost performance instead of on the basis of low first-cost, you will agree that the service is worth all and more than is asked for it.

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(Continued from Page 151)

little trapdoors of the oil furnaces. From the edges of those trapdoors escaped a fierce yellow glare unendurable to the eye. The half-naked men lifted them every now and then, peered into the blindingly incandescent interior through little screens of colored glass, adjusted the little wheels which governed the flow of fuel. From overhead, underneath the ventilating shafts, torrents of cold air descended in an excessive refreshment that was narrowly local.

The engineer captain passed from boiler room to boiler room, the grimed junior engineer officers on watch following him nervously as he lingered within their several provinces, his eyes sharply scrutinizing the gauges. He ignored them, satisfied with all he saw, spoke only to the half-naked stokers.

"Keep her up to it, my lads. We're nearly in touch with the enemy."

Grotesque in the sweat-channeled black of their faces, they answered him with wild fanatic cheers.

High up in the forward gunnery-control tower, the gunnery officer removed the binoculars from his eyes, glanced at his wrist watch. It marked 2:35. Already the horizon on their starboard beam was brightening, the clouds overhead bleaching from immediately vertical darkness to a pallid gray in the direction of the yet hidden sun. Away to the northeastward, the flickering flashes of persistent gunfire had long been incessant, were now somewhat less vivid in their undiminished continuance. On the other hand, those first dull mutterings had swelled to a throbbing roll of ominous sound, louder at every moment. To port of them, just vaguely visible, the three consort battleships made white foam patches in the murky gray blending of sea and sky. Astern, the great odd-shaped bulk of the aircraft carrier loomed up like a ghost ship. In the middle distance, ahead and to their flanks, the gloom-shrouded covering screen of light cruisers and destroyers sent belts of black smoke drifting across the dark foam-flecked sea.

The gunnery officer ignored all these nearer objects, focused his glasses on the northeastern horizon as once more he put them to his eyes. The demarcation line was becoming distinct, and along it from the northward moved, just discernible, little wedge-shaped blobs of smoke. He waited, his heart involuntarily beating hard with excitement, enforcing steadiness of his glasses against the vibration of his own ship, forcing her way at full speed through the slashing seas. Minutes passed—minutes that were divorced from the ordinary standards of time, that seemed stretched indefinitely in his anxious impatience. Yes, there in the northward gloom, separated by an interval from the retreating battle cruisers, was a tiny but distinct stab of flame, a faint blur of smoke—several of them. He watched intensely, made quite sure. Those blurs of smoke became larger, more distinct, came steadily south on a course far to eastward of him. The enemy's fleet! He bent to a closely adjacent voice pipe, spoke to the captain in his control station on the bridge structure below, reported with precision what he saw.

"Reserve fire until you get the word," came the answer. "The admiral wants to get as close as possible before we give ourselves away."

At that moment the ship swung on a slight turn to starboard. As he raised his head from the voice pipe, he saw the twinkling of tiny signal lamps in the consort battleships likewise changing course. They were acknowledging the orders now being swiftly transmitted from the flagship. An instant later a midshipman in the control top handed him the routine copies of them sent to him for his information.

He scanned through them, glanced at the indicators, which showed that the great guns in the turrets were all at the ready. Behind him a range taker had begun to intone figures immediately telephoned down to the central transmitting station, together with the course and speed factors observed by an officer at another instrument. He took over the telephone from that station buried sightlessly deep in the bowels of the ship, sat with the earpieces clipped to his head, heard with a peculiar thrill the first figures spoken by that distant voice slowly and distinctly enunciating in succession the constantly changing bearings and ranges for fire. And still, as he listened, he watched those far-off blurs of smoke. They came down slowly into the irradiated zone of the horizon, were definitely larger against a faintly luminous gray sky, were still firing, it seemed, at those battle cruisers which were now south of his arc of vision. He could see the twinkle of their gun flashes, could hear the dull rumbling roar of their discharges arriving in wave after wave of sound. Five minutes passed—seemed like an hour. Those distant ships were now sharply silhouetted in miniature, their identity plainly recognizable.

The signal was brought to him:

"Engage leading ship at fifteen thousand. One sighting salvo."

Even as he glanced at it, the voice that spoke into his earpieces declaimed:

"Leading ship sixteen-two-five-o bearing."

He ceased to look at the enemy, fixed his gaze on the dials of the control instruments to the forward turrets, laid his hands upon the levers, adjusted them to a precise repetition on the dials of the figures rapidly and successively telephoned to him from the transmitting station. In less than a minute ——

Within the gun house of B turret, immediately forward of the conning tower, shut off by fourteen-inch walls of solid steel from the outside world, the crew waited in a tense silence of expectation. Already hours ago the hydraulic chain rammers had rushed the immense projectiles into the breeches of those monster guns which, divided from each other by a bulkhead of steel, all but monopolized the narrowly limited space. The great breechblocks had long ago been closed with a dull clang, the captains of the guns had jerked down the lever which signaled to the control top that they were at the ready.

For hours they had waited in a suspense that had at last been broken by the sudden rotary motion of the entire turret as it trained in obedience to the levers in the master position, by the sudden movement of the indicators on the dials. They could see nothing of what was passing outside. It was not necessary. They were in director laying and firing. The lieutenant of the turret, perched up in the sighting hood behind and between the guns, was for the moment superfluous, transmitted no orders. The gunnery control top was in automatic command of his weapons. The gun layers and trainers sat in their exiguous seats, delicately maneuvering the levers of dials resembling those of merchant-ship bridge telegraphs, meticulously keeping coincident with the movements of an inner dial hand the pointers which indicated and provoked the delicate fractional adjustments of those colossal tubes.

Suddenly, without warning, independent of their volition, there was a stunning crash, a violent shock. The guns had fired.

Instantly there was a pandemonium of noise in that cramped steel cave—a shouting of orders, repeated as vociferously in acknowledgment, a vehement hissing of compressed air scouring the gun barrels, a deafening metallic crashing as the ammunition cages jerked up through the armored trunk from the shell rooms far below, an even more deafening rattle as the chain rammers shot out and rushed the projectiles and the charges into the breeches, a dull clang as the breeches were closed, a quick succession of sharp voices as the different members of the crew reported each that his function was completed. Once more the captains of the guns jerked down the signal levers to the ready. Once more there was silence as the gun layers played delicately with their pointers. Once more, suddenly, disconcertingly, came the violent shock, the jerk and recovery of the monster weapons on their recoil slides, the devastating crash that was more a stunning concussion than a sound.

The gun crews cheered in an irresistible outburst of delirious excitement. Once more, for thirty seconds, that narrow steel cave was filled with clamor, with a haze of fumes.

Once more there was silence, while the entire turret moved slightly with a quick steady motion on its axis, stopped.

The next instant there was a series of muffled detonations, a thud and crash of water flung violently on the steel roof. The enemy had fired his first salvo in reply. It was answered in a roar that was like an automatic reflex.

The captain of the ship stood with the admiral and the chief of staff in the conning tower, uncomfortably crowded with officers and subordinate personnel. They looked out through the narrow slit under the flattened dome of the massive steel roof that was marked with long diversely colored lines indicative of the arcs of fire of the several turrets. On the circular steel walls was a mass of indicators, telephones and voice pipes communicating with every fighting station in the ship. In the middle, concentrated on his task, indifferent to the confusion of voices as a variety of orders was shouted without cessation into those instruments by the subordinates of the officers specifically concerned, a quartermaster stood stolidly at the wheel.

The three senior officers looking out through the slit were equally oblivious of the babel behind them. Their attention was focused on the panorama of battle dispersed over a wide black sea under the glimmering sky of dawn. In close proximity to the ship, immensely high fountains of water were slowly rearing themselves, mushrooming for an instant or two at their summits before they collapsed in a heavy smash that whitened the heaving waves. At intervals of little more than half a minute the four great guns in the turrets immediately forward of the conning tower answered in a brief blinding glare of flame, an appalling simultaneous detonation, a staggering shake and wrench of the ship. At a little distance, and still away to port, the three consort battleships, gray in the gray light, were likewise firing in violent claps of metallic thunder from their forward turrets. Away ahead, flotillas of destroyers were maneuvering in smothers of smoke, the light cruisers were steaming at full speed to their allotted stations on the flanks of the fight.

Conscious as they were of all these ships—as a chess player is perpetually conscious of the totality of his own pieces on the board—it was on the far eastward horizon that the three officers focused their binoculars. There, a congregation of blurs of smoke, out of which rippled incessantly tiny quick yellow flashes, the enemy was replying in rolls of gruff thunder that reached them in the intervals between their own detonations. Immediately on their first salvo he had changed course, was retiring now at his utmost speed in escape to the northeastward. He was fighting desperately in two directions. To the south of him, the battle cruiser fleet, obedient to wireless orders, had swung round from its long flight, was racing to head him off.

Every now and then the dark silhouettes of his vessels detached themselves from the blurs of smoke they created, were clearly visible against the gray sky, surrounded by shell splashes, their hulls dotted every now and then by that dull red waxing-and-waning glow of a direct hit instantly distinguishable from the bright brief flash of the guns in reply. It was possible to discern that his fleet had divided itself into two tactical units, a group of four more distant battle cruisers detached to beat back the adversary battle cruisers, his two great battleships fighting a rear-guard action with the four battleships urged at their utmost speed upon his track. Around them all, his destroyer flotillas were beginning to

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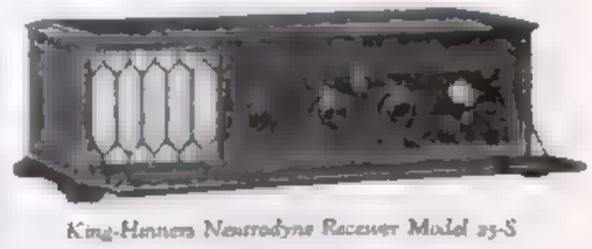

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trace impenetrable walls of black smoke as a screen for his retirement.

That protective maneuver was, on the other side, already countered. Half a dozen aircraft, risen from the carrier wallowing at a safe distance behind, were already speeding toward him, would in a minute or two be over that smoke screen, be spotting for the guns. Already they were like black birds against the gray clouds between the two fleets.

In that crowded conning tower the men grinned ecstatically at one another as they crouched at their instruments, transmitting the orders sharply uttered by the set-faced officers, each intent on his own specialty. They were deliriously happy in the intoxication of battle springing from latent depths in them coeval with the competitive beginnings of life itself. Blood ran unnoticed in rivulets from their ears, lacerated by constant and violent concussions, their eyes, pink and white underneath as they watered and were hurriedly smeared, gleamed strangely from faces grotesquely grimed with acrid drifting smoke. Sheltered within these massive steel walls, exulting in the titanic power of the ship in which they lost their separate identities, the sense of fear was in abeyance in them—the unconsidered potentiality of personal danger a mere additional zest to fierce enjoyment.

They laughed in a primitive ecstasy of annihilating the foe, themselves godlike and secure.

Nevertheless, the enemy was replying vehemently, in salve after salvo that flung great geysers brusquely upward from the waves leaping at their flanks. The battle din was a pandemonium of throbbing thunder, of vicious crashes, of demoniac howls and screeches, of deafening colossal slams—as their own guns fired—that blotted out all else. Already violent detonations of different sound, disconcerting shudders of the ship as though she had been suddenly checked in her course, had been eloquent of heavy direct hits upon her structure—hits reported a moment or two later by telephone from the part affected. But none of them had been vital or even serious. The turrets were still firing as quickly as the guns could be reloaded. The three senior officers, gazing out through the slit of the conning tower, ignored the blows they themselves received, concentrated themselves in a tension of all their faculties upon the flying enemy.

A great conflagration had broken out in the after part of the hindmost ship. It seemed that her speed was already reduced, although the smoke screen laid far ahead by the enemy destroyers was now almost a complete barrier to direct observation. They watched that smoke screen sharply, alert for the possible destroyer attack that might issue from it. Their own destroyers, obeying orders from the flagship, were tactically disposed to counter any such sudden menace. Meanwhile, the four monster battleships, battle ensigns and signal flags gayly fluttering from their superstructures, raced through the seas that leaped and foamed at their bows, through the shell splashes that towered magnificently all about them. They had changed course slightly to northward so as to bring all their turrets to bear, and, echeloned in this new direction which had brought the flagship into the rearmost position, they vomited incessantly vivid flame and ear-shattering thunder from front and rear. If only they could hold their target for yet half an hour, the total destruction of the enemy was a certainty.

A signal was brought to the admiral. It was from the aircraft, tiny black dots against the gray sky ahead:

"Five enemy aircraft carriers, protected by three cruisers, thirty miles W. N. W. on S. E. course."

The admiral smiled grimly as he glanced at it, passed it to the chief of staff, to the captain of the ship.

"We're going to make a clean job of the lot," he said.

Another signal from his aeroplanes, timed six minutes later, came on the heels of the first, which had evidently been delayed in transmission through the overworked decoding room:

"Enemy aircraft rising from carriers and cruisers. Thirty of them already in the air. Apparently bombers with fighting escort. Shall we hold on or retire? Shall be heavily outnumbered."

The admiral's lips compressed themselves for a moment in a thin straight line.

"Call our birds back," he said curtly to the chief of staff. "Signal all ships anti-aircraft tactics, repeating information. They won't be able to hurt us. Our A-A guns will keep 'em high. And we'll deal with the carriers directly we've settled the battleships. Carry on."

Minutes passed in which the chase, the vehement rapid thundering of the guns, the roar and scream of projectiles hurled at them by the retreating enemy, the upgushing of founts of water where they fell over or short, the sudden shake and jolt of those that hit, continued without cessation. Telephone messages uttered by voices coming from the steel-caverned interior of that ship wrapped in flame and smoke reported three guns of the starboard six-inch battery out of action, a cordite fire already extinguished in X turret, another fire still raging in the admiral's lobby. These were trifles. The enemy was being held, pulverized. Both his battleships were now blazing.

The chief of staff touched the admiral on the arm, shouted in the deafening roar.

"There's his aircraft, sir!" He pointed to the gray sky to northward. It was dotted with black specks. "Plenty of 'em, too! There can't be far short of a hundred."

The admiral nodded, focused his binoculars on them. Like a great flight of sea birds, they grew rapidly larger, revealed themselves as in a succession of squadrons, one behind the other, speeding at an immense height on a course that would eventually cut across that of the battleships.

The captain turned, shouted a series of swift orders for transmission to the anti-aircraft guns. Those of the destroyers and light cruisers ahead were already spurting little tongues of flame upward, were speckling the clouds with tiny shell bursts. The aeroplanes sailed on, untouched.

"A massed bomb attack," commented the chief of staff. "They'll swing round toward us in a moment."

"Too high to do anything except drop their eggs at random," replied the admiral. "It'll only be sheer hard luck if they manage to hit anything. They're not going to be allowed to put us off. Keep straight ahead."

The three officers continued to watch the oncoming mass of aircraft, while the great guns in the turrets in front of them fired uninterruptedly at the retreating enemy ships, now practically hidden by vast belts of smoke stretched across the sea. The nearest of those smoke screens was now about a couple of miles ahead of them, drifting toward them on the head wind. Contrary to their expectation, the aeroplanes did not circle round to them, pursued their course straight ahead, approximately over that smother of smoke.

"What's that they're dropping?" queried the captain sharply. "Doesn't look like bombs. Do you see it? Looks like some sort of liquid."

In fact, a shimmer of vertically descending thin lines was just discernible like rain beneath the swarm of aircraft.

"I don't care what it is," replied the admiral. "They're not going to prevent me finishing off those battleships. Reenforcing his smoke screen, probably. I'm going straight through it."

The chief of staff turned to his superior, his pleasant face suddenly anxious.

"You don't think it might possibly be gas, sir?" he hazarded.

"Nonsense! Never heard of gas being put down like that at sea—all very well on land. I don't believe it's possible. But send a query to those destroyers that have just gone through the smoke screen."

The chief of staff turned, shouted an order to the signalman behind him.

"There'll scarcely be time for the reply, sir," he added. "We shall be in it in less than a minute, all four of us, if we keep the course we're on." He looked worried. "You don't think we ought to turn a few points, sir?"

"And let him get away? No! Carry on!"

The chief of staff shrugged his shoulders, turned his glasses on the three battleships that, slightly ahead of them, were aiming, as they themselves were aiming, straight for the dense smother of smoke. The enemy aircraft had passed across in front of them, were now swerving round on their starboard beam in a wide circle.

"They're going to try to bomb us, after all," remarked the admiral.

The chief of staff did not answer. He was anxiously watching those three consort ships. The first of them was just disappearing into the smoke cloud, the second followed, was swallowed up, the third likewise vanished. He listened intently for the crash of their guns, could not distinguish whether they fired or not in the deafening concussion of their own. The wall of smoke loomed across just ahead of them, as high almost as the masthead. The sharp point of their bow drove into it. It came rolling over the deck, over the turrets, came in through the slit of the conning tower straight against their faces, a strange smell.

The admiral lurched onto him, just as he turned to shout an order in wild alarm, knocked him down, dizzily, chokingly, into blackness ——

High up in the control top, the gunnery officer had loosed off a last salvo just before they entered that smoke cloud. He sat with the telephone earpieces clamped to his head, his hands on the levers while they drove through it. The ship below him was hidden in the wreathing dark-brown fumes. Those fellows laid a pretty broad belt, he thought. He glanced up at the enemy aeroplanes. They were circling round to rear of them, near the carrier. He wondered when they were going to start their bomb attack.

Absorbed in keeping on that distant target, he had not noticed that fine rain which had dropped from them as they had passed over the smoke cloud. He lifted his binoculars to his eyes again, got a glimpsed view over and through the smother to those remote enemy ships. He noticed suddenly that there was a peculiar silence. Everyone seemed to have ceased fire. Why weren't the other ships firing? They ought to be through the smoke screen now. He turned his glasses in their direction, could distinguish the control top of the nearest one high above the smother. Someone in it was waving his arms. Ah, thank heaven! They were driving out of the fog. Now for the finish to those enemy battleships before the aircraft could interpose. They were once more in clear air.

Behind him the range taker began once more to intone figures. But, curiously, there was no voice in his ears enunciating, as for half an hour it had been enunciating, the corrected ranges from the transmitting station. Why? What was the matter? Startled and disturbed, he glanced at the indicators from the turrets. Not one of them had recovered to the ready. What on earth had happened?

He looked over the bulwark at the clear sea ahead. The three sister battleships were still driving forward, but steering wildly, erratically, strangely. Their guns were incomprehensibly silent. All the other ships of their own fleet that had passed through the smoke screen in advance of them were likewise steering wildly, some of them in circles. All alike were silent. That silence was uncanny. He sprang to his feet, turned to a junior officer, spoke with a curious anger that covered a spasm of fear he would not acknowledge to himself.

"Get through to the conning tower!" he ordered.

The young officer tried—tried repeatedly.

"No answer, sir," he reported.

"Try the turrets—all of them."

The young officer obeyed—obeyed finally with the exasperated shouting of a man endeavoring to communicate by a telephone that is cut off at the exchange.

"No answer from any of them, sir," he said at last, looking up with a scared face.

"Try the engine rooms—try everywhere—there must be someone alive on this damned ship!" the officer shouted at him.

While his junior obeyed, he turned again to look at the sea ahead. The ship was still racing at full speed through the leaping waves, but yawing fantastically, as her predecessors were still yawing. Half a dozen destroyers were rushing at them from the direction of the enemy. Not a shot was fired at them from any of those wildly steering ships. The gunnery officer raged in a fury that was half unacknowledged panic, half professional exasperation. If only he could get his guns onto that facile target! If he didn't, they'd be torpedoed in a minute! No! Those fellows weren't going to fire torpedoes, were coming boldly straight on. Three of them diverged to the other battleships.

The junior officer reported:

"No answer from any part of the ship, sir."

The men in that control top looked at one another, speechless in an awful fear that blanched their faces. What appalling disaster had happened?

The gunnery officer turned to answer a hail from below and alongside. An enemy destroyer was swinging round close to them with the deft turn of a taxicab coming to the curb, a figure upon her diminutive bridge shouting at them through a megaphone. The word came clearly.

"Surrender!"

The gunnery officer shook his fist at him.

"Go to hell!"

The figure on the destroyer's bridge removed the megaphone from his face, grinned at him, shouted again through the funnel.

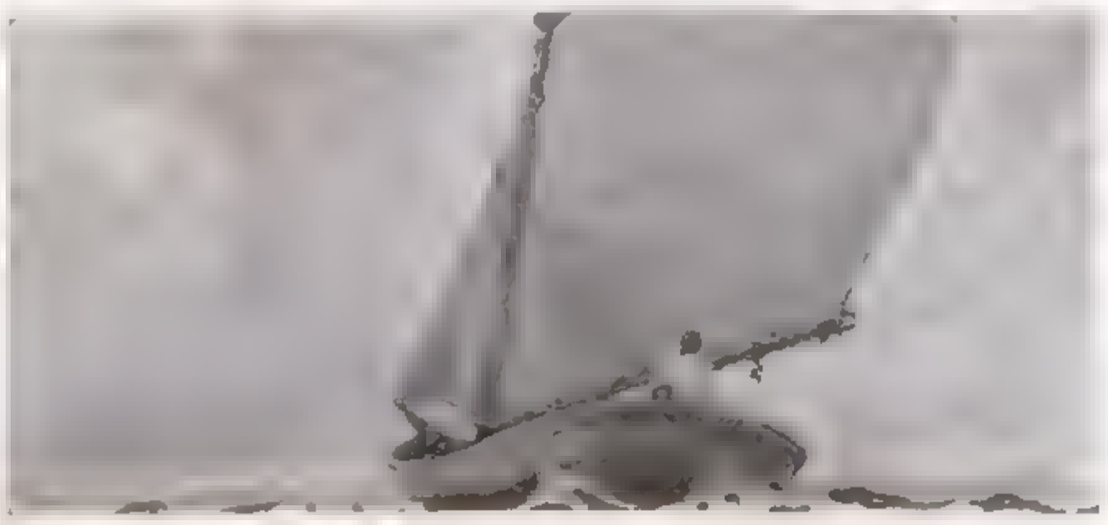
"Don't be stupid! You can't resist. I don't want to murder you."

He gestured significantly to the gun just forward of his bridge. It swung round, pointing upward to the control top. The gunnery officer raged impotently.

"What infernal thing has happened to this ship?" he yelled. "What's happened to everybody?"

The officer on the destroyer grinned again before he answered.

"They're all dead."



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Tone Ranks First

How a great staff of radio experts—the organization which built most of the United States Navy Stations—solved America's great problem: perfected reproduction

F. A. KOLSTER

For eight years he was head of the Radio Section of the United States Bureau of Standards.

He invented the Kolster Radio Compass for Navy and Passenger ships.

The staff which he heads built most of the United States Navy Radio Stations.

This internationally famous organization concentrates all its experience in Kolster Radio.

With international fame in radio development, the brilliant staff of the Federal Telegraph Company (of California) now adds another triumph to its long list of achievements.

F. T. C. engineers, experts in commercial radio transmission, offer now the ultimate in radio reception.

F. T. C. engineers built the world's greatest station, the Lafayette in France, one of the many they built for the United States Government.

Kolster and his associates have installed the Kolster radio compass on naval vessels and passenger ships, including the Leviathan.

The Company maintains the foremost land radio service in the Western Hemisphere.

These are but a few of its world-wide operations.

Pioneers in radio, they did not rush into the promotive days of public radio.

They preferred to *perfect* a final-type set, one so wonderful that it would mark a distinct new epoch.

This they have done. Kolster radio, named for their chief research engineer, brings a great and wanted advancement.

Yesterday's problem was reception. Today's is reproduction.

Distance alone no longer has its charm. The real demand is for *perfected* reproduction, reality of tone.

Now you can have it. Now you need not be content with yesterday's limitations.

Now radio offers a *new* thrill.

Kolster Eight. Single control. Internal loop. Provisions for external loop or antenna. Built-in reproducer.

KOLSTER

Kolster Six. Dual control for antenna. Built-in reproducer.

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F. A. Kolster and his able associates offer 1925's sensation: rare tonal advancement, the new-day ideal in radio. Reproduction such as you've never heard before

Up to now reception has been the thrill in radio.

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Now people want reality in tone.

If Zimbalist plays, it must be Zimbalist—as if you were in the studio. There must be no interference, no muffling, no exaggerations or repressions.

If the President makes a speech, if McCormack sings, if Lopez jazzes, if Godowsky plays the piano—

—whoever or whatever is broadcast must be reproduced faithfully.

A Kolster neither adds to nor subtracts from broadcasting.

With magical clarity you get perfect reproduction—true and realistic.

A Kolster brings out the hitherto "Lost Chords."

A Kolster gives you the subtle overtones, the pleasing nuances, the delicate shadings.

A Kolster gives you music or speech just as the artist or speaker gives it in the studio.

To hear a Kolster is to revise your entire idea of radio.

No howls. No interference. No mechanical background. Just pure, rich tone, undefiled.

Hear a Kolster. Get a new thrill. But do so at once for the supply is limited.

At his shop or in your home, a Kolster dealer will be delighted to give you a demonstration.

SINGLE CONTROL

One station after another parades by as you turn the Kolster regulator. No meaningless combination of numbers, but the actual names of the stations

Whatever is on the air comes in easily, perfectly

To play a Kolster is easier than playing a phonograph

Radio programs assume new magic—but it is not that their transmission is bettered The secret is in Kolster perfected reception and reproduction.

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RADIO

Kolster Eight. Single control. Enclosed, rotating loop. Also provision for antenna. Built-in reproducer.

Kolster Six. Dual control for antenna. External reproducer.

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MORE than one mother has said of Nucoa, "It's very comforting to know that there is at least one thing the children *like* to eat that is really *good* for them."

We do not think you will consider us unduly boastful if we say Nucoa is entitled by right to this approval.

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Nucoa has an abundance of the precious Vitamin A—the vitamin which children must have to *grow*.

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In Nucoa these vitamins are not only present, but they are *always* present in such *uniform* amount that a mother can depend on them.

Nucoa is a vegetable product, naturally wholesome. Rich in energy. Easily assimilated. It is made from cocoanuts, peanuts, pasteurized milk, salt and *nothing else*.

And it is produced under model conditions of sanitation, with every modern appliance to keep human hands away from it.

So you can readily understand why so many thoughtful mothers today serve dainty little Nucoa Pats on the table with bread and use Nucoa in the kitchen to prepare other foods.

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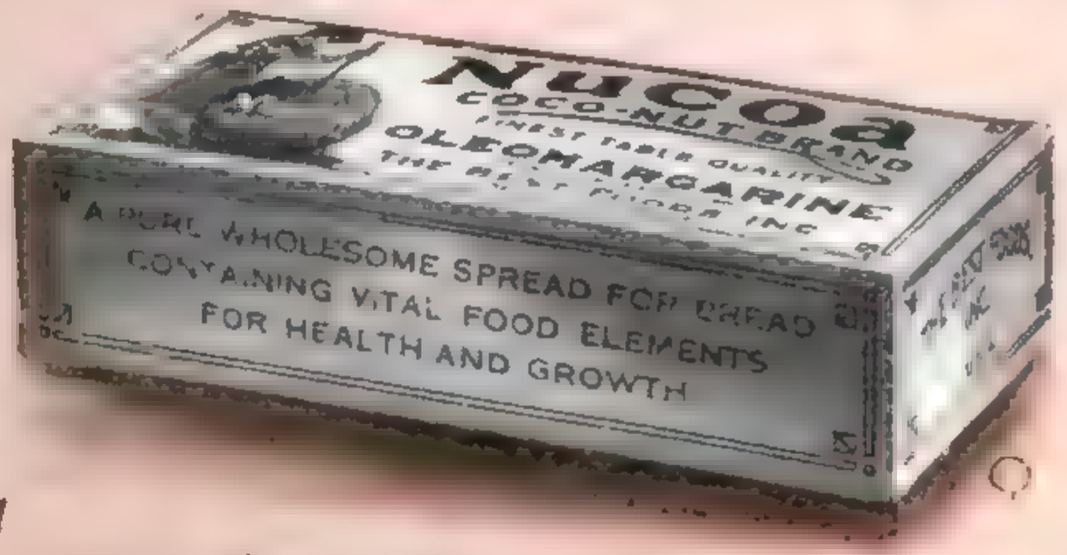

Serve dainty Nucoa Pats on the table with bread and use Nucoa in the kitchen to prepare other foods

SPANISH MEN'S REST

(Continued from Page 31)

"Where else is there to drink it? The Frenchman consumes wine. A Frenchman drinking beer in public would be hanged by a patriotic crowd to the nearest lamp-post as a British spy. Germans drink a sweet beverage which they call beer, but it is of exclusively German manufacture. Russians I grant to be never sober, but they are drunk on vodka. Italians consume quantities of rough wine. As to Spain —— Do they drink beer in Spain, Ann-Dolly?"

"I don't know," said Ann-Dolly. "What is beer?"

Behind me I could hear James Carabine stop in his buttling and draw in his breath hissingly, as a man does when hit in a vital spot. For myself, I just let my head fall on my chest, and I groaned.

"The very name of beer," said my Uncle Valentine, "is unknown to Spain, and probably to Portugal too. In America, the wine of the country is rye whisky. Swedes, Danes, Finns are addicted to schnapps, whereas the adipose Hollander's only beverage is gin. The Mohammedans are teetotalers, whence the various tribal troubles in Afghanistan and Egypt."

"But in Ireland, sir?"

"In Ireland whisky is drunk. When whisky is not drunk, porter is. Stout and whisky. Baptists drink water."

"But I've seen beer drunk in Ireland, sir."

"Oh, yes, Kerry," granted my Uncle Valentine, "you have seen beer drunk as a phenomenon, but you have never seen beer drunk as a drink."

Well, hang it, you can't argue with a man like that!

The truth of the matter was that my Cousin Jenico was becoming most putridly rich, though riches were ascribed to him that weren't his at all. A week before, I had been down to Strabane, and an old lawyer, John Cornish, there had mentioned to me a legacy of fifty thousand pounds that was coming to Jenico.

"Begor, Mr. Kerry, but some people have the luck of the world!"

"Where is the money coming from? I've heard nothing of it."

"'Tis from a cousin of his father's, a Grant that went to America, and from whom nothing was ever heard. He died with this money, and your Cousin Jenico is next of kin."

"Thanks for telling me, Cornish. I'm going to get it out of him."

There are queer spots in Ireland—queer, dark, unhealthy spots; and I don't mean unhealthy in a physical sense, but in a mental, or spiritual one. I don't know exactly how to describe it. But one of these places is a large island called Tonamora—Great Waves in the English language. Tonamora is about ten miles square, very fertile. People say that the Tonamora men are Spaniards, descendants of the survivors of the great Armada; but that, to my mind, and I know Ireland as well as any man, is sheer tripe. They are tall, spare, leather-faced men, with a taciturn temperament and cold slate-green eyes. The rare fishery inspector or policeman who lands there is told by them that they have no English. That is a lie. Whence they came, God only knows. They are as much at home on the sea as an ordinary farmer on dry land. Tonamora men can always find a billet as boatswain or quartermaster on no matter how big a ship. They see the world. They come back to Tonamora.

The race—Egyptian, Barbary corsair, Sidonian, God knows what—has a diabolical vitality. When new blood is wanted girls are stolen from the mainland. After a week, when they are discovered, they don't wish to go back. The Tonamora man will marry them.

Father Malachi goes to Tonamora once a month in a curragh to celebrate his liturgy there. Father Malachi is a saint and a gentleman. But for days after his monthly visit he is white and shaken.

When Father Malachi has gone they take from its hiding place the Neevogg—the Sacred One—and put it on its niche in the living rock, on the ocean side of the island, and to it they sacrifice a goat. And they may sacrifice worse than a goat to it, for within a dozen years a dozen children have been missing from the mainland. A revenue officer who had landed in secrecy and lay in hiding says it is the figurehead of an ancient ship, a black man, with a crown on his head. . . . Myself, from a sloop, with glasses, have seen the Tonamora folk dance in a ring on the strand, naked, around something on Midsummer Eve.

Well, if any man wishes to deny God, it's his own business, so long as he doesn't kick up a fuss about it. But putting up an image and sacrificing to it is another thing. There are too many demons going about the world looking for homes. There's many a one will deny a God, but there's no man who has seen anything of the world will deny a devil.

I want to see Tonamora bought into the family from the English landlord, who knows nothing about it, wouldn't believe it if he were told, and probably doesn't even know where the place is. I want to see us bring our private clergyman there, whether he is a priest of the Coptic rite or a Seventh Day Adventist; it doesn't matter. I want to see the Neevogg burned. I want every death, every marriage, accounted for. I want two policemen, even though private policemen of our own, there. I'm not so sure that I don't want a triangle and cat too. There's a good deal to be said for feudalism. Modern law supposes that the power of darkness has been wiped out of material strongholds these hundreds of years. It hasn't.

I tackled Jenico immediately.

"What's this I hear about fifty thousand pounds?"

"Hey?" said Jenico, startled.

"I hear you've been left fifty thousand by a relative of your dad's. Listen, Jenico, I want you to buy Tonamora."

"Tonamora?"

"Yes, Tonamora. Neither the landlord nor the government will do anything about it. I think we ought to handle it ourselves. We can beat civilization and decency into those wild skulls. What do you think, Jenico?"

"I think it would be splendid."

"Well, buy it."

He hummed and hawed a bit; walked around; looked uncomfortable.

"The truth is, Kerry ——" he began.

"What? Haven't got a legacy?"

"No; it's a mistake."

"Damn! Well, if you haven't you can't." But I decided the next time I met John Cornish there'd be a row. I hate to have my hopes raised and then dashed to the ground again. Also, I could see Jenico was disappointed. He seemed so put out.

He kept on visiting us every night at Destiny Bay, though what pleasure it was to him I cannot understand. There he sat, dumb as a fish, looking at Ann-Dolly as though she were some weird exhibit. There was Ann-Dolly looking at him when he wasn't looking at her. There was a constraint between them. One night I saw him on his way home—"past the gander," as we say, a bit of the lane. He asked what "Carrickore" meant—the big rock with a cave in it near Spanish Men's Rest.

"It means Golden Rock."

"Would it have anything to do with the Armada treasure, Kerry?"

"Nothing," I said. "It comes from the look of the rock when the sun shines on it, the quartz in it and the sands about it. When the sun is setting, from certain angles it looks like a mass of gold."

"That seems to me very fanciful, Kerry," he argued, for he would argue—that was the Scottish in him. "What with the legend of gold and the cavern and what not ——"

"Listen, Jenico. If gold had been found there they'd call it the Gold Rock. They wouldn't call it Gold Rock if treasure were to be found there. It's a question of experience."

"I see your point," conceded Jenico. "Still and all ——"

The next night, when he was over, I mentioned it.

"Jenico thinks," I said, "that treasure might possibly be found at Carrickore."

"Hut!" said my Uncle Valentine. "The man's daft!"

"Oh, no"—I thought that was going too far—"just soft-like."

"What I meant was"—Jenico reddened—"it would be a pleasant idea. If money were there, it would be, of course, a jolly nice surprise for—ah—Ann-Dolly."

Ann-Dolly worked herself up suddenly into a temper most beautiful to see.

"Ah—Ann-Dolly," she mimicked him, "doesn't want any Spanish treasure. Ah—Ann-Dolly is quite content as she is. If Sir Valentine and Aunt Jenepher will let her stay with them forever—ah—Ann-Dolly will be quite happy, for outside them—ah—Ann-Dolly doesn't give a tinker's dam for anyone. Except Kerry, whom I like a little, and James Carabine, whom I like very much, the rest," said Ann-Dolly, "can go to hell." And she swept out of the room like some slim young Amazon.

We laughed. My Uncle Valentine gave that great roar of his that is like a bull of Bashan's, and I contributed my own full belling note. Even my Aunt Jenepher, who is ever smiling but laughs rarely, gave that precious silver trill of hers. But Jenico was silent, distressed, as though he didn't understand it at all. But then Jenico could be a glum blighter when the mood was on him.

"Now who the devil," said my Uncle Valentine, wiping his eyes, "has been teaching that young woman the Irish language?"

XII

AUTUMN had come to us like some grave tanned traveler. A hush; the flutter of a leaf; the purple departing from the heather. The Michaelmas daisies showed up gallantly, and the geese were wondering why everyone was paying so much attention to them and increasing their rations. The full moon of October rose in the Irish sky, so vast, so near, that you could shut your eyes and think: "A few steps, a hell of a jump, and I can catch the rim of it and swing through it into that country of which Grimm tells tales." There is such magic in the October moon. It glints over the sea and makes a floor of gold there. The cliffs are vaguely blue in it, and the shore becomes a silver street, and what the mountains are dreaming of is past imagining. The trees of Destiny Bay in the moonlight throw a marvelous pattern on the grass, the lacework of the apple and pear trees, the vast mushroom the copper beech makes, the shifting of the shadows of the elm trees as the wind moves them. And there is the mysterious alley of the yews, where as likely as not you will meet our Georgian Gentleman, in knee breeches and tricornered hat, under the October moon. You can lean against the bole of our copper beech in that month's moon, and your soul will go out of you when you close your eyes, and learn high courageous things from the mountains which words are not equal to.

The October moon had wrought its sweet magic on Ann-Dolly, so that she could not remain out of the apple garden. My Uncle Valentine had gone to Derry on some business of the grand jury, and Jenico had walked over from Spanish Men's Rest, so that she brought him into the garden of the silver trees. Myself, it is a great hardship on me that I have little time for the October moon. At summer's end there is the big activity of harvest, and it is a tradition of ours to look after our farming interests ourselves; if you want kindliness out

(Continued on Page 161)

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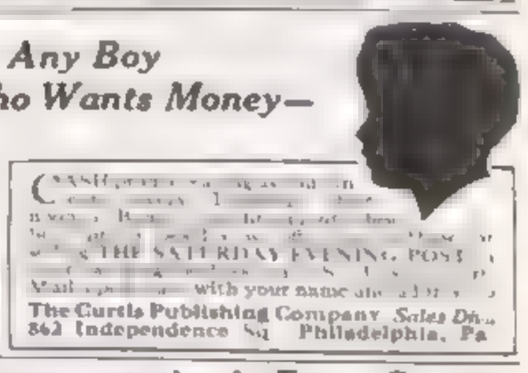

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(Continued from Page 159)

of the earth you must give it kindliness. There was the skillful stacking of corn to be looked to, the steeping and drying of the flax, the potatoes for next year's seeding to be built carefully into their pits, the cottages of the Irish Village to be examined lest they need thatching against the coming winter. Even the humble mangel-wurzel has intricacies of culture.

There were a thousand things and one thing.

So this October night I spent at accounts in the gun room, with the red setters before the red turf fire. When the work was finished I stayed there thinking of the winter coming when all would be holiday. Fox hunting, the roads like iron, the sally hedges rising out of the mist, and riding home in the evening with a moon like a steel mirror in the sky. The steeplechasing at Baldoyle and Leopardstown, and Punchestown and Fairyhouse in spring. And coursing for hares, puss cunning as a fox, eluding, fooling the flying greyhounds. Drawing of badgers with the game blue terrier. It is only in cities that winter is dull.

The old clock in the hall had rumbled out eleven when the door of the gun room opened and Ann-Dolly came in. She helped herself to a cigarette, lit it, and went and sat by the fireplace.

"Where's Jenico?" I asked.

"Gone home," she said.

She seemed to have a serious fit on, sitting there and looking at the fire. She could be a very grave beautiful woman when that mood was on her.

I wondered what she was thinking about. Spain? Or the curious chance that had led her to Destiny Bay?

She was not thinking of the future. I knew that, for when a person thinks of the future the soul, which is usually about its private affairs, or is sleeping, comes to the surface in them, and peers as a lady from a battlement will peer.

She turned from the fire and looked at me—her grave look, her deep grave look.

"If you got the opportunity, Kerry, would you kiss me?"

And I had been thinking of her as ruminating over the heavenly mysteries!

"Is that a request to be courted, Ann-Dolly, or is it an academic question?"

"It's a what-you-say question."

"Well," I considered, "I might and I mightn't. If I had a lot of bookmaker's money in my pocket, and a song at the end of my tongue, and nothing on my mind, it would be a grand way of passing an hour after dinner. It would be like listening to a good man on the pipes or watching a pleasant unimportant horse race. But if I had a high mood on, the way I'd be thinking I understood why the stars were in their courses, and the language of the trees, and knew distinctly that I was immortal and why, then I consider kissing a girl an abominable vulgarity, not to be considered by a person of my spiritual standing. If I were just as I am ordinarily with my horses and dogs, and a good belief in myself as my own best companion, I wouldn't give you the satisfaction of my knowing you had a mouth on you."

"But if you loved me, Kerry."

"That's different. But again," I said, "I might and I mightn't. If I kept thinking that you had a grand pair of eyes, and long slim legs and a well-shaped head and well-shaped hands, then I'd probably be for kissing you every time I could lay a hand on you. But if I started blathering to myself about your soul, and thinking about you to myself as the drift of white hawthorn, or the swan on the lake, I wouldn't kiss you at all. I'd stand off and admire you."

"Then if you were very much in love with me you wouldn't offer to kiss me?"

She sat there, unrolling this ridiculous thesis as gravely as though she were discussing the dangers of home rule.

"I wouldn't. I'd be too much in awe of you to try. But, Ann-Dolly, I may as well tell you, it isn't for that reason that I don't kiss you. I like you, but I don't give a tinker's curse for you that way."

"Sure I know that, Kerry," she uttered gravely.

"Then," I said, "what the devil are you asking me for?"

"Because," she said, "I like what-do-you-call-'em questions."

"My girl," I told her, "you're getting morbid. You want some good reading. I'll give you a couple of books."

"Oh, yes, I know," she said, "the Bible and Ruff's Almanac of the Turf."

"Well," I said, "find me two healthier ones."

XIII

I MUST tell now of the shadow that fell between me and my Cousin Jenico. I had gone down to Strabane for some reason or other and for the second time had run into old John Cornish, the solicitor who had told me about Jenico's windfall. He was as decent an old chap as there was in the province, red-faced, white-haired, dressed in tweeds and a deerstalker wound about with the catgut of fishing flies.

"Just a minute, Mr. Honey!" I hailed him. "Aren't you the damnedest liar from hell to Haulbowline!"

"Do you mean that, Mr. Kerry, or is it just a manner of speech?"

"'Tisn't a lie exactly," I said; "it's a mistake, more or less. Do you remember telling me that Jenico Grant got a fortune?"

"I do."

"Well, it isn't true."

"Who says it isn't?" asked John Cornish.

"Jenico himself."

The old man, who had been laughing, flushed at this.

"I'm a pretty old man, Mr. Kerry."

"Sure; what's that got to do with it?"

"Just this: When you've lived as long as I have, and tried to be straight as long as I have, you'll not relish being called a liar behind your back."

"Who's blaming you? It was a mistake."

"Mr. Kerry, I'm not Mr. Jenico Grant's lawyer, so that I can say anything I like about him, provided it's true. Now I'm a person of substance in this town, and I'm a lawyer, and I say this"—he shook with anger: "Between Mr. Jenico Grant and me, one of us is a damned liar—and it isn't me."

Well, I thought, that's funny. Why did Jenico tell me that? As between him and John Cornish, I never hesitated for a minute as to which was telling the truth. Jenico might be my cousin and my good friend, but John Cornish's word was Bible. I could no more think of John Cornish making a mistake, when he was as serious as that, than I could of the sun forgetting to rise. If John Cornish said Jenico got a windfall of fifty thousand pounds—well, Jenico got it, that was all. Now that I came to think of it, he had looked a bit sheepish when I mentioned it. His replies about Tonamora had not the quick quality of honesty. But why? If he hadn't wanted to buy Tonamora, why hadn't he said so straight out and told me to go to blazes when I argued, as any northern man should have. God knows he had money enough, with the brewery and what not, to be comfortable always. He didn't need this windfall.

Also it occurred to me Jenico had been getting a little queer this while back. In Ireland, when a person becomes a little queer, it's just as well to have your eye on him. There is something in the air. Also there is loneliness.

It is a good thing to live among mountains and by sea air; but it is a good thing, too, to quit that for a month every now and then, and get into streets full of men and women, and use an ordinary urban speech. With most of our friends, when they go queer, we can manage.

But when a man begins liking money for its own sake I don't know what can be done with him. There is a meanness at which you laugh, like the chap's who gives a threepenny tip to a cabman after a ten-shilling ride. There is also a closeness about money which can be pathetic, as that of people who have suffered abominable sordidness of poverty at one time, and now that they have money are afraid to part with it lest gray foul days come on them again. But the mad vice of the miser, for whom each gold coin becomes alive, a sort of demon that can be released to do his bidding, his money being his familiar, and who is as secretive about it as a necromancer is about his familiar—if these things exist, which God forbid, I don't think there can be any vice as cold, as hard to understand.

And yet they exist, these strange people; the squire dressed in a threadbare green coat who will not have fires lit in winter, and the millionaire who walks rather than spend money on a tramcar, the student who grudges himself a penny candle. Drink, women, murder, we can understand, and drugs a little, a very little. And to all these folk our charity goes, but none have a good word in their hearts for the miser. It is like black magic, a cold vice—an aloof, a dark vice.

I might be wrong, of course, and I'd be very glad if I were. But even apart from the meanness about money, Jenico had done an unforgivable thing to a clansman and a friend. He had lied. That circle of us all, my Uncle Valentine, my Aunt Jenepher, my Cousin Jenico, and the countryside relatives and friends—all had been like a walled city in mutual trust. Even Ann-Dolly I would trust with my life. And Jenico had made a break in the wall. Damn him! I said to myself, "Why couldn't he have told me to mind my own business, or simply go to the devil? That's what a friend does."

When I came home Ann-Dolly met me in the hall.

"Was Jenico in Strabane?" she asked.

"Damn Jenico!"

"What's wrong, Kerry?" She came close and put her hand on my shoulder, and her voice was solicitous and kind. She had so many moods, had Ann-Dolly. She never made a mistake as to your feelings. She knew.

You could always depend on Ann-Dolly to do the right thing.

"It's only my rotten temper, Ann-Dolly. There's nothing wrong."

But I could see she wasn't satisfied, although she said nothing more.

XIV

I HAD turned out at five that morning, for I had to ride down to Forty-Acre. Carabine had rustled breakfast for me in the kitchen, and I had swung into the saddle and started cantering along the cliffs. The sun had not quite risen, for all the chatter of the birds in the trees, and there was that sense you get by the sea that it was low tide. Back of me Green River trickled its crystal depths into the Atlantic, and as I turned the headland I looked down on the shore, near Spanish Men's Rest. At Carrickore I saw a huge cart on the sands, and the figures of men.

"What the blazes can that be?" I said to myself, for I had never seen a cart on the sands there before.

My Cousin Jenico has riparian rights there. None can remove the sand without his permission. But I had never seen anyone attempt to. The dulce gatherers, the men who collect seaweed for fertilizing the fields, use donkeys and creels, before sunrise and at low water. I threw my leg over the horse's neck and slid down.

"I'd better look into this," I said, and I picketed the moke.

There's a short cut down the cliff, if you've a clear head and steady feet. Now you've got to touch stones as gently as if you were touching eggs, and then you've got to swing all your weight on the broom shrubs. There's a drop of twelve feet on the end, but it's on sand. It's just a nice warming-up exercise. I alighted gently and strolled around the cliff.

The cart itself was a brewer's lorry, out of Jenico's own brewery in Louth, and the

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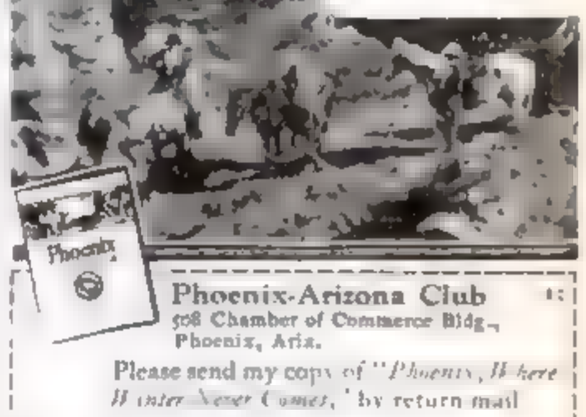

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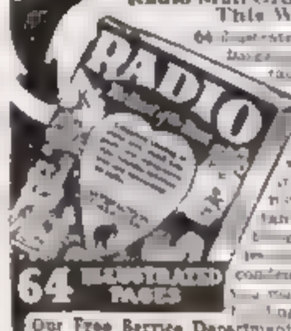

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horses attached were shire geldings, powerful, beautifully feathered animals. For a moment it came to me that Jenico was doing business with the smugglers, of whom we've always had a few, running French brandy from Bordeaux in fishing smacks. That has been a small commerce with the local inns, but if Jenico had gone in for it on a big scale —— The cart had nothing in it, unless something were concealed by the piece of sacking.

There was the seashore, with the Atlantic breaking on it gently, very gently. There the fish hawks had set out to sea, looking for mackerel, and an old eagle, from the Donegal mountains likely, was waiting a few hundred yards off for the fish hawk to come in with his catch so he could take it from him. There he stood huddled, patient, on the sand. Here was Carrickore, the Golden Rock, with its opening like a cave into the underworld. Out of the cave came two men. They were vast, heavy, stupid men. They wore the high-glazed brewery hats, the padded-sleeved brewery waistcoats. Jenico must have brought them all the way from Louth. Damned secretive, the whole thing!

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

They said nothing. They looked at each other guardedly. They looked at the opening of the cave. They looked at something on the sand near the cave mouth. What they looked at were three bars, like short crowbars, heavy, metallic. But they hadn't got the black of crowbars. They were yellow like the sand.

"Did you hear me speak to you? What are you doing here?"

They shuffled; looked uneasy; said nothing. At the sound of my voice Jenico came out of the cavern opening.

"What hell's business is this, Cousin Jenico?" I asked.

He became white and red; alternately red with embarrassment and white with a fear of discovery.

"It's a private business," he answered.

"So private evidently that it's got to be done when few Christian souls are stirring. What are these?" And I walked across to the crowbars.

"Don't touch those!" said Jenico sharply.

I paid no attention. I stooped down for one. I am a strong man, but I could hardly lift it. As I stood bowed there I got chilled. I straightened up.

"Damn you!" I said quietly to Jenico.

I went toward the cave.

"Keep out!" said Jenico.

"Stand aside!"

He made no movement to do it.

"Remember," he said quietly, "this beach is my property."

"There are a few words I want to say to you, Jenico. Send your men and dray off, and tell them to keep away."

"Get off down the beach," Jenico told them, "and don't turn up until I call."

They disappeared around the cliff side and left us alone.

"Well?" said Jenico warily.

"So, not contented to be a liar," I told him, "you must become a stinking sneak thief. You picked a soft one, too—an unfortunate orphan girl without kith or kin. Well, have you nothing to say?"

"You don't understand," said Jenico.

"I understand well enough," I told him. "There's little MacFarlane in you. The cheap Scotch horse coper."

He went white with cold anger and fury.

"Are you mad?" he cried.

"I'm not mad."

"Then if you're not mad," he said quietly, "you're going to get the damnedest beating for that it would be possible to receive."

He quietly took off his coat.

"Good enough!" And I pitched mine on the sand. "Any time you're ready," I said.

And there on the sands of Destiny Bay, while the sun was rising and the birds singing and the old eagle waited for the fish hawk to bring him his breakfast, Jenico Grant and I fought as I never want to fight again.

Given a regulation ring, padded posts and gloves, I don't think my Cousin Jenico could have laid a hand on me, what with such sound principles of boxing as James Carabine had instilled into me. He is a smallish man, Jenico, a good two stone lighter than I, but fast as lightning, compact, hard to catch. If you want to see Jenico at his best, you should see him on a football field, elusive to tackle, hard as nails. Myself, I am loosely built, fair, and in boxing I rather look like and box like that paragon of style, Billy Wells. Of course, nothing so finished as that; but what I mean—the low guard, the straight left and right cross, school of Sayers. There we stood on the sands, myself as though in a ring, Jenico poised on his toes, hands close to his sides, just looking cold, calm fury.

He was at me like a driven golf ball. Mechanically I hooked right and left to his head as he came in. I discovered that boxing with bare hands and boxing with gloves are two different matters. My knuckles seemed to have been driven back into my palms. Jenico drove three stiff punches into my short ribs. I chopped him viciously on the neck and shoved him back. Jenico was breathing savagely through his nose. His head was down, his elbows in to his sides. I caught him a pretty jab on the right eye; but he was inside me before I could stop him, driving short-arm punches that didn't exactly hurt, but through the bruises of which vitality seemed to ooze. Suddenly with a left swing he caught me heavily on the thrapple, to use the only word I know for that spot, a punch that shook the inner me in its envelope of flesh and bone. I shook him off, and noticed that in the outrageous white of his face his right eye was beginning to assume a pretty plumlike color, halfway between red and blue.

It struck me if I were going to win this I'd better get to work. I steadied down and began to plug at him with long left leads to head, and when I got close enough, a hefty bang with the right to the body. I worked him close into the rocks to finish him, but he danced lightly away; and as I moved around to get him into hitting focus again, he was at me with a rush, and a vicious right hander opened my face on the cheek bone like a split greengage. I tell you that worried me.

But the next minute I got him. He poised himself for another rush, and as he came I straightened out the left with everything I had behind it. It caught him smack. Carabine in his heyday could not have timed it better.

"That'll hold you!" I said.

He stood there teetering on his heels, his hands uncertain.

"And this'll finish you!" And I let him have the right on the point.

He dropped as if he had been pole-axed. There he lay, stiff, his hands clenched, his eyes glassy, breathing stertorously through set teeth. It was the perfect hush-a-by, baby, though I says it myself as done it.

I walked off and into the cave, a bit groggily; and picking up the candle someone had left there, I went in. I lit up, and in the distance I could see a pile of sand. I went up to it, and nearly fell into the hole over a pile of the yellow bars. There was an open iron box down in the sand, with bars in it too.

I suppose I ought to have had a thrill, looking at the old Armada treasure; but I didn't. There was no feeling of it, if you know what I mean. It might just have been a butter firkin. Even an old book, not a century printed, will give you a sense of antiquity; but this didn't. I lowered the lid of the box. It looked old—it looked old as blazes, if you follow me—but it felt new. Great flakes of red rust and what not and strong! That box would have held the crown jewels! And the bars of gold might be the proceeds of the looting of Yucatan, but they might be, too, from the vaults of the Bank of England.

"This isn't hell's business," I said to myself, "but it's a funny business."

(Continued on Page 165)

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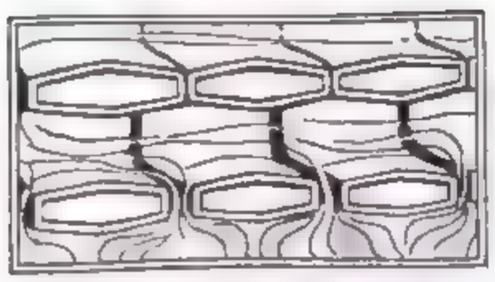

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FOOTWEAR

(Continued from Page 162)

I opened the box again, and as I ran my fingers along the inside of the lid I felt a little piece of paper, like a label. I had to get down on my back and put my head into the hole to see it; but when I did it was worth it. With the candle's light I made out: Wm. Moore & Son, Aston Quay, Dublin. Trunkmakers to His Excellency the Viceroy of Ireland. The laugh I let out of me was intensified by the cave until it sounded as if Destiny Bay itself were giving vent to a vast Gargantuan roar.

I went down the strand to where Jenico was sitting up. The tide had risen and tickled the back of his neck, and brought him to. I helped him to his feet.

"I'm sorry, Jenico, for calling you a liar and a thief. I should have known better; and as for your father, he was as fine a sportsman as ever wore silk. But it's the mercy of God I came down here this morning."

"How?" said Jenico.

"If word had come out that treasure-trove had been found here, don't you know that some official would have seized it for the King's Majesty? And then you'd have had to explain, and you'd have been the laughingstock of the Three Kingdoms. A thing like that can never be kept quiet. Aren't you the lucky fellow I came along here this morning!"

"Am I?" said Jenico. "Have you broken my nose?"

"I couldn't tell you for sure," I answered. "As a matter of fact, I can't see anything of your face clearly except your ears. We'll know later."

"Well, if you have itself," said Jenico, and he looked at my split cheek, "you'll carry my mark on you till the day you die."

Which I call ungrateful of Jenico.

XV

I HAD to get four stitches in my cheek, and my Uncle Valentine viewed it as he might view some new phenomenon.

"It's none of my business," said my Uncle Valentine, "but from sheer admiration of the punch, who handed you that?"

"Jenico did," I said.

"Begob, Kerry," said my Uncle Valentine, "I didn't think he had it in him. My opinion of that fellow's gone up, I couldn't tell you how far." And at that he left it. No further word passed his lips. A wise man was my Uncle Valentine. But James Carabine was furious.

"If you had only kept your left hand straight out, with six inches for play, that would never have happened to you! What's the use of my teaching at all if at the first bare-knuckle bout you forget everything I told you, and walk in to get punched like a draper's assistant?"

But as to who left his mark on me, and what it was all about, James Carabine was incurious. That is a great virtue in northern men. To Ann-Dolly I told a cock-and-bull story about falling from my horse. But my Aunt Jenepher was not so easily put off.

"Ann-Dolly told me you had fallen from your horse and had your face cut, Kerry." She put her fingers on my arm and turned her head toward me. It was incredible that she could not see my face. "Who have you been fighting with?"

"I had an argument with Jenico," I said, "but it's all right. It was a mistake of mine."

"There is no bad blood between you and Jenico?"

"Of course not, Aunt Jenepher. I was just a fool."

It might have passed over like that, and none have known anything about it, but for the village idiot. We are an old-fashioned people in Destiny Bay, very attached to ancient institutions. We keep up the old-fashioned Christmas, the village drunkard and the village idiot. It was the village idiot, Willie John McIlhagga, had seen us from the cliffs and had given his version of it to the town:

"My bould Mr. Kerry was taking his morning's trot on his horse, and my bould Mr. Jenico was taking his morning's walk on his feet. And when he sees his cousin, my bould Mr. Kerry goes down till the strand.

"'And how are you, Kerry?' says Mr. Jenico.

"'I'm bravely,' says Mr. Kerry, 'and how's yourself?'

"'Och, I'm not too bad,' says Mr. Jenico, 'but I'm feeling the want of exercise.'

"'Sowl,' says Mr. Kerry, 'but I'm feeling it myself. Will we go in and swim in the bay?'

"'We've nothing till dry ourselves with when we come out,' says Mr. Jenico. 'What do you say if we throw the stone?'

"'And where would you be finding a stone on the sands?' says Mr. Kerry. 'Are you for a bout of boxing, fighting and bloody murder, and the man that's first knocked unconscious will pay the other a pound?'

"'Heth, but I'm your man!' says Mr. Jenico.

"'My sweet fellow!' says Mr. Kerry.

"So they stand up to each other just like the lion and the unicorn. Mr. Kerry is leaping like the unicorn and Mr. Jenico is growling like the lion.

"'Derry, Aughrim and the Boyne!' screeches Mr. Kerry, and he catches Mr. Jenico a belt on the gob would kill a bullock.

"'No surrender!' says Mr. Jenico, and he lifts Mr. Kerry from his feet with a clout on the chin.

"Mr. Kerry tries Corbett's Favorite and the Cornish Strangle, but Mr. Jenico is there with the Glasgow Throttle and the Executioner's Delight. Och, hould your tongue! Great scientific fighters, the pair of them. Bathering and murder. And the yells of them, the grand Protestant cries—'Derry Walls!' and 'Croppies, Lie Down!' And then Mr. Jenico gives Mr. Kerry the Foot and Slap and has him staggering. Sowl, but I thought he was gone! But my sweet Mr. Kerry is clever—as clever as an otter, you might say. He makes a dash for Mr. Jenico, swinging his foot, letting on to foul him.

"'What are you up to?' says Mr. Jenico, and he drops his hands.

"'I'm up to this,' says Mr. Kerry, and he welts him one on the jaw you could hear in Dublin. And Mr. Jenico drops on the sand and his face turns black and he's done for.

"Mr. Kerry goes somewhere and sits down for a while to rest and then comes back and lifts Mr. Jenico to his feet.

"'You're bet,' says he.

"'I'm bet, and you're the better man, and here's your pound note,' says Mr. Jenico.

"'You're a natural country fighter, Jenico, but strategy won,' says Mr. Kerry. And they went off with their arms around each other, laughing and joking.

"Och, hould your tongue! The likes of them aren't in England, Ireland or Asia. Grand men, and roaring, gaming fellows, and great houlders with the ancient customs. Aye, I'm fit for another pint," said Willie John McIlhagga.

XVI

I CAME up through the orchard with the dogs behind me in the dusk. I was whistling As I Rowed Out, and there among the trees was Ann-Dolly in a dark frock, her sweet head on its longish graceful neck like a flower on a stem. I shall always think of Ann-Dolly in the orchard of Destiny Bay.

When the blue dusk descends, and I anywhere, there comes to me the picture of Ann-Dolly among the kindly old apple trees, and the blue shadow of the mountains between our old house and the setting sun

She came toward me and her face had not the sweet gravity I had come to see in it at that hour, but was strained and white and had bister-colored shadows under her eyes.

"Kerry," she said, "I want you to tell me something."

"If it's what will win at the Curragh this week, Ann-Dolly, I'm hanged if I know. I wish I did," I said, ignorant-like.

"If it were only that!" said Ann-Dolly. Then she looked at me straight. "Kerry, what were you fighting with Jenico about?"

"Who told you we were fighting at all?" I asked.

"Everybody knows it."

"Well," I said, "it's a hard thing if a couple of relatives can't take a belt at each other without people making a song and dance about it. It isn't the first time we've fought and it won't be the last time. My dear Ann-Dolly," I said, "you don't understand us at all. Didn't you ever hear of the Irishman that was blue-molded for want of a beating?" And I was for moving off.

"Please, Kerry!" She stopped me as I was going. "Kerry, you know I think your Uncle Valentine is the greatest gentleman in the world."

"It's a big field, Ann-Dolly," I said, "and a long hard course; but he starts my favorite."

"And next to him and nearly beside him, Kerry, I put you."

"Are you daft, woman?"

"No," she said, "I'm not. Kerry, you wouldn't ever tell a lie, would you?"

"Well, I don't suppose I would," I answered. "I haven't got brains enough to think up a good one. And besides, it's a bit of a cowardly thing, isn't it?"

"Then, Kerry," she shot at me, "was my name mentioned the morning you and Jenico fought?"

I suppose I got red. It was the last thing in the world I was expecting.

"We were talking about a lot of things," I said. "I can't rightly remember."

"Was it implied?"

"My dear Ann-Dolly," I said, "if you think we were fighting about you ——"

She said nothing. She came over and took my hands.

"Kerry," she said, "I want you to be always, always, good friends with Jenico."

"Sure, and amn't I?"

"But I want you to promise, Kerry."

"All right then," I said. "There's no need to. I promise."

She tiptoed and kissed me on the cheek.

"God bless you, Kerry," she said. "I'm very fond of you. You're a good friend, and a brother."

"Away with you, woman!" I said, but she had fled through the garden. "Girls are queer," I thought, and I went in and dressed. All that evening Ann-Dolly was gay as a linnet. She went upstairs with my Aunt Jenepher.

When I came in for breakfast next morning she was not at table.

"Where's Ann-Dolly?" I asked.

My Aunt Jenepher said nothing, and Carabine looked worried. My Uncle Valentine handed me a letter.

"Do you know anything about this, Kerry?"

"Let me see, sir."

It was a note from Ann-Dolly, saying a great loneliness for Spain had come on her, and that she had given in to it. She was slipping away at night so as to avoid saying good-by. Her love to Aunt Jenepher and Uncle Valentine and Kerry, and she would write. She would never forget us. The letter became incoherent and blotted. It looked to me as if she'd been crying.

"I think Ann-Dolly had the idea that Jenico and I had a dispute about her. That is not true—exactly. There was no reason why she should have gone, sir."

"Well, then, Kerry," said my Uncle Valentine, "what's to be done?"

When anything like this turns up at Destiny Bay, for some unknown reason I take charge immediately. My Uncle Valentine, I'm sure, could do it all better than I could, but then I've got a trick of snapping everybody into action.

"She's put on her old boy's clothes, Kerry," said my Aunt Jenepher, "and I'm sure she hasn't a penny of money."

"There's a son of Robbie McGuckin's home from America with one of those new-fangled motor bicycles," I told Carabine.

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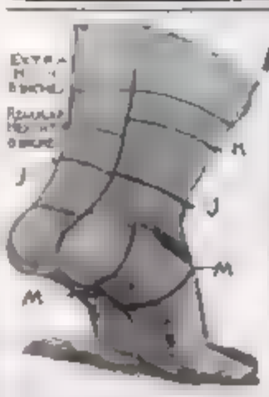

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"Have him sent hell-for-leather to the station at Ballyneagh to see if anyone like her turned up to take the train. It's fifteen miles there and back," I said. "Tell him he can go back to America if he doesn't do it in an hour and a half. Also, he's to keep an eye out on the road. I'll ride over to Spanish Men's Rest to see if anything's been seen of her there. It's unlikely she'd leave without visiting her grandfather's grave.

"It's all right, Aunt Jenepher," I stopped to pat her hand. "I'll have that girl if I have to comb Ireland."

I saw Jenico standing by the old Spanish graveyard. He had a great wedge of sticking plaster across his nose. He looked like some member of a secret society in a mask. A great chill and forlornness fell on me as I rode up. Never did I feel the shadow on Spanish Men's Rest so heavy before.

"Well, Kerry?" said Jenico. "Do you know," he went on without giving me a chance to speak, "I saw a ghost here this morning."

"How do you know it was a ghost?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "do you know anybody who would go into Spanish Men's Rest at four in the morning on a waning moon?"

"What did it look like?"

"It was like a boy or a small man," Jenico answered. "I was awake and came to the window. There was a cloud across the moon, but I saw it as distinctly as I see you, going across to the old duke's grave."

"I wish you'd gone and spoken to it," I said.

"I did," he laughed. "I went down to the gun room and slid a couple of cartridges into an express, and banged a couple of charges of buckshot across. It roused the house, but I could get nobody to come with me. When I dressed and went into the field I could find no one there. There's no trace of blood this morning, so it must have been a ghost."

"You fool!" I shouted. "You might have killed her!"

"Killed whom?"

"Ann-Dolly."

"Oh, my God!" said Jenico. He became white, and had to sit down, so shaken he was. "But she's all right?"

"I don't know."

"How don't you know, Kerry? Isn't she at Destiny Bay?"

"She's not," I told him. "She's run away in the night."

I never saw a man so taken aback. You might have thought that the sun had reversed its course and was returning eastward at noon, to see the stunned look on his face.

"If you're going to have the hysterics, Jenico," I told him, "you're no kind of use to me. If you're not, you might have that American pacer of yours hitched to the dogcart and follow me to Destiny Bay. I need speed." I gathered Pelican's leathers and dug my heels into his ribs. "Hup, you pig!"

At Destiny Bay my Uncle Valentine and James Carabine were awaiting me.

"She was seen at Spanish Men's Rest at four this morning," was all I told them. "Any word from the station yet?"

"Nothing at the station," said my Uncle Valentine.

"If Miss Ann-Dolly wanted to get away, please Your Honor," said James Carabine, "it isn't likely she'd take the first station. It's likely she'd take the second or third. And it's not likely she'd take the road; she'd stick to the cliffs and the mountains."

"Even at that," said I, "she'd have to pass Bailin Wigniss."

Bailin Wigniss is a passage through the purple northern hills from Donegal and Destiny Bay to the lowlands of Derry. The Gap of Loneliness is the English translation of the Erse name. Here the last Irish wolf bitch and her litter were killed in the time of the first George and here stood a gibbet in the troubles. An eerie place, Bailin Wigniss, all heather and blue slate crags, and a turbulent muddy stream tearing down from the summit of Slieveroe, the Red Mountain.

"Well, she won't starve," said I; "there's apples and nuts, and there's moss to sleep on; and she has matches, I'm sure; and you can always catch a trout with your hands in one of the little pools. She'll be all right. But if she gets to Derry, we're done for."

"Sure she has no money," said my Uncle Valentine.

"She's got rings, sir, and old brooches. She can sell those."

"I'm afraid she's lost, our wee Ann-Dolly," said my Uncle Valentine. And there was a little catch in his voice that made me sorry.

"Not at all, sir," I told him. "I'm going down to the post office to telegraph the police in Derry, Larne, Belfast and Dublin to arrest her when she turns up."

"But sure they can't arrest her!" said my Uncle Valentine.

"They can," said I, "for stealing the family spoons."

Jenico was fuming in the stable yard, standing beside his black pacer.

"Let's go!" And he was for getting into the cart.

"When I've had a few slices of cold beef and pickles, a pint of beer and a cup of tea."

"Damn it, Kerry, you're not thinking of eating!"

"I hunt no woman," I said, "on an empty belly."

"But she may be gone for good! We may never catch her!"

"On the other hand," I told him, "she may be in some ditch dying with a charge of your buckshot in her ribs."

"Oh, my God!" Jenico began running around in circles. "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"

"If you don't stop keening like the Shan Van Vocht," I said, "you can stay at home."

We got under way at last, Jenico and I on the front seat, Carabine behind. I shook the reins gently, and the black pacer moved as a boat moves under a keen pressing wind. There was something thunderous and free about him. I could see his beautifully held head and imagine the throwing of his forefeet. Fine action in a harness horse is one of the most moving things in the world. I can understand the contempt of the men who race trotters for the bangtails, as they call the flat racers and chasers. Jenico's American pacer was the best horse I have ever sat behind. There came into my head the text: "He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." He was that sort of horse, if you know what I mean.

"Man, Jenico," I said, "but you're the lucky fellow."

But Jenico only groaned.

I pulled up at the Mountainy House, the pub that is a quarter mile from Bailin Wigniss. Carabine unhitched the pacer and I went into the bar.

"Man of the house," I asked, "have you laid eyes this day on a red-headed young fellow has the air of a girl?"

"Your Honor," he answered, "there hasn't been a Christian here or hereabouts this day. There has only been two policemen."

"I'm leaving a horse in your stalls," I said, and walked out. Jenico came with me. Carabine followed us from the yard.

"I don't know, Kerry," said Jenico, "if you'll think me foolish, but there has come a funny idea into my head. Was there ever an Ann-Dolly at all? Or is this a dream we are all in the middle of? It's a queer country here we dwell in, and you as well as myself know the stories there are of women who have come out of the sea and married men and gone back to the sea, leaving them silent and desolate. I don't know if you ever noticed it," said Jenico, "but I've never seen beauty the like of hers. Such warm beauty, Kerry—beauty from within. There were shades of her hair that were like new heather, and there was no warm whiteness like the whiteness of her skin."

We were at the bridge of Bailin Wigniss. I turned to James Carabine.

(Continued on Page 169)

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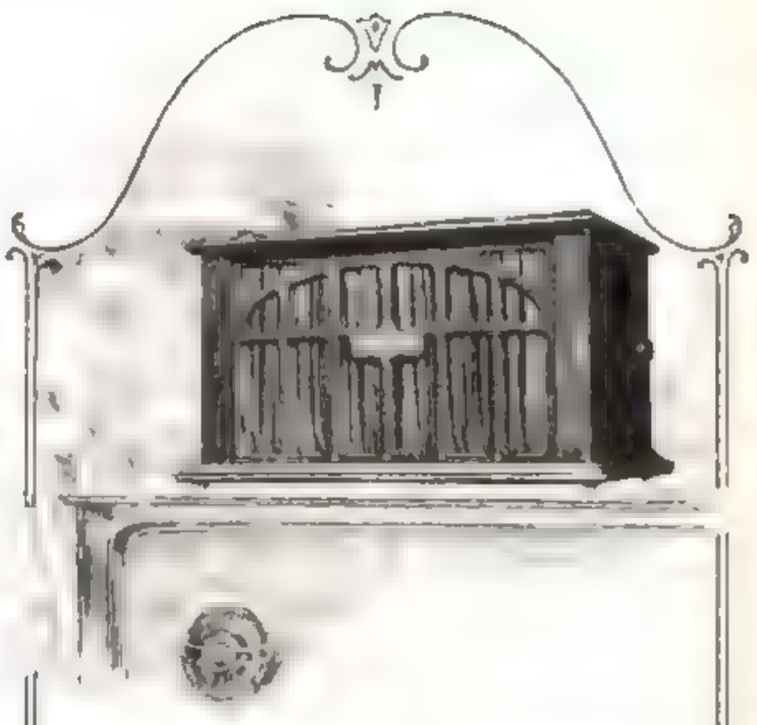

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1875 - CONN GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY - 1925

(Continued from Page 166)

"Either she has passed this way," I decided, "or she hasn't."

"True for Your Honor," said James Carabine.

There was a tall ash tree with a long jutting branch over the road, a sad and eerie tree.

All was eerie and cold—the tumbling river, the shadowy mountain, the sad tree.

"You know, Kerry," said Jenico, "it seems immensely strange to me that the old Spanish duke should come from Spain to be buried in Spanish Men's Rest. I don't think he ever came from Spain at all," said Jenico.

"Where do you think he came from?" I asked.

"From Spanish Men's Rest," answered Jenico.

I must say a little shiver came into my bones, as though I were stripped on a mountainside, and a gray February wind were blowing about me as about a stripped tree.

"But how about the girl?"

"There may have been a girl on the galleon," said Jenico. "Kerry, do you remember Black Trewethy of Ardona—the one that had the Lone Woman's Grave in his garden? A woman with black hair and glowing eyes knocked at the great door one night and Black Trewethy answered it. She said she was going to Enniskillen and had lost her way, and Black Trewethy said he'd put her right. Both his butler and manservant saw her. But once Black Trewethy passed out into the night he was seen no more of."

"And when ten years later," Carabine said, "the Lone Woman's Grave was opened, there were two skeletons, and one of them had the great frame of Black Trewethy."

"Kerry," said Jenico, "do you remember where I loosed the charge of buckshot? She was going home."

"Be damned to the pair of you, and your winter nights' stories!" I laughed, but I wasn't very easy myself.

A little cart had come up to the bridge, drawn by that very small brown donkey we of Ireland call the Jerusalem ass. The cart was driven by a small rat-faced man in a suit of reach-me-downs and a gray cap. There was a pile of merchandise, covered with a tarpaulin, on the cart, and back of that the framework of a Punch and Judy show.

The man was of a type that is the pest of our northern country, bringing in cheap tea which is traded for valuable Carrickmacross lace, tenpence worth of tea for two guineas' worth of lace; cheap jewelry for fine Donegal tweed. They even take the children's coppers with their punchinello booths.

"Did you see anything of a lad on the road," I asked, "with red hair, and a bit girlish in his walk and ways?"

"I did not," he said, and thumped the donkey.

"You've damned little manners," said I.

"And less time," he answered. "Hip, Jack!"

We are a courteous people in Destiny Bay. We have not the abrupt ways of cities. We resent offhandedness. We resent it all the more when it is from a roaming peddler to the younger of Destiny Bay. . . . Carabine caught the donkey's rein.

"Come down out of that," I said, for something had caught my eye.

"I'll have the law on you," he said, but he came down.

"I don't know where you come from, my cheating fellow," I told him. "But now you're in the Black Heart of the Black North. The law here is laid down by my Uncle Valentine and by myself. Did you ever hear tell," I asked him, "of Quiet Kerry Mac?"

I think he must have heard a story or two, for he turned white.

"Now tell me," I went on, "You've seen nothing of the lad I mentioned?"

"No, sir," he said.

He was wearing no collar or tie, but a red handkerchief tied around his throat costerwise, or in what we call the Killevy knot, with the ends flaring. I put out my left hand and caught him by it, giving it enough twist to make his eyes bulge. I opened his coat with the right hand and pulled out of his vest pockets a heavy watch and chain with a bunch of seals.

"Then where did you get this watch and chain?" For I knew it to be the old duke's.

"'Twas left me by my grandfather."

"And this ring?" I twisted his hand around and the emerald inside glinted dully. "Your grandfather left you this too?"

"He did."

Though he was white, he didn't falter. It's extraordinary how people will stand up against odds for property.

"That's enough," said I. "Jenico, look in the cart for a couple of pieces of rope, or anything that will pinion his arms and tie his ankles." And we had him trussed in a minute. "Carabine, back the cart under the bough and let down the tailboard."

I rummaged in his cart until I found a good length of rope. I worked a nice running loop on one end and slung it over the projecting branch of the ash tree. I belayed the loose end with a stout clove hitch.

"Now sling him up on the tailboard of his cart," I told Jenico.

"Damn it, Kerry," Jenico shouted, "you're going too far!"

"In the absence of your uncle, Sir Valentine," I said, "I'm head of this family. If you don't like the way I do things, get out."

"All right," said Jenico, and he lifted the man standing.

"Do you, Carabine," I directed, "give the neddy a whack on the rump when I tell you." I dropped the noose over the peddler's neck. "'Twas the mercy of God," I said, "that there was a tree here."

"Are you for hanging me?" said the chapman.

"Just that."

"You'll hang, yourselves, for it."

"Not at all, my dear man," I told him, "not at all. For when I've drawn your neck into the shape of a corkscrew, I'll cut the pinions from your arms and the spancel from your feet, and it'll be the bonniest suicide seen in the country for years. You'll be a *ne plus ultra* to coming generations."

The man's face was yellow beneath a mask of sweat.

"I met the lad you spoke of," he quavered.

"Sure that's no news to me."

"I met him three miles down the road, and he was for Derry across the mountains."

"And you cut his throat, I suppose, and took the watch and ring from him."

"I did not"—he could hardly speak—"but gave him fifty shillings for them, and him near dead with hunger."

"Then why," I asked, "did you lie to me?"

"Sure I was afraid he'd stolen them, and when you asked after him I thought you'd take them from me and I'd lose both them and my fifty shillings."

"You'll lose your fifty shillings anyway. Here, let him down," I told Jenico. "Now away west wi' you!"

I went over and sat on the bridge while Jenico and Carabine helped him onto his cart, for he could hardly stand. I saw Jenico get the ring, but I saw him, too, hand over fifty shillings. There is a strain of weakness in Jenico.

We weren't much farther advanced than before, for the mountain trail to Derry is a vague wide trail, and it is scattered with mountain villages all deserted, where the famine of '48 killed off the people, and cleared the survivors to America. Sheep land most of it; houses with the thatch fallen in; blind windows, all the pathos and dejection of a deserted house. At night in the mountains there is a vast loneliness. Ourselves, the country people, are not at home in the mountains by night. There was nothing I knew to harm Ann-Dolly there; but the sense of being alone on the

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Irish mountains with nothing about one but space—there is something in it too big for the human spirit.

"Hadn't we better be getting on?" said Jenico.

I looked at him for a minute and turned to Carabine.

"Go down to the Mountainy House and harness up and drive to the Ferret McClure's. Tell him I want Hackler's Joy and Sweet Marie, and bring them back with you. I'll walk on down the road to The Orange Sash. You'll find me there. And as for you," I told Jenico, "go back with Carabine to the Mountainy House and borrow a bicycle. Go back to Destiny, and ask Aunt Jenepher for one of Ann-Dolly's shifts."

"I'll be damned if I will," said Jenico.

"Och, do as you're told, Mr. Jenico," said Carabine wearily.

"Would a handkerchief do, Kerry?" Jenico asked.

"I said 'shift.'" And I moved off down the road.

At the Orange Sash there was a great welcome for me. There were Johnnie McGloomire and his wife Cassie, and Johnnie's old grandfather—one of the last thousand survivors of the noble six hundred of the Light Brigade. He was supposed to be one hundred eight years old, but Johnnie had added a few years for the good of the house.

"And what brings you our way, Mr. Kerry?"

"I'm hunting a young fellow that's run away on us," I said; "a red-headed fellow has the great look of the girl about him."

"Sowl!" said Johnnie. "But that one was in here two hours gone! He was dead with tiredness and the feet nearly cut off. Talked with a touch of foreign accent and drank sarsaparilla."

"That's him," said I.

"Well," said Johnnie, "he bought a loaf of bread and a tin of sardines and was off over the mountains. You'll have a queer job finding him."

"I'll find him," said I.

I sat in the bar, eating the meal Johnnie and wife got for me, waiting for Carabine and Jenico, and thinking to myself how everything you do in life comes to profit sooner or later. God knows how many years before it was that I brought home from Belfast a big book called the Memoirs of Casanova, translated from the Italian. A rare scoundrel this fellow was, cheating at cards and fooling women; in effect, a true foreigner. My Uncle Valentine picked it up from the table where I laid it.

"Did you read this?" he asked.

"I did"

"And did you like it?"

"I did."

"It's rare reading for a lad of fifteen," said my Uncle Valentine. And he thought for a while. "There's a book I'd like you to read." And he went out and brought a copy from the gun room; "and it's a grand book entirely." He gave me a book called Uncle Tom's Cabin. "Now read that," he said. "And so's it'll stick in your mind, you'll copy it in fair script from the title to the last word." I looked up at him aghast. "Or there'll be no racing this summer."

I must say it struck me as an overrated book. There were some weird birds in it, an awful bounder called Simon Legree, and a most pious old colored man called Uncle Tom. But what struck me particularly was hunting the negro blighters with bloodhounds. Of course, they couldn't have been real bloodhounds; probably boar hounds or great Danes, for the bloodhound is the most affectionate of all dogs, and the gentlest. . . . Still, if it hadn't been for my memories of Uncle Tom's Cabin, we'd not have found Ann-Dolly that night. She might have died in the mountains of starvation and exposure. It only shows that things which appear foolish at the time are profitable in the latter end.

XVII

THE mountains were imperial and stark. They were purple and aloof. In the twilight, they threw shadows that could not be seen but felt, triangular shades, like Magis' caps, and most long. The sickle of the new moon rested on the summit of Slieveroe like some strange symbol, and one felt that when one attained the summit one would have achieved a pilgrimage of some mystic kind as in medieval legend, and the sea we would sense from the mountain top would not be Mother Atlantic, but some vague sea of futurity, of infinity.

The hounds were solemn and most nice. Their huge wrinkled faces, their slow certain movements gave the eerie sense of superhuman sagacity, the sagacity of ants, the sagacity of birds. Beside me Jenico stood, his face so white as to be luminous nearly, and James Carabine was gaunt and huge in the dusk. He had, with his kindly foresight, picked up a mountain pony and saddled it for Ann-Dolly. He stood there with the reins in his hands.

"Pick it up, boy. Pick it up, sweetheart," I called to the hounds. "Quickly, darlings, quickly." Hackler's Joy stood still a moment, sniffing the air, and then suddenly he gave the bloodhound's deep bell-like note. The bitch looked up a-quiver, and then joined him.

"We're off!" I said.

The lights of the pub in the distance began to recede, as the lights of a port recede from the taffrail of a ship. We went over the soft half grass, half heather of the mountainside. The pony's hoofs gave muffled thumps, like the thumps of a muffled drum.

"We're all right if we don't cross a sheep track," I thought.

As we went on, the moon dropped into the sea, and there was nothing but starlight, cold, unearthly. The mountains were

(Continued on Page 173)

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(Continued from Page 170)

no longer purple, but steel blue. The grass was crisp beneath our feet, for a frost was coming, and in the morning the bog holes would have their skin of ice on them that would not melt until the sun was high. Now and again something rustled, a hare or a badger, and my heart stopped lest the hounds should lose scent; but they got together, whining gently in communion, and were off. The sharp distant barking of the shepherds' collies answered their belling tongues.

"There are bad shepherds in the mountains, and bad dogs, Mr. Kerry," whispered James Carabine to me, though why he should whisper I don't know.

"I know that," said I; "that's why I'm hurrying."

"What's that?" asked Jenico.

"Oh, nothing at all, Mr. Jenico," answered James Carabine.

We struck through an abandoned village, where from the bare walls of the cottages our footfalls and the pony's trot struck an echo that reëchoed in my heart. Under the starlight it seemed abandoned even by ghosts, which is the most dreadful abandonment of all.

The hounds swung sharply to the left as if they were going straight for the mountain top instead of skirting the shoulder. Already the pace and climb were beginning to tell on me.

"God," I thought, "what a lion heart she has!" And then it occurred to me: "She will never get over this. If we don't find her soon she will be dead. After this walk she will have lain down to die. In the weariness that's on her and the black frost that's in it, she will this night die."

We had come up to a part of the mountain where a small lake is. It may be an ancient bog hole. It may be an extinct crater. Who knows? All I know is that it is black and deep. And there the hounds checked.

"Oh, Jesu!" said Jenico.

A small stream runs down the side of the mountain from Lochbeg, the little lake, and a hundred yards off are the ruins of one of Shane O'Neill's towers. I tried cast after cast with the hounds, but they came back to the lake's brink.

"I don't suppose for a minute," I said, and I looked at Carabine and Carabine looked at me, "but I may as well make sure." And I threw off my coat and began to loosen my shoes.

But the bitch had waded through the stream, and she gave tongue on the other side. I may say I was dizzy with relief. Now I knew what had happened. She had stopped there to bathe her feet.

In Shane's Castle we found her, standing flat against the wall, terrified before the deep baying of the dogs. Her feet were bare and she was standing in a clump of nettles, so unconscious was she of everything but the presence of the hounds.

"It's only us, Ann-Dolly!" I called. "Here, Carabine, show a light." And I changed the hounds' baying to shrill yelps with a couple of ungrateful kicks. Carabine tied a piece of oiled flax tow to a stick and lit it.

"Ah, sure, my poor girl!" I said when I saw her.

"Ah, Miss Ann-Dolly, but you've wandered far," said Carabine.

But Jenico said nothing.

She gave me a tortured little smile, with a twitch at the corner of her mouth, as if she were about to burst out crying, and she gave Carabine another. But at Jenico she stared whitely, and Jenico stared whitely at her, and neither said a word.

"Come out of them nettles, Ann-Dolly," I told her; "come out of them nettles and explain to me why you ran away from your comfortable home."

Carabine was pulling me by the sleeve.

"Mr. Kerry," he said, "come on. The Ferret McClure will be wanting his hounds back."

"To hell," said I, "with the Ferret McClure! He'll get his hounds back when it suits me and not before."

"Come on now, Mr. Kerry. God knows what they'll be feeding the pacer down at the Orange Sash."

"To hell," said I, "with the pacer! They can feed him boiled beef and cabbage for all I care. It's not my horse. It's Jenico's."

"Come outside, Mr. Kerry, till I tell you something."

"Will you let me alone, Carabine?" I said. "Sure you can tell me nothing I don't know. What are you two gawking at each other for?" I asked Jenico and Ann-Dolly.

James Carabine stuck his torch in the ground, and lifting my twelve stone in his hands as easily as though I were a child, he carried me out.

"Mr. Kerry, Your Honor," he growled, "will you for God's sake come on to hell out o' this and leave your Cousin Jenico and Miss Ann-Dolly by their lee lone?"

XVIII

ONE of the poets—Shakspere or Thomas Moore, I don't know or care which—speaks of a sea change. And a sea change, the turn from the gray dullness of the sea to its jeweled fresh beauty, is the only word to use for the metamorphosis of that house and townland. Sheena Spanya, it had been called of old, before my grandfather in his admiration for what he termed the King's Blasted English had it changed in the county survey to Spanish Men's Rest.

There had hung over it an invisible veil of tragedy. Something lay between that sweet house and the sun. And no birds were there, nor bees. The fruit trees were not barren but ungenerous, and the flowers seemed always to say, "What are we doing in this lonely unmusical place?" And when the trees rustled, it was not crisply, making a gay small music, but heavily, as though they were weary, weary. And that field where the Spanish men lay—you sat on the dike of it, and there was no sweet peace there such as smiles in our Church of Saint Columba's-in-Paganry, such as makes you feel that beyond the bronze doors of death are sunshine and singing and old friendships taken up again. There was no peace there, but a dreariness, a dreariness as of gray rain and blackish yew trees. The field was a surly desolation.

But since Ann-Dolly went there to live in and be mistress of my Cousin Jenico's house, the veil has lifted. It seems as if the Spanish men had ceased warring against the estate beneath the grass. Now that their sister and their duchess reigns there, and after her will reign the little children of her body, it would appear as if a pact had been arranged between the restless men and the enchained land. For now the land is free. Where once the sunshine was heavy as a fog, it now is gay like a child's song. Even the rain is gentle. In the woods about, the bluebells toss their heads like pert young women. The primrose smiles gently from the banks, and everywhere are birds—fat blackbird and trilling thrush, small linnet, robin red breast and the bishop wren. As you pass through the garden, where soon small children will be, the apple and pear trees seem to stop you, so vital they are, saying, "See, all spring and summer we have labored to produce the golden and russet fruit. Surely you will not pass us by!" And everywhere is the serious bee, and that rejoices one, such a token of good will to a house the golden bees are.

But of all miracles, the greatest is the Spanish Field. It, which was so desolate, where the grass was gray, which was dumb of birds, is now gay and smiling, is bathed in sunshine, and at the sleepers' heads the Atlantic is repentant and sings a soft low lullaby, and above them the skylark flings out his brave joyous song. Their coverlet is blue in spring, and in summer is gay with daisies and buttercups. They slumber well now, and we do not grudge their sleep or bed to them. Our hearts are the soil of the realm they rose in arms against. But they were greatly valorous, and it is so long ago. So God rest you, valiant gentlemen! Give you good night!

(THE END)

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THE OLD FIGHTER'S CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 21)

Their talk ran at length to an end. Outside of knavery, Wong was no fool. To himself, he grudged and growled at the rate of insurance, but knew, if he did not envy, a capable honest man when he saw one. His language, his demeanor, could not have been more winning.

"Agreed, then."

Autumn sky, a fortnight later, spread over mountain rim and peak its yearning blue without a cloud. Up the hottest of the passes bumped a two-wheeled cart drawn by a little shaggy white horse that panted, while his driver, climbing before, kicked stones away to rattle down a ravine. With feet on the nigh shaft, back set against the round-topped hood, a passenger kept himself more or less upright and read a book. Feeble, shortsighted, bent with age, the passenger seemed.

His book was that flower of genius, pearl of romance and history, the San Kuo. It is hard to believe that a reader could keep his eyes, not on the enchanted page, but craftily over the top of the volume, watching, watching, as a hawk watches a landscape for any bird.

"One old gaby who reads or nods to sleep. One driver. Nobody else. Come on, kill and take."

So, high behind a crag, voices muttered. Then down over rock, brown earth and gravel poured like trapdoor spiders from their holes a mob of sunburnt wild men, half gray rags, half naked muscle. Armed with heavy tridents, yelling in glee, they surrounded horse and cart. The driver flew down to join the stones he had been kicking. His passenger did not even close the book, but lowered it, and smiled.

"Aha!"

The chief robber, poising in both hands his trident, lunged. Straight for that old gentleman's midriff darted the steel razor prongs. But that old gentleman lifted one finger in a curious motion and parried. The trident glanced up over the cart hood. It fell clanging in the road behind.

"Silly fellow!"

Overturned by his own force, the spearman groveled under the cart, then dragged himself out and rose, but only to his knees.

"Pardon, oh, excellent aged greatness!" he implored, with voice and look of terror. "I did not know! The sun dazzled my mudlike eyes!"

Our bookworm traveler drew from his cart a small flag, which he unfurled and stepped in the whip socket of bamboo—a yellow flag, inscribed with black:

CHIN FONG ESCORTS.

At sight of it, the kneeling marauder howled.

"Pardon, reverence, pardon! Spare, and forgive!"

Smiling, Chin Fong leaned toward him over the shaft of the cart.

"Your life I spare. But for correction of error, here is a lesson ——"

Where the knife came from, nobody saw; perhaps from heaven, from the air through which its blade suddenly flashed. What had been the tip of the robber's left ear became a spout of blood.

"—— to remember."

That was all. The road lay clear; the white pony tossed his head, free; uphill ran the earthborn rubbish helter-skelter for their holes again. A little yellow-and-black flag triumphed in the hot breeze, dominated mountains and beckoned the driver to fear nothing, but return.

Thus Wong Tai Kwong's remittance of silver went northward, his bales of furs came down intact and paid for. He gave the old champion a jovial welcome, expressing great delight.

"Your art, sir," he went on, "is the most practical of them all. Nothing short of a wonder. If I had your skill now, I might guard my own goods." While they sat at supper, he fell to thinking. "Could you teach a man of my age?"

"In gaining width and wisdom," replied Chin Fong, "your body may have learned to dispense with certain flexibilities of youth, trivial in themselves, no doubt. You are strong and agile, however, and quick-witted. Yes; on the whole, yes. In two or three years a grown man might acquire the rudiments."

Wong caught at the chance.

"Then stay with me. Let us try," he begged. "Consider this house as your own and me as your pupil."

Not one lesson would Chin Fong have given for all the man's wealth, had he suspected what other people knew. He took time, of course, to inquire. On the surface everything favored his cordial host. The farmer's widow being dead, none of her neighbors whom Fong met cared to circulate rash truth. He therefore lived at the merchant's and trained him. All went happily.

"You are an immortal teacher," exclaimed Wong. "You have let my strength loose from bondage. My heart sings."

"A gift of Nature, when restored," said the veteran, "is doubled. You are a very apt learner."

They were walking, after cudgel play, in the garden. Deep greenery of old trees with fruit among foliage; toy hills and temples of intricate gray stonework knee high; moss; flowers; a pool—half light, half darkness; where water lilies dreamed—began to fade in that evening hour when gardens breathe full sweetness. Fong wondered a little that his rich man should rather go along booming of health, extolling effort, than be still and enjoy that rarity, peace. They turned a corner where willow branches hung down. The old fighter woke from his musing.

"What is that?" he whispered. "How lovely!"

By twilight, near the willow, danced a spirit of evening. No, it was human. A young girl in apricot color swayed and spun, flinging overhead two swords that revolved as dizzily but as true as wheels, then catching them each by its hilt. The grace and accuracy, rhythm and joy of movement, were supernatural.

"That?" Mr. Wong laughed. "That is only my daughter."

His voice ruined the charm, for the garden sprite threw down her blades, quivering deep into earth, and ran like a rabbit.

"Come back here, child."

Under the willow her apricot silk dodged into view again. She returned slowly, with gradual obedience.

"My daughter. Fifteen years old, but a tomboy. I am a widower. Come, come here, Butterfly Glory, and speak to my friend, my great master of art."

The girl bowed. A delicate red tinge underlay the gold of her cheeks.

"You play," said Fong, "prettily."

This child, he thought, had eyes darker and deeper than the element of truth. Strangely, they were not her father's. They met something, he never knew what, in the eyes of a childless man hardened by long practice.

"Thank you"—she touched him on the sleeve—"dear old gentleman."

He did not wish to be a fool, so turning, bent and examined her playthings, which were real swords, a double-edged pair extremely sharp.

"Who gave you them?" he scolded. "Your hands are too flowerlike to be gashed by ugly tools."

Again the child bowed.

"The luck of the ignorant, sir, has kept each grubby paw entire."

Fong clasped his elbows before him, to remain for a long time still and admire her.

"But do you like it? Do you like playing with swords?"

"I love it! I play every day, every night. Will you teach me how, truly?"

He smiled and looked toward her father.

"It would be a joy," said he, "could I instruct her for nothing in spare moments, for an old man's whim."

The merchant, fanning his breast, waved all trifles into air.

"If you like, of course. A tomboy. Run along, Butterfly Glory."

He fanned her away. She plucked up the blades and danced off, whirling them under the garden twilight.

So began with Chin Fong, late in life and against all habit, a new felicity. He taught the girl's father for pay, earned it, found him an exacting if not a trying pupil who grasped every dollar's worth of the art that a middle-aged man could get by quickness, cunning and bull strength. The girl he taught for pastime, then for love. It amazed him. Never had he thought of wasting lessons on a girl; yet here was one gifted by nature, born to the mystery, who promised perfection. She moved light as a leaf, as a blossom on a wind-blown stalk, but with swift power underlying that grace. Not a hint could he give by word, look, dodge or turn of weapon but she caught and improved it.

In three years, when he had no more to give, the child was become a young woman and the light of his eyes.

"To go from her is painful," mused the old fighter one morning at daybreak. "But it is wrong to live on here and take wages if you have ended your work."

He rose, packed his clothing in a wicker basket, his knives and swords and spears in a long coffer of black pigskin with a ringing lock, then called a manservant and inquired for the master of the house.

Wong Tai Kwong, said the man, had already gone out, an affair of trade summoning him.

"But the young lady is in the garden."

Mist hung there, drifting from bough to bough; sunrise drew it overhead into smoky peachblow colors; nothing else moved; the water lilies were not yet open, and all the garden remained so quiet that Chin Fong thought himself alone till under the drooping tresses of the willow he discovered her. A small bundle in pink-silk trousers and blue sleeveless jacket, she lay curled on the ground with her head against a china drum stool.

"Risen too early. I will not wake her."

That famous painting, the Lady Fallen Asleep at Embroidery, was never half so beautiful. He turned with reluctance to move away, when he saw that a gold ornament in her hair trembled and that she was crying.

"What is wrong, my child?"

She looked up at him quickly, her face pale and woebegone, her eyes brilliant with tears.

"Everything." He sat on the ground beside her and waited. "Everything but you."

The reply so moved him that he spoke from the bottom of his heart.

"Let me help then; for you, my dear—you always I have loved as a daughter."

"Oh, why was I not?" Butterfly Glory covered her face and wept again. "Why was I not yours? It may be wicked to say, wicked even to think, but it is true. And you cannot help me. This thing goes far down beyond help."

She crooked one arm over the china stool, raised her head, and with a passionate effort to be calm, sat erect.

"Infamy. Grant me your pardon." What she brushed away was not her tears but the cause of them, unbearable knowledge. "Can you grant it now, while I commit the sin? My father is—is no more; a devil borrowed his body and dwells inside. No, no, wait, a lie! My father, he himself, my father alive is that which may not be told—false, cruel, bloody. Oh, forgive, master, of your loving kindness forgive my truth which those who hearken from the other world never will. I disgrace my father to you. He has wronged widow and orphan, has hired murder, is not to trust. A few hours ago I learned all this.

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 174)

How can I sleep any more? What shall I do? Run from him?"

Her teacher's look was grave, keen, but steadying.

"Are you sure?"

"Too sure." The girl combed apart the willow screen behind them, glanced through, searching the garden, and lowered her voice. "In a box hidden away he keeps medicine of death, a subtle poison. Last night I caught him vial in hand, preparing drink—for you! Can you believe? At first my own eyes could not; then I snatched and threw it on the floor. Oh, shame of our house! He learned all from you; and now in his greed would have all for himself, destroy you, and be without a rival!"

Chin Fong accepted her news like one who had known it for an age.

"My daughter," said he, "here has come a great sorrow, yours and mine. The world is crowded with sorrow, nor can we do anything but go to meet it, sharpen the courage and fight it out. Is he unkind to you? No, not yet; I supposed not. Careless only, and hard. To leave him, to run from him—how can I advise you? In my village and my house you would be welcome, safe, at peace. If I say come now, I do wrong. He's your father, he gave you life. You may turn his heart from ——."

"That," said Butterfly Glory—"that is hopeless. He would laugh, joke and tell me to go play. But no; I will stay in the fight, dear master."

Sunshine, climbing garden wall and trees, poured in upon them before they rose from talk.

"You have comforted me. Again, even in this! You are holy and wise."

"I'm an ignorant, battered old fool." Fong smiled at her. "Well, if worse comes remember my village and house."

Though he could smile then, he could not as they said good-by; nor when, having hired bearers to call for his basket and chest of arms, he started off homeward, afoot and alone. Beyond the last field, he chose for short cut over the hills a rough narrow path, a hidden track known to him and to salt smugglers, up which he went hurrying as if to outclimb his thoughts. They were bad company, burdensome. He had not told them all to that poor child below.

"She bears enough already. But what of me? Blind worm, tortoise egg, moth brain, you have squandered our art on a man without character! You have bargained our dread skill away to a wretch who will eat the people, devour them by your aid quicker than ever. It is time you went home, folded your silly hands, died!"

In this and like reproach, Fong clambered up the narrow way. It became steeper, wilder, burrowing among thin bushes in a ravine, zigzagging on sharp ledges and mounting the dry bed of a watercourse or a cleft like a ruined chimney. He met no one, saw no moving thing. The forenoon grew hot. On a high place above a glen he paused for breath and, looking down, saw valley and plain checkered with the misty green of crops, the brindle yellow of barren earth, all aquiver beneath haze. Roundabout, up here where stillness burned, a mournful desolation hemmed him in; ridges and bowlders and jumbled rock everywhere as unwholesome a gray-brown as the color of rats. A shrub or two by the handful here and there withered in a crevice. Not so much as an ant crawling or a fly humming disturbed the hills with life.

Suddenly, near by, metal clinked on stone. The old man turned, gave ear and watched. Again came the clink as of a trowel or a hammer.

"No one," he thought, "can be working here."

The sound rose from below. A few paces down the glen there shot into sight, as though disgorged by the rocks, a human figure that, sailing through air, landed upright on a flat stone. It had the likeness of man or boy. Naked but for a blue rag round his loins, and for enormously awkward shoes, he bounded away downhill, poising, leaping, poising, leaping, each time with that hammer blow of metal. Then he turned, gathered himself and came doggedly jumping up again from bowlder to bowlder.

This might be a mad savage or a fox. Having an open mind always ready to learn, Mr. Chin did not care which.

"A good jumper; extraordinarily good." And as the creature drew near, he hailed it. "Boy, what are you doing?"

Loud and abrupt, his challenge might have daunted anyone. The hermit-acrobat gave a start, indeed, but rather of vexation than of alarm, and continuing to approach, bowed.

"Venerable sir, if you must know, I practice jumping."

A slender young man, admirably knit, with muscle playing free beneath a skin as brown and smooth as copper, he looked Fong straight in the face and appeared not only to judge but to like whatever he saw there. Bending, he unlatched and took off his shoes, a queer dark pair larger than gourds. They were of iron, their soles worn silver-bright.

"So I observed, with great content," quoth Fong. "Why do you jump in iron clogs?"

The boy gave a smile of embarrassment, apology.

"To learn to fight, sir. They're the best I could do. As a means toward that end. Cousin Lai the blacksmith made them."

"Fight?" The veteran pricked up his ears. "You unfold matter of peculiar interest to me. Pray go on. Why learn fighting?"

Every way this brown youth pleased him; in manner, in body, and yet more in countenance, where native ease and mildness of humor were tempered like steel by a clear, direct, unquenchable spirit glancing from the eyes.

"That, sir, I cannot tell you."

"What? You do not know your own motive?"

"Oh, yes," replied the jumper. His tawny face grew stern. "I know." He gave Chin Fong a piercing look, and suddenly with the back of one fist wiped his forehead. "Why not? You seem a kind old gentleman, different from those mockers. Do you care to hear?"

Fong nodded.

"Sit down, boy. If your heart is heavy this morning, so's mine. Talk. Out with it."

They squatted on rock together.

"I'm a clown, sir, a joke, whose name happens to be Siu Leong Yook, but whom the village calls Tin Hoof, Iron Heel, and grins at. A man coveted a wine jar, so he killed my father and my mother. I promised her, because our neighborhood dared not help by law, that when strong enough I would slay their murderer in open fight. Well, that's all. A promise. Climb up here and jump, go home and be laughed at. No progress, nothing done. You were so good as not to laugh."

True, Chin Fong gave no sign of merriment, but lifted an iron brogue, weighed it on his palm and considered the wearer.

"You speak bitterly."

"The thing, sir, is bitter."

"Need you cover yourself with blame?" said Fong. "Your quarrel is fair."

His companion sat like a statue of bronze in a denim-blue loin rag and frowned.

"Quarrel? What said the Ancient Wise Man East of the Mountain? 'With him who murdered your parent you may not breathe one air, nor sleep under one sky but on your knife blade for pillow.' I tell you, sir, these hands of mine do nothing. Both parents eaten by a fat devil, and I have become a byword, lying to my mother!"

Fong put the shoe down and meditated.

"Can we be certain," he propounded, "that the Wise Man was right? I'm not. But then, you see, I fear I know more of knife blades than of ancient wisdom or conduct. We brethren of the Heung Ma are no philosophers."

With a cry, the statue beside him came to life, sprang up, held both arms rigidly toward heaven, then dropped on its knees, imploring.

"Oh, venerable one! Of the brotherhood! I have dreamed this our meeting often. Help me! Take and teach! In return I can give you nothing, my bare body and soul!"

For the second time that day our friend saw tears running down a young face. He never knew just why they conquered him now.

"Come, it's too hot here," he replied. "Walk home with me and we'll think it over."

The naked suppliant would have spoken, but could not.

He rose, leaped away down the gorge, vanished behind a bowlder, and came lightly up again with a scant pile of clothing in a farmer's hat, as on a tray.

"Ready, master."

Joy transfigured him. Fong, remembering a golden age when he, too, envied an apprentice, chuckled.

"A fox of the hill you are, boy, to bewitch lone travelers. On then! We shall see."

They climbed as for a bet. Neither spoke again. After a blazing day, they came by starlight to a village high on a crest, where a hundred shadows of men murmuring the name of Chin Fong crowded about and followed them respectfully to his door. The house they entered was dark and smelled of herbs.

"Your cot," said the old man gruffly, "is any corner of the back room, Iron Heel."

His habit at home was to wake before the second cockcrow. He followed it next morning, opened his eyes to the familiar bare chamber in the dusk, but saw a new and wonderful arrangement there. On the floor near his bed lay a wooden platter with tea, millet and dumplings, over which a bent figure waited as in dream or prayer.

"What's all that?"

"Your breakfast. Your disciple."

Fong lay back and tried not to laugh.

"Good breeding," he growled. "Good breeding. Put your food away, though, for in my house we begin work empty."

To work they went in a barnlike outhouse, where the mournful daybreak showed nothing but a tall table, a chair, hardwood staves in a corner, and a hedgerow stand of arms gleaming along one wall.

"Now jump," ordered the old man. "From here, jump on that table, Tin Hoof, and as far off again."

It looked an impossible distance and height. The boy gathered himself, sprang, touched the table in passing, and landed as neatly as a cat halfway down the length of chunam floor.

"Heavy," scolded the professional. "Bad. Weight and noise. I heard your feet. All wrong, for you knotted your body beforehand like a coolie with cramps. It must go without warning. Your preparation shouted to the world, 'What ho! Look out! Here I start!' A fatal error. Now gently does it."

At ease while talking, Fong suddenly went high in air. He flew like a bubble carried on a gale.

With no sound but the whisk of his black garments, he skimmed the table top and stood across the room.

"We therefore," he continued as though nothing had happened, "must begin at the very bottom. Don't gape, stand erect! Put your feet together. Watch, hearken, be prompt!"

For an hour the farmer's son repeated movements at command, childish movements, that left him aching worse than if he had hoed many a *mou* of dry clay. The old man, who did them all six or eight times to his once, grew fresher, more lively, loose-darting, eel-jointed, but as a critic more and more glum.

"Enough, O bones of lead! You cannot! Go eat, stuff, stupefy, imbody and imbrute. Then return here, wipe the grease off those arms"—Fong pointed to the bristling hedge of lances, glaives, halberds—"and burnish them. Porters are bringing home another chestful, my traveling kit. Clean everything in that, likewise. One flake of rust, one scratch on the metal,

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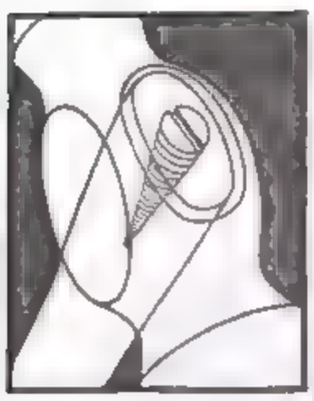

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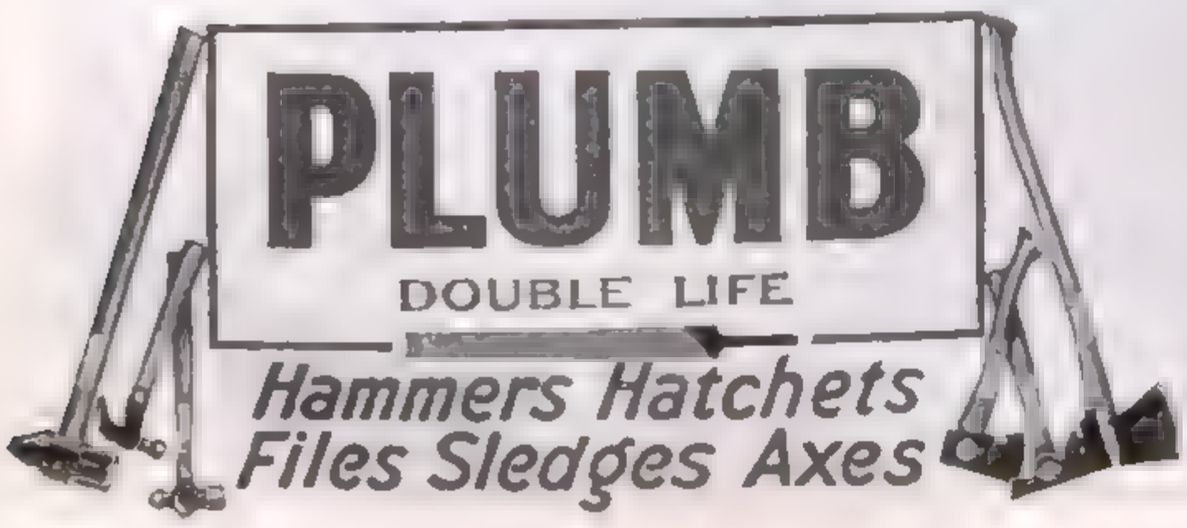

one cut in your ten thumbs, and out you go. Look to it, cub!"

Harsh orders, poor fare, scorn, silence, tyranny, ground the youngster from morning till night. They were alone in the house. He kept it, ran the errands, cooked, waited at mealtime, brewed herbs for medicine, tried out oil for liniment, crawled to bed in the dark, rose in the dark to brush, button and make worn cloth appear neat for a day longer. Three months went by.

"Stop!"

When he had jumbled another lesson beyond hope, he raised his head to see the tyrant grinning.

"Stop, my boy!" Mr. Chin Fong threw down a spear and beckoned. "Come, rest you. Sit. I've treated you like a dog, you know, cuffing you about with my tongue, calling you Iron Heel, and so on. That's over, done with. Gold fears no fire. Of all my pupils, you are the first who ever jumped on that table—a trick table made to upset—without upsetting it. For praise I have given curses. You take them, neither sulk nor wince, but drudge ahead, tending me better than a true son. Outdoors, my cousins and neighbors like you, for a strange reason—because, they tell me, because you're always playing jokes on them! What kind of joke, boy, wins your victim into friendship? Eh?"

The drudge gave him a timid smile.

"Old pranks that father taught me, sir. Maybe one or two of my own."

Fong laughed heartily.

"I thought so," he replied. "Well, after this, don't smuggle all your fun outdoors. Keep a remainder in our house. You are accepted, my apprentice. And with heaven's aid, a new star is going to shine. Its name will be a rude mockery polished into honor—the name of Iron Heel."

From that day their house abounded in fun. Their work, an endless exacting drive, became play. A year sped thus.

"Lie down," came the order one morning. "Flat, and view the rafters while we hold a test."

Iron Heel stretched out, naked, to balance on his abdomen a cool, smooth, brook-rounded stone larger than a man's head. Fong, heaving a sledge-hammer in air, dealt one blow that cracked the stone into flinders. Iron Heel jumped up laughing.

"You pass. A good anvil." His master sighed with relief. "I was anxious; but you are hardened."

Many a long walk they took in sunshine, rain or wind on lonely hillsides, gathering herbs from which Fong taught his novice to compound their hidden medicine, lubricants, makers of bone and muscle, the Heung Ma balm for cudgel bruises and the salve to heal sword cuts in a week. One hill, however, they climbed not often, and only to retire above earshot. Men called it the Ripe Gourd, for its dome was bald and yellow. A cricket could not hide there.

At the end of the second twelvemonth, Chin Fong said, "Now, the last time, we go up on our Gourd."

Another ceremony withdrawn from the world, a final secret where no one might overhear, the young man expected; but when they had gained the high ledge, warm in clear sunset, the old man tucked his knees under him and grew still, remote. The land beneath, shining like a yellow sea with fantastic reefs and islands of black, wavered far off toward a mountain range no denser but a little darker than the sky.

"Nothing is left me to teach," began Fong quietly. "The jug is poured out. You are my best, or my best but one. Today crowns all. You enter the brotherhood."

In their bouts of fighting, their talk, their pastime, they had lately become as boys together; the disciple had forgotten to stand in awe; but now a sudden reverence and humility frightened him. Without answering, he bowed his head.

"You did not speak again of your quarrel. That, I hope, is put away. Revenge only claws open the itching wound."

Iron Heel studied the yellow earth in pain.

"Father!"

"Son? It is a good hour when you call me so. What, my son?"

The boy groaned.

"For you—if you think right—I will break my word, my promise to her."

They regarded each other silently, with emotion.

"Right or wrong," said the master, "no. I can't accept your gift. A broken word—no, no. We're not subtle men, we two, but plain. And I thought"—he exulted, calling the sun-bright air to witness—"a moment ago I wondered how I could be prouder of you!"

Their hill cast a lengthening shadow, the countryside beneath faded from orange to brown.

"You may have observed," Fong went on, "that I never asked the name of your enemy."

"A rich and evil oppressor, his name is Wong Tai Kwong."

"Ah!" The veteran shivered and folded his hands. "That then was our destiny, her house and garden? We feel the power brooding over mortals, knowing how we shall move and act. Say no more, bow to its will."

Sunset failed, earth became a dark cloud under the stars, night breeze passing the hilltop died away, and eastward, in time, a sallow radiance crept aloft before moonrise. The two men saw each other as vague hints of bodily form.

"If it must be," one murmured, "then let it be soon."

"Tomorrow."

"You will not catch him readily; for by day Wong Tai Kwong surrounds himself with creatures, by night locks up his house like a prison. He never would hear an honest challenge to come forward."

"We shall meet."

"No doubt." The shadow that was Fong reared its head. "Part of your fortune I can tell. Him, the liar and murderer, you will overcome. But he has a daughter there ——"

"A girl? Who fights with girls?"

"Scorn is no weapon," rejoined the old man very sadly. "When I called you my best but one, she was the one, or may be. Oh, sorrow! There lies the danger, and we are blind. Whatever else, avoid her! The soul is rent apart between you. Up, my poor son, let us go home. This moon, I dare say, has often shone on a tired, confused old noddy."

Before it shone again, through dark of the next evening, Iron Heel came to his enemy's house. Bareheaded, barefoot, he wore black clothes with a girdle in which, right and left, a pair of knives hung ready. High above him loomed the garden wall. He sprang, touched the coping and whirled over like a wreath of smoke. Boughs thickened the gloom, honeysuckle drenched it with sweetness, a star lay in a pool and trembled. He went moving through enchantment with a cold, unearthly dread not of any person or thing alive, but of his errand.

"My mother." He drew the girdle tight, worked each knife up and down the scabbard. "It is hard to think. Now, when wanted, I cannot see her within."

A sound perturbed the garden. "Tsic-tsic," it went, irregular, like bubbles breaking or the slow falling of water drop by drop. He waited, stock-still, and gradually remembered it—the sound of goldfish that rise to prick the surface at night.

Leaving this behind, he entered a maze of walls, pillars, balustrades, juts and corners. The great house was not one building, but many in a grove, all obscure and dumb. He found the largest of them, crept along its front and saw a thread or upright line gleaming, a chink between shutters on a window. His eye, held there, could perceive no more than depth in a room, lamplight, and the shadow of a man's head thrown back, drinking; but the panel on which the shadow flickered was view enough.

"Sandalwood. The sandalwood room that mother talked of. She traced a plan

(Continued on Page 180)

Autumn's jaunty curve-hugging Sport Hose

No. 883

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(Continued from Page 178)

on her bedquilt. Now you know your way."

Retreating by a stride or two, Iron Heel ran, flew from ground to eaves, and was on the roof, tiptoe, soft as the descent of an owl. Then came noise; for suddenly tearing the tiles off, he made a breach and dropped through.

Wong Tai Kwong, the comfortable drinker, spilled a cup of wine as he bounced from his chair.

"Robbers! Who are you?"

Shot down from heaven, there waited a young man in black, with hands behind him.

"Who are you?"

"The son of Siu Ching. Your hired hands killed him for you in this room. I bid you to a fair fight. Shall we go outdoors together? It will be clear, for a moon is rising"

The young bronze face appeared so calm that Mr. Wong summoned his wit, his courage, even a contortion for a smile.

"Why, why, very fair!" Gorgeous in silk, he preened a broad bosom. "Let us go out, if you like. But—but we misunderstand. I can't fancy what is wrong. Do you know, you resemble your father?"

While parleying, he tried it—the legerdemain of the knife born in air to sting home quicker than its flash.

"No. Father was untaught."

The knife flew to meet a shield born also in air—a broken tile, on which it clinked harmless, and which for one instant Iron Heel remained holding up like a tablet of doom.

"His son learned the mystery."

A lightning swoop caught the knife on the floor and returned it. Wong Tai Kwong dug both hands into silk, backed over his chair, flung round an arm, failed to encounter support or anything but a dark wine jar that went down with him and rolled, spilling, from his embrace.

"Dead. It may be the same jar."

Thought, feeling, wonder, there was no time for. Men ran in, servants who crowded the room yelling and spearing at him.

"Enough blood!"

He swept their points away as a runner goes through tall grass. They had left a door open. He raced under the black branches, vaulted the garden wall and dropped into a dream of citron-colored moonrise pouring level across the earth.

"Enough of blood. Avoid your cousins. Carry none home."

Not fear but instinct warned him thus to keep from the village, hurry by an opposite path and make for the hills.

"Back to your master."

The path, nibbled away by the hoes and trodden smooth by the feet of hungry generations, ran cranking zigzag, a moonshine thread continually broken where crops grew higher to confuse the labyrinth in shadow. He heard a rustling sound that seemed to follow him.

"What? Never!" He laughed. "Never a man of them can hold this pace."

He quickened it, however, sped clear of the fields, beyond the outlying hummocks where tombs clustered, up a hillside tawny in the full moon.

"But there is! How now? A devil abroad?"

The rustle of garments, a light patter of feet, drew close behind. He wheeled hardly in time to fend off a thing which flew upon him, pounced like a young tiger, and left a scratch of its claw. Next moment he was fighting for life, barehanded against a pair of knives. At great peril, dodging, retreating, straining all he knew of defense, Iron Heel managed one after the other to whip his own knives into play.

"Be off! I have no reason to kill you!"

Without a word, his enemy feinted and struck nearer than before.

"If you will take it!" he shouted. "There!"

The blow he delivered, subtle and swift, was an end-all. Even his master called it so—when rightly dealt, the Old Inevitable. It failed. A new parry that wriggled into a counterstroke sliced his jacket down from collar to waist. He gave ground; then while they danced apart and clashed together, saw, with a start which nearly became his undoing, that the adversary who fought him was a girl. In this mortal combat her face, lighted now and then as by the flicker of their blades, appeared calm, pale, unearthly. She wore gray silk that shone like frost.

"Win or lose, you're beaten." Humiliated, confused, he went on struggling by rote, awkward as a beginner. "How can you strike anything so lovely? And if you would, you could not, for we are equal. You can't even run. She is too quick."

Up and down the slope they raged, bounding, panting, interlocked, thrown asunder, till the moon rode high and white. He saw the girl clearly; and as with desperation he played for time to wear her out, marveled because time grew an age in which he had known the toss of her head, the long oval eyes, the childlike grace and liberty even of her most furious attack. She had now driven him to a flat space of barren ground, where for the moment they circled each other, bending low and watching.

"Stop!" roared a voice. "Hold off!"

Between them, with a high fantastic leap, darted a black goblin. He carried a sword, and made it whistle in a ring of moonlight steel.

"Hold off!"

They knew him for their old master.

"Children! Children!" He let the sword go spinning far above the rocks and lowered his arm. "No more!"

Discipline, habit, and something yet more inwardly awakening, held them to stillness.

"Put up your knives, Butterfly Glory. And you, my son, yours."

"No!" cried the girl. "He has killed my father."

"What then?" replied Chin Fong sadly. "Your father killed his, and by grief his mother too. Come, sorrow not for ourselves, but for all. Children, be quiet, be gentle, be generous, look into a poor patched-up soul you are tearing. I have lived rough years, fought for this and that, wasted much, gained little, yet as a fool continue hoping to gain—what? Your love in my old age. Come, give me that prize tonight, for the good of all. Self, self; when our world is bursting with it like an idiot's bubble under the moon, will you two swell its vanity? Son, your hand. You two are even. Kill, and the score begins fresh, another dead body to her account, another on his, one more, one again, and so to the ruin of house, neighborhood, country. My daughter, put up your playthings. Quick, your hand!"

They obeyed. Leaning on him, Butterfly Glory wept.

"You are even," said Fong. "By nature both are true. My bones feel a current of kindness flow among us. Daughter and son, let me make you happy forever. Pardon all things, join and live."

The moon made a threefold shadow of them, dumpy and grotesque.

"Never!" Butterfly Glory snatched her hand free. "Never—unless he beat me! Tonight he could not."

Hanging his head, the farmer's son drew away. He saw only barren dust, gilded, colored like ripe grain.

"Then I go about the world," said he. "You two are all I care for. Walk safely."

He climbed westward, on the hilltop raised an arm and sank.

A year later fable drifted back. From the country where all earth is emperor's yellow, from the land of Ginger Stones where men dwell underground, from the Western Defiles, from Fu Hi's birthplace and Kansuh and regions unknown, travelers meeting like ants passed home the touch of a name. Rumor spread it into magnificence. If we never know truth while men say one thing or another, what remains fairly certain is that he who did slay the Loathsome Beast in the Stinking Pond was a wanderer called Iron Heel; and that looking up from his job he saw a grandfather with white mustache and white hair, who smiled at him and beckoned. All these were happenings far away, if ever.

One day Chin Fong the champion rested under a willow in a garden where he was welcome, and argued the fable. Afternoon loitered here, drowsy and bright. Near by, on a china drum, his favorite Butterfly Glory sat and stitched, embroidering a panel.

"It may be the same man," he sighed. "It may not."

A servant fretted them by announcing a caller, who gave no name.

"Who would speak to Mr. Chin Fong, on a professional matter."

"Professional? My affairs, in your garden?" said Fong. "Is it allowed?"

"Send him here," ordered the young mistress, "if he be respectable."

Her servant grinned like one who knows more than he utters.

"This being cannot judge, *Tai-tai*. You may."

Down the path walked a ragged young man dark as Luzon tobacco, who gave them greeting.

"I come to fight," said he, "for a wife. Iron Heel by name, I have studied under the Ancient of the Western Heaven. Who says me no?"

Chin Fong sprang up and bowed in a transport of submission.

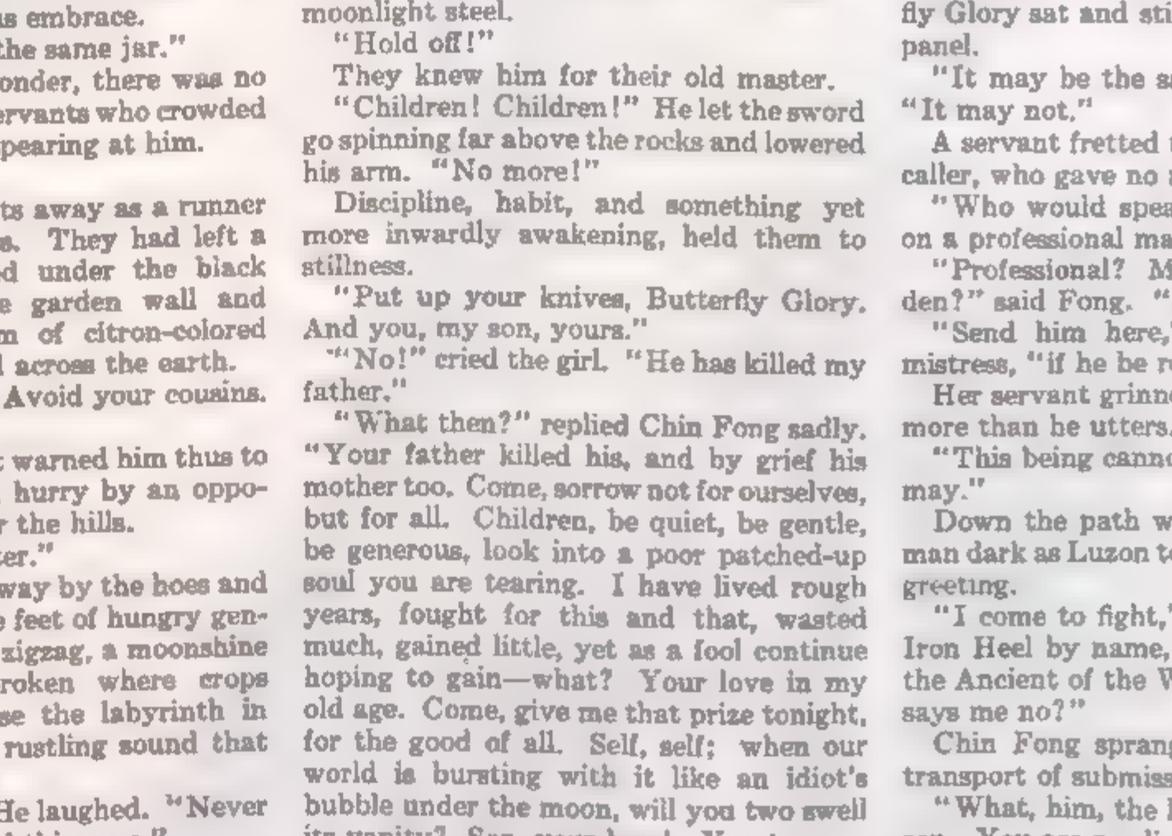
"What, him, the head? Not I then, my son. You are my living master."

"And you, madam?"

The girl peeped over her embroidery frame, said nothing, but ducked behind it with a smile.

Wind swayed the willow tails. They hid an old fighter who ran off toward the house.

"Clean!" He paused in a room of sandalwood and made obeisance, alone. "Wiped! Years are very strong, stronger than art, than the Heung Ma. Whoof! Yes, well. To the aged and beaten, a cup of hot tea is refreshing."



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WOOF-WOOF!

(Continued from Page 27)

said. I examined a twisted rod at the front end of the roadster and found we could proceed.

"John would make a dependable husband," Roberta said again. . . . "What a terrible driver you are!"

"I can do better than this. You always make me nervous when you're near me."

"I shall not be near you long," she observed.

I drove the rest of the way skillfully and thought of several good things to say, but decided not to say any of them. At the clubhouse she left me immediately and hunted up the prodigy from Santa Barbara; and I sat alone, having a glass of iced tea and enjoying the beautiful view from the veranda. Presently I observed Lloyd Tripp making his way toward my solitude, threading through the tables and nodding to this one and that one.

"Hello," he said, glaring down at me, as though uncertain whether to stop or to continue threading.

"Hello," I answered, trying to think of something to say to him. "How is your golf game?"

"All right," he said. "You wouldn't know, anyhow, if I told you. I feel let down today. D'ye mind if I sit down and have a beaker of coffee?"

"Pull up a chair," I encouraged him, determined to be polite. "Have you seen anything of Roberta Symonds? She's out there shooting somebody eighteen holes."

"I have not seen her," Lloyd answered, the genuine bitterness of his mood reflected in his tone.

He ordered coffee, and when it came he drank it mournfully. It is surprising how mournfully a person can drink coffee when he feels let down.

"Seen John?" he asked.

"John who?"

"John Stevenson of course. If she's out there playing golf, you can wager old John is not far away. He certainly makes me weary."

"I thought you and John were like this," I ventured, holding up two fingers.

"I don't like him and I don't care for his company. His conversation bores me and he doesn't know when he isn't wanted. Besides that, he's an obstinate idiot. That's why I'm going to play him these eighteen holes."

"What eighteen holes?"

"To see does he go to London or do I go to Japan. Matter of fact, John should have gone over to England years and years ago. He hasn't done a lick of work since he left college, and if I were his father I'd discipline him."

This sounded like a priceless gem, coming from Lloyd.

He paused and sadly surveyed the landscape, which was beautiful and green, with rugged hills climbing into the blue dome of heaven and wandering brooks whispering in the undergrowth. The trees were in their new spring dress and the turf was like velvet, but it was all wasted upon the melancholy fellow.

"If I can beat him," he continued, "I'll probably marry Roberta. But while he fools about I haven't a chance. He seems to have a hypnotic effect upon that beautiful girl; and that's not saying I think she would marry him, because if Roberta has any one outstanding quality, it's her common sense. At that, he may beat me, because he has at least twenty yards more on his drive, the big brute."

"You mean you're going to play him to see which one of you marries Roberta? Sounds cold-blooded to me."

"It isn't at all. If he defeats me I shall go to Japan. They've wanted me to go anyhow."

"He might not beat you," I said thoughtfully, "if you could get him to give you a one-hole handicap."

"One hole isn't much—not with his drive against me."

"It might be much if you said to him pleasantly, 'John, you give me a one-hole handicap, and I'll take it anywhere and any way I wish.'"

"Continue," said Lloyd. "What's the joker?"

"Simply that if John hasn't heard of this one, which is one of the oldest in the annals of golf, you may put it over. He may give you the hole, and if he does, you take one-eighteenth of it on each green."

Lloyd dropped his cigarette into his coffee cup, as they do in the movies, arose and laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"Leander," he said, "we have never had much in common, but you're a brick. You're a genuine brick. I haven't appreciated you. I always had a notion that you didn't like me."

"Nothing of the kind," I said warmly. "I like you as well as I like John or any of these golfing people."

I waved my hand at the animated scene about us. Dozens of ladies were lunching, some in little groups by themselves and others with their menfolk. Golfers were clanking about, dragging bags or swinging putters, and the air was filled with the merry banter that has helped to make the game the distinctive thing it is in American life. Many of the ladies were clad in men's garments, and if there is one eye-compelling spectacle in the world, it is a moderately obese golfing lady, with piano legs and corresponding framework, clad in the golfing costume of her lord and master. That there is nothing in the Constitution about it is due simply to the fact that there was no golf when the clauses were put in.

Again Lloyd informed me that I was a brick. He shook hands with me heartily and hoped I would come around oftener.

"Of course," he reflected, "it all depends upon whether John has heard about taking one-eighteenth."

"He hasn't," I assured him. "It's merely an old golf story. May the best man win. And by the way, when does this fatal match take place?"

"Any time he wishes to play," said Lloyd. "I'm going out now and see how Roberta's doing."

He departed briskly, with a merry word to this and that one as he passed.

I had the fortuitous pleasure of taking lunch with Roberta before the week was out, and she was more dazzling than I had yet seen her. It was a pink sweater this time.

I had been carting some pictures for her during the morning and she asked if it would be asking too much to trundle her over to Fenwold, where she wished to practice a new method of digging out of bunkers. We had the usual sandwiches and tea and we talked.

"Funny about John and Lloyd, isn't it?" I asked mildly.

"What's funny about them?" she demanded.

I think Roberta is now twenty-four—it might be twenty-three—and she has a way of making her mouth into a complete circle and blowing a sentence at a person.

"Playing eighteen holes to see which one marries you," I said a trifle sadly.

"Oh, that," she laughed. "They don't mean any harm by that. You have it all wrong, Leander."

"Have I? Are you going to stand by and be played for like a silver mug or a brass-bound golf bag?"

"They're not playing for me. It's to see which one shall take a voyage this summer. It's Friday."

"What is?"

"The match. You're coming to watch it, aren't you?"

"I have my Booke Shoppe in town," I said with dignity. "I work for a living and I am not in sympathy with idlers, so I certainly shall not waste an afternoon watching a foolish golf game."

"I'm going along with them," she said. "They play beautifully at times."

"I wouldn't think of it," I said.

At one o'clock Friday afternoon I drove up in front of Roberta's stone house, and for once she was ready. In ten minutes we were at Fenwold, and John Stevenson met us at the clubhouse and permitted us to look at him. He was clad in tan knickers, with black-and-white hose, and to me he seemed unusually gorgeous until I saw Lloyd, who came in a moment later. Lloyd was in green, with red-and-black stockings. Roberta wore pink, with a dash of old rose, and the three of them, standing before the huge fireplace, lightened up the entire room. I wore my usual three-piece suit, this year's model, with differential oil on the right shoulder.

There began immediately the usual fussing and fiddling that always seem to take place before even the most ordinary golf contest can get under way. I inferred that Roberta's presence might perturb either or both combatants; but there was not the slightest evidence of it, and the discussion was general.

"As you know, Roberta," John said, while we strolled leisurely toward Number One Tee, "Lloyd is a shiftless duffer, who has so far wasted his young life, ignored the advice of his friends and is a recognized drag upon the progress of the human race."

"The same as you," said Lloyd.

"And we play these eighteen holes so that Lloyd may go to work. I shall defeat him today for his own good, that he may become a useful citizen."

"If he beats me I go to Japan," Lloyd interrupted. "If I beat him he goes into the elevator business in London, England. We have agreed to this and there is no step-out."

"You can be the umpire," John said, and Roberta accepted the post with a light nod.

"What about Leander?" she asked.

"Oh, is he coming?" both said together.

Roberta replied that certainly I was coming, having come thus far; and what kind of club would it be to send a visitor home just as an important match was to be played?

"He can be assistant umpire," John announced. "He can watch Lloyd when I'm on the other side of the course."

We solemnly approached Tee Number One, the four of us, Roberta leading the way and Lloyd holding her arm and talking earnestly.

As yet there had been nothing said concerning the terms of the contest, and the debate began.

"Inasmuch," said John, "as you are a slightly better player than I am, with a surer midiron, it will be only fair if you grant me a handicap."

"You're mistaken," replied Lloyd. "If there is any handicap I get it. Everyone in this club knows you are one of the longest drivers."

"Nonsense!" said John. "You merely regard me as an easy mark. I prefer a real contest and so I must have a handicap."

They squabbled for several moments and eventually came to the point.

"You'll give me two woofs, that's what you'll give me," John said firmly, keeping his serious air and looking toward me.

"Two what?" Lloyd inquired, his surprise manifest.

It was his inner conviction that he was at least half a dozen strokes stronger than John any time he happened to be strictly on his game. John, of course, thought the same of his own skill.

"Woofs," John repeated. Roberta looked from one to the other in polite inquiry. "Two of them," John said, "and I can take them when and where I please."

He then went into details, explaining carefully just what a woof was and how it was to be used.

"How jolly," said Roberta.

(Continued on Page 185)

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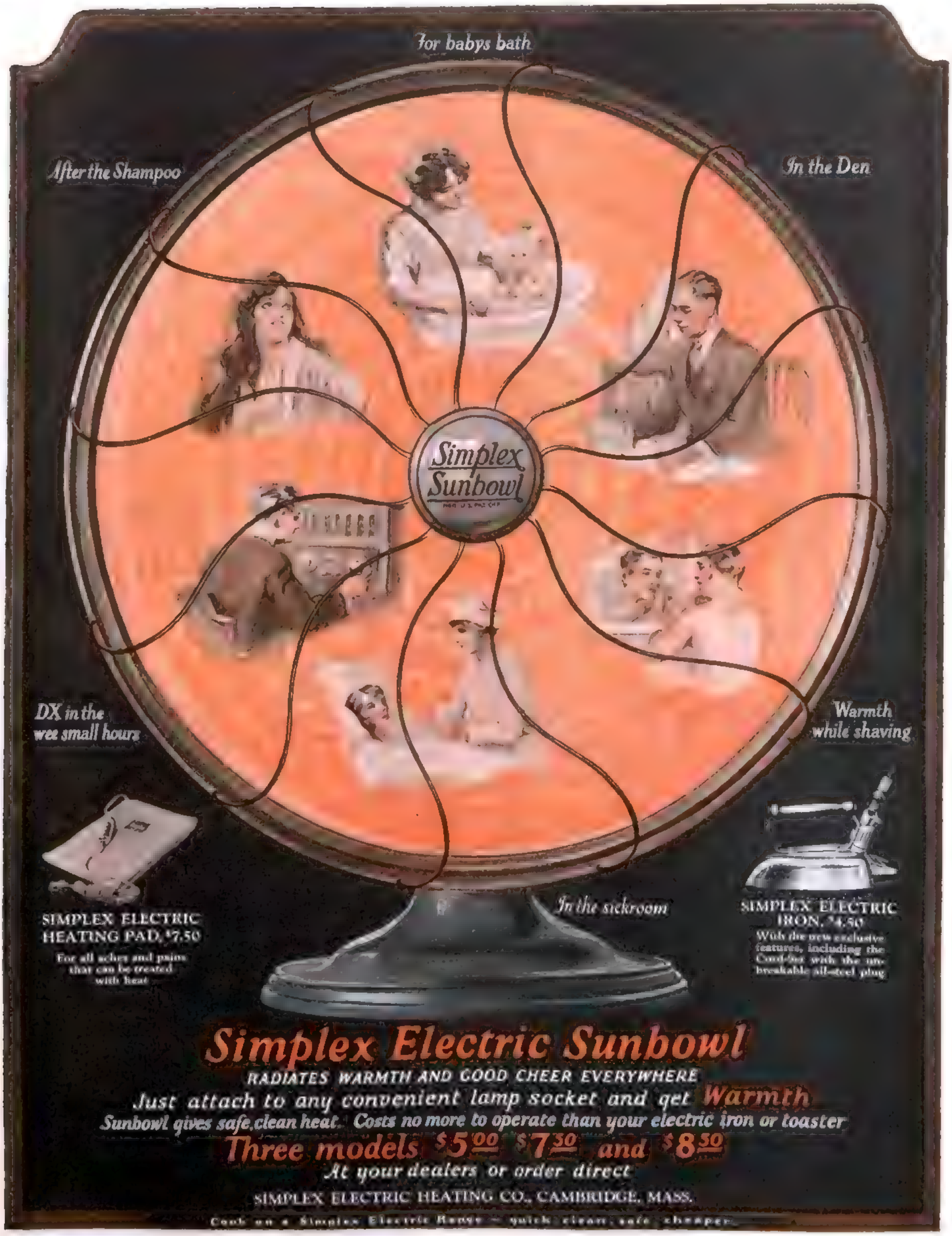
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(Continued from Page 183)

"You yell at me, eh?" Lloyd remarked, thinking it over.

"Whenever I so desire, as long as I do not exceed two yells."

Lloyd reflected, waggled his driver in thought, glanced meaningly my way and smiled.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I never heard of woofing a man before, but I am a true sportsman and have no desire to take advantage. I will give you your two woofs, providing you give me one hole."

"One hole!" John exclaimed. "Why should I give you one hole?"

"Because you're a better golfer than I am, for one reason, and I assume you wish this to be a fair trial. For another, when you asked me to give you two woofs, I immediately gave them to you."

John smiled over at Roberta, much as a doting young groom beams upon his bride.

"If you put it that way," he said, "I suppose I shall have to give you the hole."

"And," continued Lloyd, "as one hole is a very slight handicap, compared with two woofs, I am permitted to take the hole when I want it and any way I want it."

"Agreed," John said innocently.

"And now that you're ready to start," said Roberta, who was becoming impatient, "let's start."

"Immediately," said John, and they girded their loins and prepared to bang the ball a mighty distance.

They tossed a coin for the honor and Lloyd called heads, which was absolutely correct. He constructed a neat mound of sand and delicately balanced the ball upon its very apex, braced himself for a solid wallop, looked behind him at John and waved his club head gently over the shining pellet.

John strolled quietly and unobtrusively to a position immediately back of Lloyd's left shoulder blade where Lloyd could see him out of the corner of his eye, and as the club head climbed rhythmically up the back swing and paused for perfect descent, John sucked in an even gallon of pure Westchester ozone and let it out again in the form of an ear-shattering yawp.

"Woof!" said John, and a two-hundred-pound banker from Park Avenue missed his putt on Seventeen Green, two furlongs away, and cursed the entire Stevenson family.

All over the Fenwold golf course gentlemen and their caddies paused in surprise and asked one another if this was a golf course or a public barroom. Mr. Lloyd Tripp's club head faltered in midair and his body jerked spasmodically. He caught the ball with the toe of the club, and instead of rising in a straight line down the fairway, it swirled swiftly off at right angles, hopped a tee box, spattered against a wire screen, galloped across the practice putting green and wound up under an automobile in the parking ground.

Lloyd smiled in a sickly way, took another ball from his bag and placed it before him.

"That's one woof," John remarked amiably. "You now understand what a woof will do to a man's game."

The woof giver looked at his antagonist uneasily and tried to decide whether the second one would come immediately. John smiled inscrutably. A moment later Lloyd hit a straight shot down the fairway and the match was on.

I strolled along with the contestants, chatting with Roberta and reflecting that it didn't matter, after all, which one of these golfing idiots won the match, or whether one of them went abroad. Roberta seemed intensely interested in the shots and said "Well played" at intervals; but I was unable to decide which man she favored. I felt for a while it was Lloyd, but she smiled so pleasantly at John and said "Nice shot, John" that I presently switched.

As for myself, I found myself thinking how much nicer a world it would have been if the parents of these golfers had never met. John won the first hole with a four. Lloyd needed a six, so he remained silent about his fractional stroke.

On the second tee John drove a mighty belt down the greensward and gazed complacently toward the lady prize. She clapped her hands lightly, indicating approval. Lloyd approached the tee and began fussing over the ball, and we saw that he was preparing to withstand the shock of a second woof.

John anchored himself again behind his enemy, maintaining perfect silence; and Lloyd, after a questioning look, swung energetically. It was a miserable hit. The club head bit into the turf before it struck the ball and the result was a half top that spun over the grass and died immediately.

"Terrible!" said Lloyd, looking worried.

"Yes," said John. "I think you looked up on that one. Always a good rule to keep the old bean down, eye on the ball, and if you find it impossible, grow a long set of whiskers and stand on them."

John was quite jolly.

"You feel pretty flip, don't you?" Lloyd asked. "Well, you won't presently."

The contestants required fives on Hole Number Two. Roberta and I stood at the far edge of the green and watched them putt out.

"I win the hole," Lloyd announced cheerily.

"Oh, no," said John. "We took fives."

"You took a five, but I took four and seventeen-eighteenths."

"Uhg?" said John inquiringly. "I don't understand."

"I will explain. You gave me one hole. I choose to take one-eighteenth here and now. *Caveat emptor* and *requiescat in pace*."

The stratagem dawned upon John.

"You're joking."

"Am I? Play on, MacDuff, and see. I'm sending you to London to sell elevators, m' lad, under the name of lifts, and don't you forget it."

"This is unfair advantage, bordering upon cheating," John stormed. "I never agreed ——"

"Ask the witnesses," said Lloyd. "Did he or did he not?"

We both nodded.

"Yes, John," said Roberta, "you did agree to let him have one hole, to take when and as he wished. It does seem a trifle harsh."

Mr. Stevenson threw his putter savagely at his caddie, who caught it on the first bound.

"Perfectly silly," he announced. "A mere trick, and worthy of you."

He looked at Lloyd and Lloyd looked at me.

"Do you play on," Lloyd inquired politely, "or do you forfeit the match here and now?"

"I play!" John roared. "Hand me that driver."

The game continued, and I must admit it was scarcely more than an open-air brawl, with the two players disliking each other more and more at each green. The way John and Lloyd swore at each other was terrifying and novel, although they swore in hushed tones and when certain Roberta was out of earshot. Had it been otherwise, I would have said something to them.

It remained a close contest, with Lloyd worrying over the unspoken woof; and at the tenth tee I signified my intention of returning to the clubhouse for a cup of tea and a comfortable chair. Selling books unfits a person for arduous foot exercise, and I have had chilblains since I was eleven years old.

"No," said Roberta firmly, "you stay with me and we will see this golf match to the finish."

"I can't understand you," I said crossly. "Instead of enjoying this thing, you should be indignant. Imagine two hulking men playing a senseless game for a girl's hand. It's immodest."

"I think it's interesting," she answered, "and they happen to be playing excellent golf. I know now, from watching Lloyd, exactly what is wrong with my spoon shots."

"And I know what is the matter with my feet," I said. "I'm going in."

"No," she said again; and I remained, tagging along, not enjoying myself in the slightest and listening to the bitter remarks that came on each succeeding green.

There was a brief moment during the afternoon when I actually regretted my own sedentary mode of life and my physical inadequacies, along with the slight proportions bequeathed me by Nature. For a moment or two I craved to be a large and powerful man with biceps here and there and a convex torso. I yearned to be like the two who were now locked in this death struggle, able to play golf myself—professional golf—golf of such unquestioned excellence that Roberta Symonds would be forced to admit I was somebody.

I believe that at this time she worshiped devoutly a man in England named Mitchell whom she had never seen, but who, so it was stated in the public prints, could drive a golf ball three hundred and fifty yards. I pictured to myself the joy of being a Mitchell. Then sanity returned as abruptly as it had fled and I tried to escape to the clubhouse, where there are chairs.

"If you think it amuses me to watch a couple of men decide which shall marry you," I ventured, "you are mistaken."

"Your necktie is coming off," she said, adjusting it. "Come along and watch them play the water hole. I will bet you one dollar that neither lands upon the green."

The infuriated contest dingdonged on and on, with the Shylock Lloyd demanding his one-eighteenth on each green and Roberta at hand to see that he got it. Meanwhile the advantage given him by that handicap was more or less dissolved by John's threatening manner and his remaining woof.

Each time Lloyd approached his ball and made ready to hit, be it drive from the tee, brassy, iron shot or putt, John spoke softly:

"Remember, Lloyd, I still have one more woof coming to me."

Gradually this continued threat of outburst began to annoy Lloyd and undermine his morale. His nervous system commenced to show signs of incipient collywobbles, and as his irritability grew his skill departed. He hesitated where a strong man would have displayed decision. He shivered expectantly over his drives, waiting for John to shout at him. He bent nervously over his putts, his fingers gingerly clasping the club and his ears wide open for the impending yowl. Gradually the strain wore him down as the game moved onward, and he played like a bedridden inmate of an old ladies' home. Only his monstrous handicap kept the match square, and they finished the eighteen holes exactly even.

Contestants and spectators assembled at the rim of the eighteenth green, which John had won with a five against a six for Lloyd Tripp.

"I assume," John said, "that we shall have to go on into extra holes. There will be, from here on, no handicap."

"Suits me," Lloyd agreed coldly.

They prepared to play a fresh hole

"I don't see why it is necessary," Roberta commented, speaking in her cheerful manner. "You have had an interesting afternoon and a close match. Why not let it go at that and be friends? You have both played splendidly and I have enjoyed seeing you. So has Leander. Haven't you, Leander?"

I said, after a moment's thought, that I had enjoyed the struggle to the utmost.

"But," I added, "I wouldn't care to follow it any further."

"We've got to settle this thing," Lloyd grumbled. "It's just where it was when we began."

"I don't think it will be necessary to play further," Roberta said. "It's getting dark anyhow. Neither of you actually longs to take an ocean voyage."

"Certainly not," they said in a single voice

"Then," Roberta said briskly, "leave it this way. Both stay here in Westchester and let the old trip go." They stared at her in questioning astonishment. "And," she concluded calmly, "I shall marry Leander."

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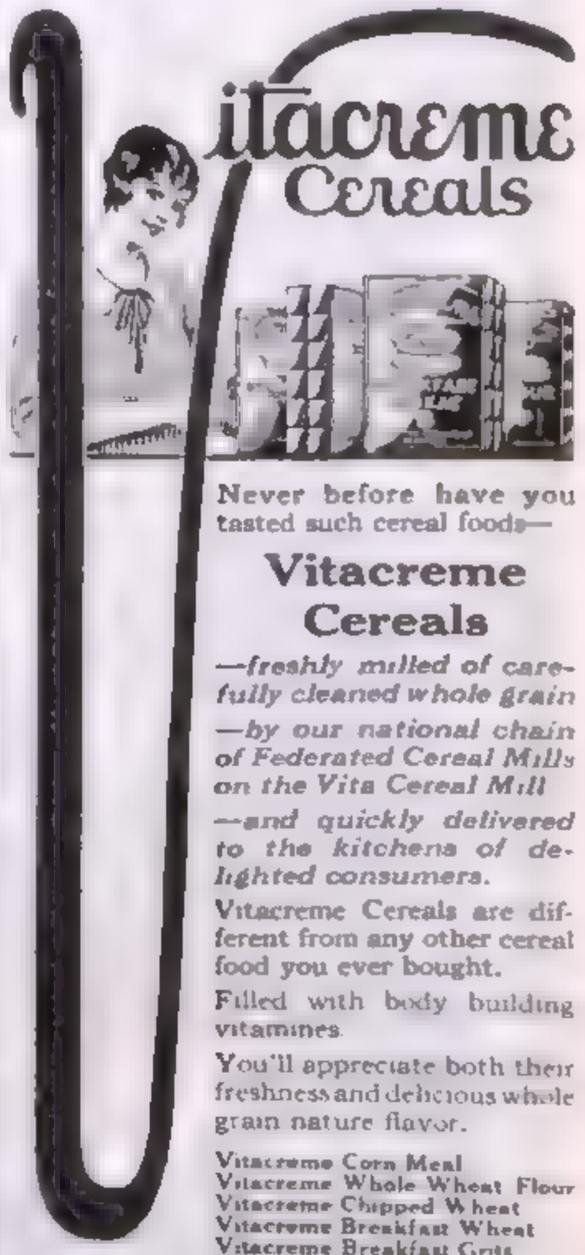

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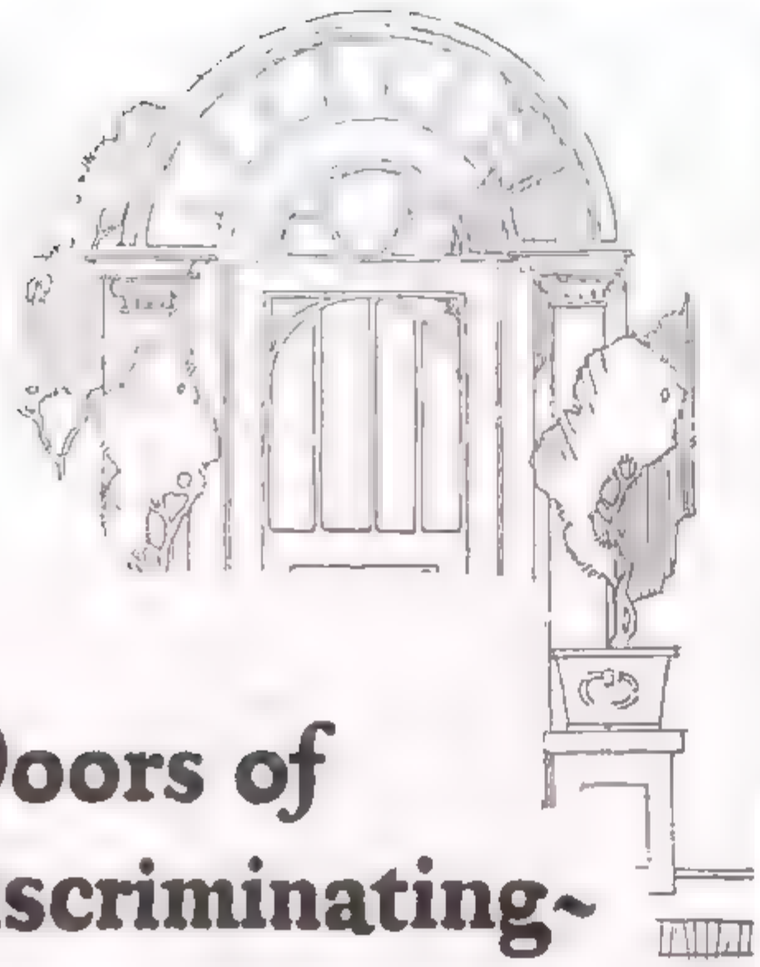

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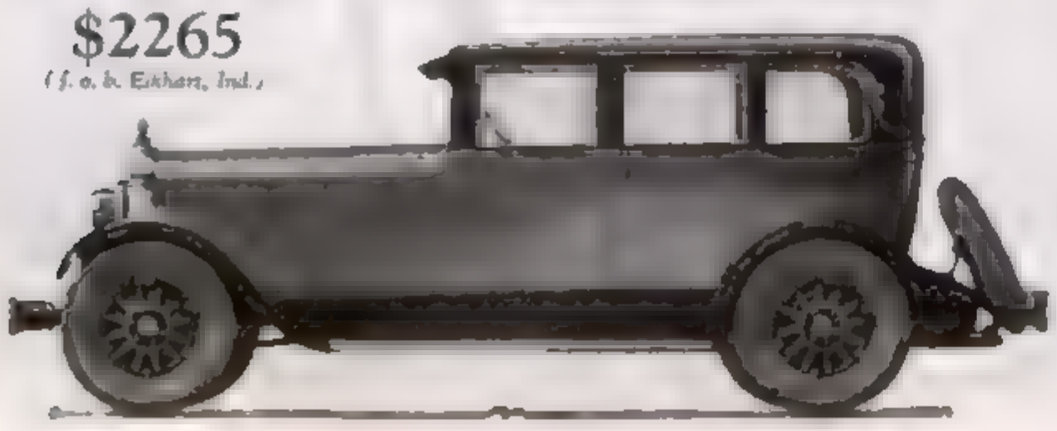

I had just started toward the clubhouse, intending to get the green roadster, and I was not more than twenty paces away, or possibly twenty-five. Dusk was beginning to blot out the world. A careless workman, probably a former caddie, had left a lawn roller made of iron and concrete directly between me and the clubhouse, and what with overhearing Roberta speak and trying to turn my head quickly, I naturally fell over the roller. The turf was soft and I grunted slightly, picked myself up and continued toward the sheds where they store the automobiles. There I paused, one foot resting upon the running board.

"Either I heard wrong," I reflected, "or she was joking."

I entered and drove back rapidly to where the trio stood. They were talking intimately in subdued tones—that is, Roberta was talking, and the low music of her voice floated over the gentle undulations of the eighteenth green. John Stevenson was swishing away at the grass with his putter and Lloyd was rolling a golf ball in the palm of his right hand and examining the experiment with intense interest. Roberta laughed as I rattled up.

She said good night to the gladiators and trotted over toward my car; and in order to avoid embarrassing anyone, including myself, I left the engine roaring so that no other sound could be heard; and I may say that I have an engine with undoubted faults, but inability to roar is certainly not one of them.

Roberta stepped in and I turned without a word, or even a bow, and drove rapidly off the Fenwold property, heading for Roberta's home.

"I suppose you wish to be taken home," I said, after going a mile.

"Of course. Where else on earth would I be going at this hour?"

"Well," I said feebly, "you might want to go somewhere else. People have often been known to want to go somewhere else."

You see, I was fluttering a bit, and not certain of anything, and no doubt it showed. Roberta looked at me strangely and I continued driving steadily for at least two miles.

The silence became noticeable.

"Jolly soul, aren't you?" she inquired, after we had passed Idlewild Cemetery.

"I have been wondering if you meant what you said back there."

"About wishing to be driven home?"

"No."

"Then back where?"

"Back at Fenwold. You told them, as I heard it, that you intended to marry me, and so it would do them no good to go on playing golf in the dark."

"That's correct, isn't it?" she asked. "That is, if you still wish to marry me. I assumed when I spoke that you did still wish to marry me. You will recall that we talked it over."

I tried to think of a few simple English words, and I got hold of three or four little ones, but they stuck coming up and remained stuck.

"You do still want to marry me, don't you, Leander?" Roberta asked, placing her hand lightly upon my right arm, and it is my right arm with which I do practically all my steering.

"Naturally," I began, using the voice of a stranger, and a voice that I certainly had never heard before.

I then ran the green roadster into a small pine tree at the edge of the road, smashing the right-hand fender and breaking off the lamp.

"Heavens!" Roberta said, clutching me.

"It's nothing," I said. "You shouldn't do that, ever."

I climbed out and looked at the wreckage and found it amounted to a trifle.

"I think it will go," I informed her. "You should be more careful when I'm driving, Roberta."

"What did I do?" she inquired; and then, without seeming to care for the answer, she moved over to the wheel.

"I'll drive the rest of the way," she said "You just sit here quietly and think, or we'll be having funerals instead of marriages."

Without the slightest objection, I leaped in and took her seat and she began driving. We clumped along briskly through the ever-growing shadows.

"If you are really intending to marry me," I remarked, after going another mile, "would it be all right for you to indicate it by leaning over this way so that I can kiss you?"

Roberta smiled. The soft night wind was tossing her hair about and her hat was coming off a bit. She leaned over my way as requested. . . . You don't always have to be a golfer in Westchester.

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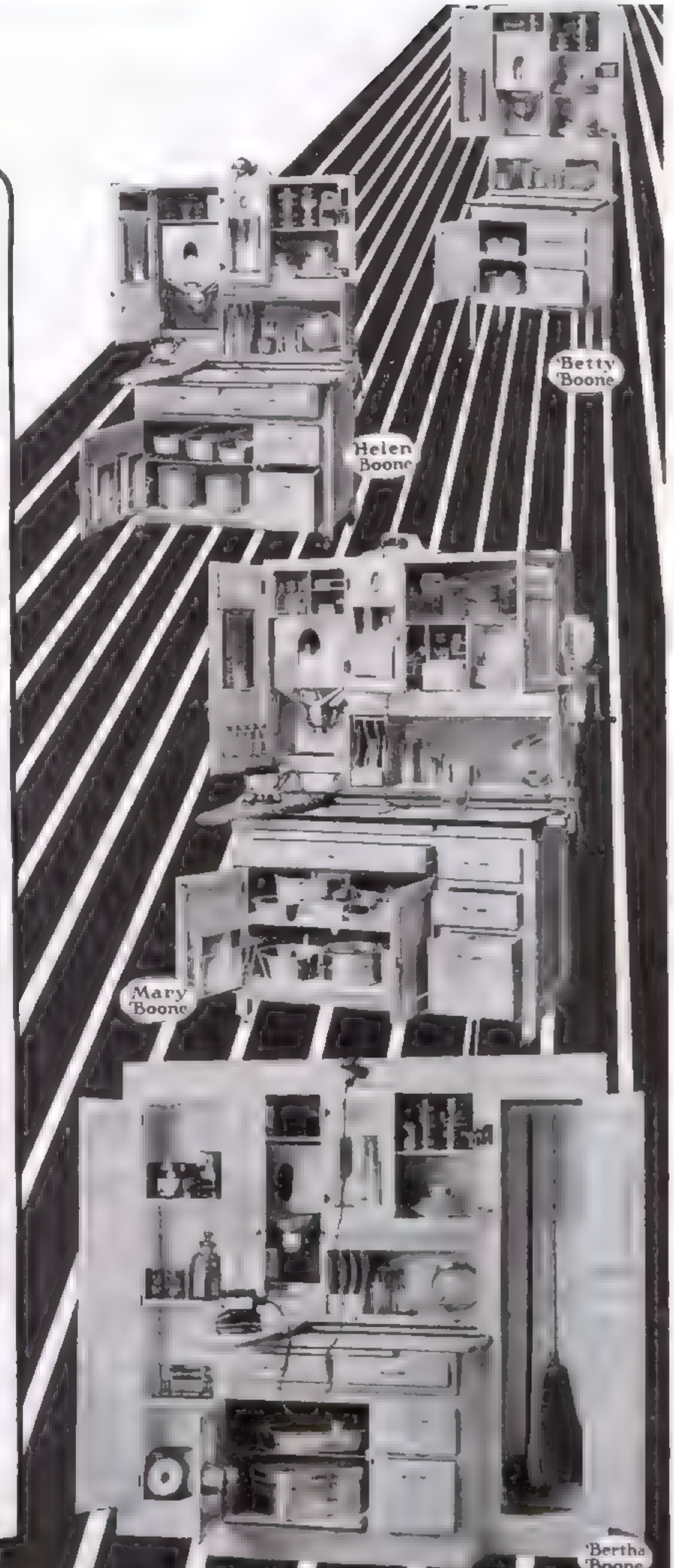

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THE SOUTH AMERICAN MELTING POT

Continued from Page 46

repeat the process there. This is possible because of the reversed seasons. These migratory Latins never feel the pinch of winter. Such a procedure is highly advantageous for the human swallows, but it is not so beneficial for Argentina. These Italians are birds of passage who take most of their earnings out of the country.

Last year witnessed a repetition of what had been going on during the two preceding decades. The total immigration was 153,072 compared with 212,485 for 1923. The Italians came first with 62,244, leading the Spaniards by a big margin. One reason was the improvement of economic conditions in Europe.

Although immigration has more or less declined, there is still a big movement, more especially when you consider its numerical relation to the entire population. This brings us to the all-important matter of how Argentina does the job. It falls into two sections. The first is the system in vogue at Buenos Aires. The second is the big colonization project now being formulated under government auspices, which will be an antidote to some of the land-selling propositions in which many aliens have found nothing but disillusion.

Before I describe what might be called the immigration machine, it may be well to state the restrictions that Argentina has placed upon the incoming foreigner. Every agency is brought to bear to exclude the city type of immigrant. By him is meant the unskilled alien who insists upon congregating in the large communities. He lays himself open to insidious political exploitation, and is the nucleus of a proletariat which almost invariably becomes a menace to peace and order. Whether in the United States, Europe, or China, as the present upheaval shows, he provides the best soil for Bolshevism. If we had taken these precautions years ago we would have been spared much destructive agitation.

A Ban on the Unskilled

Argentina excludes the unskilled for the reasons that I have mentioned, and also because enough common labor has already found its way to the industrial centers. The urgent need of the republic is primarily for agriculturists. Therefore the farm worker is admitted, provided, of course, that he can meet physical requirements. The second reason why the rural laborer is so essential is that Argentina is not a great industrial nation. The backbone of her wealth is the soil, and her destiny is bound up in it.

A third reason is that nearly 2,000,000 persons, or one-fifth the entire population, reside in Buenos Aires, and another 1,000,000 in the large provincial centers like Rosario and other cities. It is important that this divergence from a proper proportion between urban and suburban populations be remedied.

After agriculturists, the biggest demand is for skilled workers; that is coopers, locksmiths, gardeners, coppersmiths, glaziers, shoemakers, small traders, shopkeepers and woodworkers. In other words, the type of simple artisan essential to the upbuilding of a community.

The only actual exclusion practiced in Argentina is against the Greeks. There is no immigration treaty with Greece. Japanese are eligible for entry if they come, not as immigrants but as "individuals," as the Argentines term it. Chinese can come in under the same conditions. No financial stipulation such as obtains in the United States is imposed. The new arrival can enter with empty pockets.

When I asked Dr. T. A. Le Breton, Minister of Agriculture, under whose department the immigration machine functions, what he considered the best material for assimilation as well as service, he replied:

"We are anxious to get as many Spaniards and Italians as possible. They lend themselves admirably to our life and our needs. Moreover, we are making every effort to check the swallow immigration. We want the harvesters to settle in Argentina, once they come."

An interesting point of view about immigration was projected by a distinguished Argentine diplomat whom I met on my way back to the United States.

Among other things he said:

"While we appreciate the value of the Italian and the Spaniard, we want Anglo-Saxons above all others. If we could get a big influx of your countrymen it would mean an important step in our development."

Pascual Barburizza, a Slav Immigrant Who Became One of the Nitrate Kings of Chile

It is high time, however, that we examine the immigration system at Buenos Aires. I spent a whole day at the station and left it with a feeling that I had touched one of the most efficient public institutions that I have yet encountered anywhere in the world.

All immigrants are examined at quarantine. Hence when they arrive at the "immigration hotel," as it is called, those who are eligible for residence in the country can go through the mill at once. This hotel is worthy of special description. It is a huge four-story structure with the River Plate behind and a beautiful park with fine shade trees and many patches of flowers in front. Viewed from a distance it might be a summer hotel by the sea. It is scrupulously clean and the food is excellent.

Every immigrant and his family are entitled to free lodging with food for five days. If they are unsuccessful in finding employment this period is extended. I saw one German family that had been in the hotel for three weeks. This is an exception, because locations are found through an admirable system, which I shall now explain.

Just as soon as the immigrants have bathed and been allotted to their bunks in the dormitories, they are mobilized in a large hall, where motion pictures of all the agricultural and other sections of the country are shown. If the immigrant is a farmer he can select the part of the country where he wants to settle. It may be a sheep or a cattle region, or a wheat and corn area. He is able to adapt his previous experience and knowledge to the new field. This is the scheme for the land worker.

For the artisan another plan is in operation. Every factory and community throughout Argentina sends a weekly bulletin of its needs with the wage schedule to the immigration station. These bulletins are posted in German, Italian, Czech, French, Slovak, Russian, and sometimes Hungarian on a huge board. The immigrant is enabled to read them in his own language and select his job. On the day of my visit Rosario, for example, had need of 20 bricklayers, 30 carpenters, and 5 locksmiths.

The Immigration Station

Attached to the employment agency is a complete transportation bureau. Luggage labels on every railroad and to every station of any importance are provided. It means that Hans Schmidt, who has arrived from Hamburg with his family and who wants to go to Mendoza, which is the center of the fruit and wine district, can obtain his ticket, check his boxes, and go straight from the immigration hotel to the railway station without any outside effort. Moreover, the immigrants can have their foreign money exchanged on the best possible terms at a branch of the National Bank, which is one of the many departments in this immense establishment. Most of the immigrants that land at Buenos Aires have sufficient funds to take them to their destination. Those unprovided with cash can get an advance from their future employers.

The system works so smoothly that there is never any congestion at the station. On the day that I selected for inspection, two big steamers, one Italian and the other German, had arrived in the early hours of the morning. A total of 540 immigrants came ashore. By lunchtime every one had received his yellow ticket, on which was inscribed the number of his bed and the letter of the dormitory where he was to sleep. His luggage had also been placed in a large warehouse where it was easily accessible, and his pedigree had been taken.

I talked with many of the newly arrived. One big Pole came up and said proudly, "I speak English." When I asked him where he had worked, he replied that he had lived six years in Cleveland, had gone back to Poland for his wife, and had then discovered that on account of the quota they could not return to North America. He was a blacksmith.

A Hungarian baker who overheard this conversation butted in, saying, "This guy hasn't anything on me. I lived in Chicago when I was a kid."

He had gone back to Budapest to get married and, like the Pole, found himself outside the quota.

These immigrants, as well as all the others with whom I conversed in a variety of

Continued on Page 191

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TIRES TUBES

Continued from Page 188

tongues, assured me that they were eager to go to the United States, but the quota system barred the way.

Significant of the unrest in Europe was the presence of many Hungarians from Transylvania. This was formerly Hungarian soil and went to Rumania as one of the prizes of war. It is another Alsace-Lorraine and a cause of constant jealousy between the two countries. There were also many Polish Jews. I refer to them, because presently we shall get to the Hebraic colonies, which provide a picturesque principality in the Argentine league of nations.

I was interested to find that, with the exception of a few women who had come in the hope of finding employment as servants and a handful of Jewish traders from Poland, every one of the 540 immigrants who passed muster that day was skilled in some trade. Another outstanding fact was that there was not a single Russian from the confines of the Soviet domain in the lot. I went through the lists for the past five years and was unable to find the record of a single Bolshevik passport. As a result of the careful watch kept at Buenos Aires, there is less radicalism in Argentina than in any other South American country.

As an indication of the scrutiny maintained by the Argentine Government let me add that when I went to Montevideo, a night's ride by boat from Buenos Aires, to attend one of the sessions of the Christian Conference, I had to get a special visa from the Immigration Department in order to come back, despite the fact that I had a perfectly good visa to enter the country.

Colonization Schemes

This individual type of immigrant is not sufficient to meet the demands of Argentina. What the country needs above all things is colonization in a big way. This leads us to the really vital problem. Although some colonization projects which exact adequate capital from the colonist, have been successful, others have failed dismally because they were merely land-selling propositions, and the purchaser got no aid from the seller. This procedure violates the fundamental rule of all commercial transactions, which is that both parties should be satisfied

In consequence the Argentine Government, at the instigation of Dr. Le Breton, has formulated a pretentious scheme for colonization.

In sending a message to Congress embodying the laws for the colonization project, President De Alvear said:

"Immigration will not yield its utmost benefit in connection with the real activities of the country, nor will it improve our production, if the difficulties which at present hinder and obstruct colonization are not removed. We must give definite and permanent access to the soil to the rural worker. For the worker, whether he be tenant or partner, the feeling of actual ownership of the ground he works is the great stimulus to effort. We need more small farms. We need more small farmers. The only way to get them is to assist them to own their land."

This is no new idea in Argentina, but endowed colonization for years has been up against a serious obstacle in the shape of the opposition of the old and influential Argentine families, who control the bulk of the land, as in Chile. They have steadily refused to make it available for the small farmer. Though the area of cultivated land has increased slowly, there have been a growing number of large properties in the zones most intersected by the railway lines, which are mainly used as grazing grounds for the immense herds of cattle.

Nonproducing Farm Owners

The overhead carried by Argentine agriculture in the form of absentee ownership is enormous. Only a country with a very rich and productive soil could carry such a load of nonproducing farm owners. There has been no back-to-the-land movement in Argentina for the Argentines. Again you see that immigration and plenty of it is the hope of the country.

The new colonization project, therefore, calls for the expropriation of 50 per cent of the larger estates if the proprietor himself has not already colonized one-half of his holdings or does not immediately take steps to do so. The government is authorized to sell the expropriated land in small parcels on easy terms, and to establish or to promote credit, insurance and coöperative institutions for the encouragement of agriculture.

At the time of my visit to Argentina last April the colonization law had encountered the usual opposition from the old feudal families. They have, as elsewhere, a long political pull and could make matters extremely uncomfortable for any administration, however strongly it may be entrenched. President De Alvear, however, is not the type of individual to be easily bluffed out. He assured me that he would concentrate every effort on the colonization scheme, and it is very likely that it will be adopted.

From this more or less uncertain government land project, it is interesting to turn to a phase of Argentine colonization which combines romantic interest with the highest

(Continued on Page 193)

Robert C. Norris, Prestrige, McAlpin, Beaufort, Joseph Whitaker, (Standing), Minchin, Lewis Demaret, William Pyles, Ezekiel Pyles, (Seated) Survivors of the Original Confederate Colony in Brazil

Feet that never beg you to sit down

THE refinement of stylish shoes is required to complete the smartest costume. Yet you also want foot-comfort and foot-freedom to withstand the ceaseless round of walking, climbing stairs, marketing. . . .

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Procurable in every fashionable leather for men and women. Most models are $10 to $14. Write us for the Arnold dealer's address and book of shoe styles. M. N. Arnold Shoe Co., North Abington, Massachusetts. Dealers, write for Catalog P-24.

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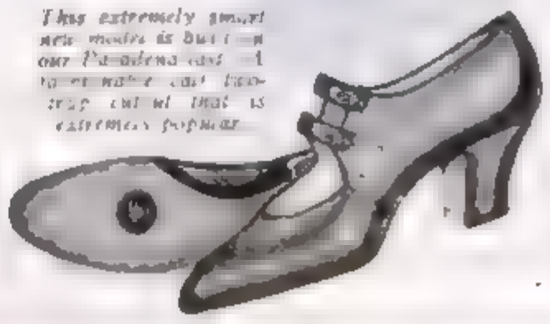

This extremely smart style model is but one of our Pasadena cut. It is not a Glove-Grip cut but it is extremely popular.

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The Biggest Thrill in Music is playing it *Yourself*

And now even untrained persons can do it

You can play better by roll than many who play by hand

And you can play *ALL* pieces while they can play but a few

IN MUSIC as in every human activity, it's your own participation that rouses your emotions most.

It's the ball you drive down the fairway yourself that stirs your blood.

It's the song that you sing yourself that touches your heart.

It's the number that you dance yourself that entrances you.

And this human trait is even more pronounced in the music that you play.

There is rapture in listening to the playing of others; but in playing yourself there's the thrill of personal creation, the hush of ineffable sweetness, and the flight of joy to heights no other music can attain. It is here you find your supreme inspiration.

Only Piano of Its Kind

We admit that it seems incredible that untrained persons can play like this—can play by roll, equal to playing by hand. Indeed it would be impossible were it not for the Gulbransen Registering Piano, the only instrument of its kind in the world.

For neither ordinary player-pianos, nor reproducing pianos can give you complete control of the keys, the same as in hand playing. The Gulbransen alone does this.

Hence you can play not "mechanical" music, but human music, with the human expression—the Time, the Touch and the Tone Volume that you yourself impart to it.

You can play a piano solo correctly, accenting the melody and chords.

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You can play an accompaniment for voices or instruments, subduing the melody to a whisper, pausing for the singer, and playing only the bass or lower register.

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You could not do more if you played by hand than you can do by roll on the Gulbransen. And you could not play so many pieces.

That's one reason many pianists own the Gulbransen Registering Piano, notwithstanding that this same beautifully toned instrument is made without the roll-playing action.

Pieces they study, they can play by hand. More difficult compositions by Chopin, Rachmaninoff and others of the masters—they can play by roll.

Then there are many who cannot read a single note of sheet music who play by roll on the Gulbransen beautifully, easily and inspiringly. Who accompany artists who would not sing to "mechanical" music—whose only exception to hand-played accompaniments are those played by roll on the Gulbransen Registering Piano.

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(Continued from Page 191)

possible success in the transplanting of an alien race. The Jewish colonies are striking illustrations of practical philanthropy.

All the Jewish colonies in Argentina are under the direction and sponsorship of the Jewish Colonization Association, which was founded by the late Baron de Hirsch, who was perhaps the most renowned philanthropist of his time.

He did for his coreligionists the world over what John D. Rockefeller has done for science and education, and on the same princely scale. His total benefactions, with those of his widow, who carried on his work, aggregated nearly $100,000,000. Today the sun never sets upon some evidence of his generosity.

Although Baron de Hirsch was Bavarian by birth, he was Austro-Hungarian by domicile. He amassed a great fortune in banking and in railway concessions in Austria, Turkey and the Balkans. As most people know, the Jews were subject to persecution as well as segregation in the old imperial Russia. Baron de Hirsch offered the Russian Government $10,000,000 for the endowment of a system of secular education to be established within the Jewish settlements. The Jews in Russia had to live in certain prescribed areas.

When the czarist régime declined to permit any foreigner to be identified with the administration of this gift, the baron decided to devote most of his wealth to Jewish immigration and colonization schemes. To carry out this work he founded the Jewish Colonization Association, an English company with a capitalization of approximately $60,000,000. This fund, which cannot operate for profit, and which is one of the greatest charitable trusts in the world, has established colonies in South America, Canada and Asia Minor. Among many other benefactions Baron de Hirsch set aside a large fund for the aid of Jewish immigrants in the United States.

The first Jewish colony in Argentina was started in 1892. Since that time a steady stream of Israelites has flowed in from Russia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania; in fact, wherever persecution has raised its hand. The majority, however, are from Russia, or territory once a part of the old Russia. You get some idea of the migration when I say that in 1923, 13,701 Jews entered Argentina.

Altogether there are fifteen colonies, nine of which—they are the largest and most successful—are in the province of Entre Rios. Others are located in the provinces of Buenos Aires, Santa Fé, Santiago del Estero, and in the territory of La Pampa. The total land ownership of these colonists embraces 542,240 hectares, while 150,000 additional hectares are held in reserve for future development. A hectare is nearly two and a half acres.

Bona-Fide Agriculturists

Colonists are obtained through agencies of the Jewish Colonization Association in Moscow, Warsaw, Bukharest, Budapest and elsewhere. As the Argentine Government demands documents which Russian Jews cannot obtain, the association must guarantee that they are bona-fide agriculturists. When it hears that Jewish families are desirous of emigrating from Russia, it sends an expert to investigate whether these people are really farmers, and on his report the permits are granted.

First of all, the association sends the colonist to Argentina if he is unable to pay his fare. The land is sold to him at cost. The settler receives a loan of $3000 with which to purchase a dwelling, animals and implements. Both the land and the loan are repaid in twenty annual payments with interest at 5 per cent. Sale of property is forbidden until it is paid off, and titles are only granted when all the debt is discharged. Practically all the original colonists now own their land outright. In one colony—Mauricio, in the province of Buenos Aires—the land has increased in value from the equivalent of twenty dollars a hectare to $400. Each colony has adequate schools, churches, a cooperative society and a bank.

The nine colonies forming the group in Entre Rios will serve to illustrate what has been done. From 204 colonists in 1892, the population has grown to 14,636 souls. There are 1270 families. Here as elsewhere the crops are wheat, linseed, oats, barley, corn and peanuts. All the Jewish colonists have become extensive cattle breeders. They own nearly 200,000 head.

Just as the German colonies in South Brazil are replicas of the Fatherland in customs and language, so are the Jewish communities of Argentina like slices out of the old European life, with two exceptions. One is that most of the colonists speak Spanish. The other is that scores of the Argentine teachers employed in the schools marry into Jewish families without hindrance or prejudice.

The significance of the Jewish agricultural penetration into Argentina is immense. It grows out of the fact that there is no anti-Semitism in the republic. Argentina is likely to develop into a vast haven for refugees from many lands, and especially the Armenians and Russians now stranded in various Continental cities. The League of Nations is sending a commission to Argentina and Brazil to find out exactly how many can be accommodated.

Assimilated Races

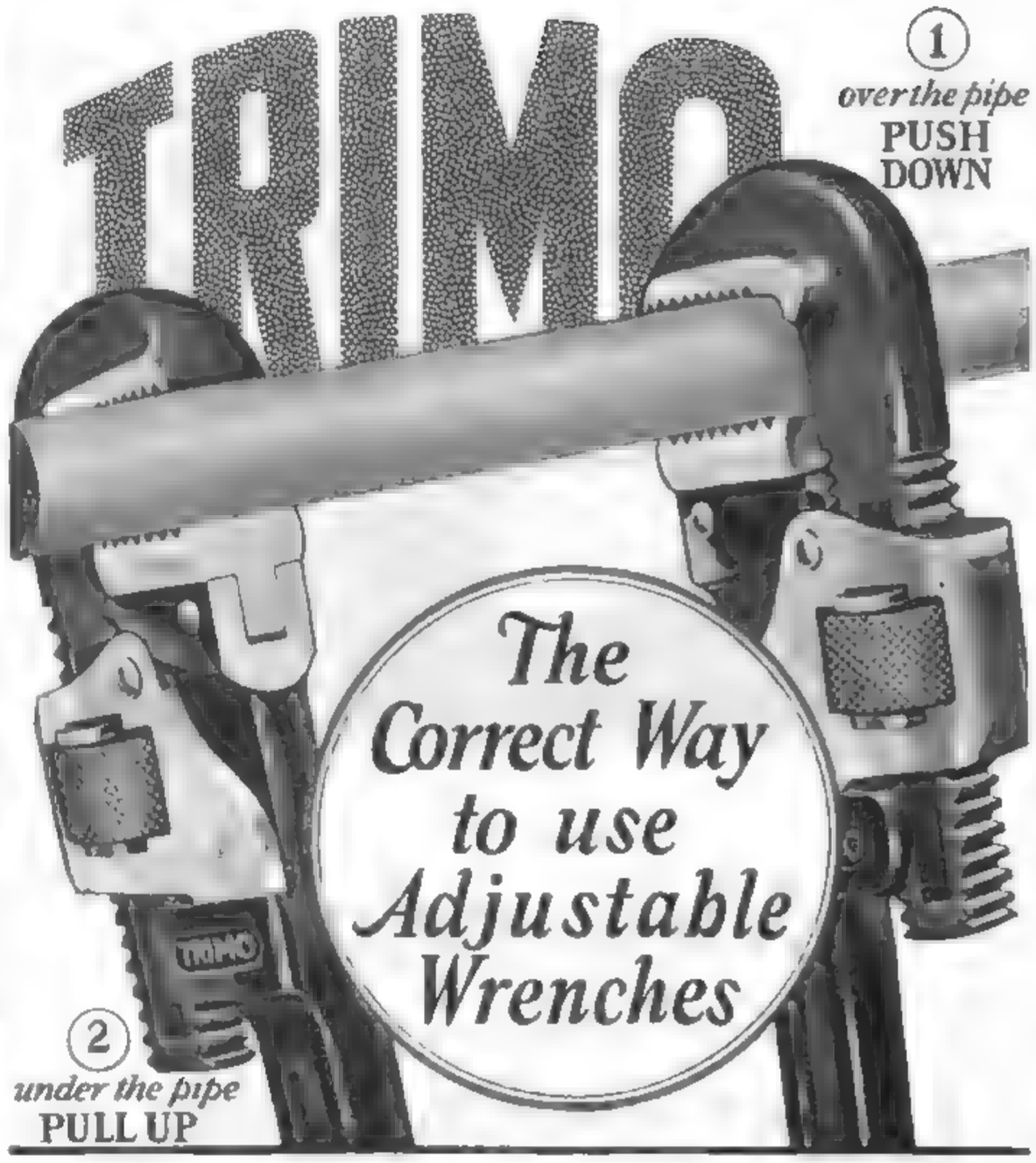
The Jews are only one among many races in Argentina. Take Patagonia, which to many people is a wild waste populated mainly by Indians who prey on unsuspecting voyagers. In reality it is one of the richest sheep countries anywhere, studded with Welsh colonies in which many speak only the language of the stout little land that Lloyd George helped to make famous. The first Welshmen came to Patagonia in sailing vessels and endured many hardships. They knew nothing about farming and became graziers. Soon after came a large contingent of Scotch. Hence the phrase, "all the money in Patagonia is in the hands of the Scotch."

Patagonia is typical of the general mixture of races in Argentina. Most of the wool production is under English control, with Welsh and Scotch herders in charge. The majority of shops are run by Turks or Spaniards, financed by Germans.

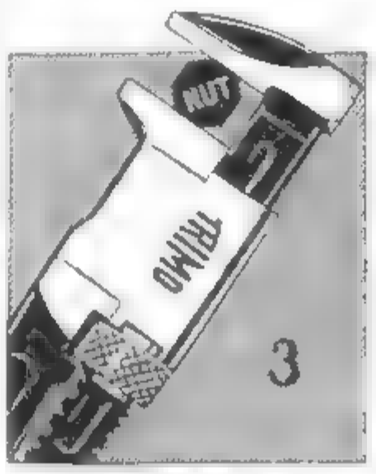
While the Jews, Scotch and the Welsh maintain their racial qualities to a marked degree, most of the other races become thoroughly assimilated. Strange as it may appear, this is true of what are known as the River Plate Irish. They represent the second stage of the famous migration from Ireland to Spain after the Battle of the Boyne. Thousands of Irish became identified with Spain and the Spanish. When the Spanish exodus to South America began they joined the movement. This is why you find so many persons of Celtic extraction in Buenos Aires whose families have lived in Argentina for two or three generations or longer, who have never seen the Emerald Isle, and yet who have a touch of brogue. One of the best-known of the Irish immigrants, Captain Duggan, rose from peon to be a cattle king. He married an Argentine and his children are Argentines.

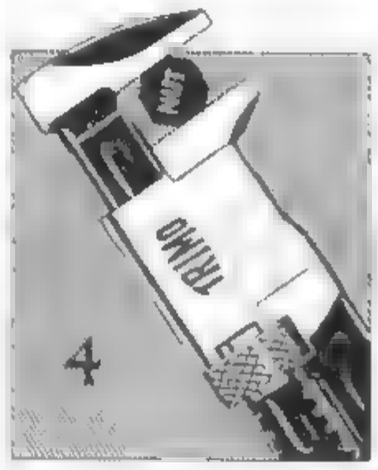
The Jugo-Slavs have also become thoroughly mixed with the Argentines, as the case of F. Mahanovich shows. He began as a humble ferryman whose only asset was a rowboat. He expanded his operations to a point where he evolved what is practically a monopoly of the local passenger traffic between Buenos Aires and Montevideo. His is a typical instance.

The most assimilative of all the races in Argentina are the Spaniards and for reasons that are obvious. The Italians, however, run them a close second. The second generations of both the Spanish and the Italians—that is, those who elect to remain in Argentina—are Argentines in sentiment and otherwise. Even the Germans who can maintain their German citizenship under the Delbrück law when they assume Argentine citizenship, become identified



IN ORDER that everybody may get the utmost satisfaction in the use of adjustable wrenches of ALL makes, we wish to explain the simple and only correct ways to use this class of tool.





In the case of a *Pipe* Wrench, when you place it *over* a pipe (as in Figure 1) push down on the handle; when you put the wrench *under* a pipe (as in Figure 2) pull the handle up towards you. If you use a Pipe Wrench in any other way than as directed, it will not "bite" the pipe but simply slip off it.

In the case of a *Monkey* Wrench, exactly the same directions apply, with this added warning, that if you use the Monkey Wrench improperly the movable jaw is very apt to spread and the workability of the wrench is destroyed and the fault is often attributed to some weakness in the wrench rather than to the improper manner in which it is used.

When you want to tighten a nut that is in an *Upright* or *Horizontal* position, place the wrench in the position outlined in Figure 3 and turn from right to left. To *loosen*, reverse the wrench position as in Figure 4 and turn from left to right.

To make sure that the adjustable wrenches you buy are the strongest, most enduring, and of superior design, *insist* on TRIMO and accept no other.

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The Valet AutoStrop is the only razor that sharpens its own blades. A few strokes on its strop restore a blade to new-like keenness.

Sharpen it, then shave, then clean—all in a jiffy, and without removing the blade from the holder.

This is a different principle. The blade doesn't get duller and duller until it must be thrown away.

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Then join the thousands upon thousands who have turned to a new and better way and whose enthusiasm never wanes.

A speedy, comfortable shave every time—uniformly perfect. An end to "pulling." An end to wasting time.

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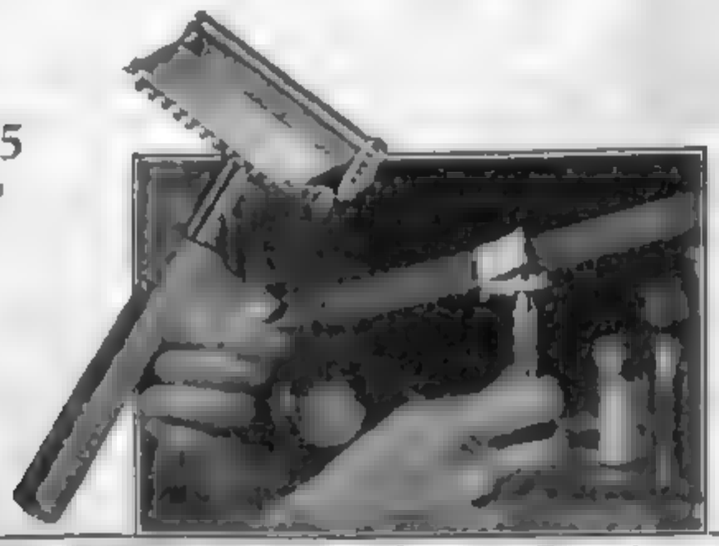

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with the national life. Only a few young Germans, or rather sons of Germans who settled in Buenos Aires, joined the German forces in the World War.

In this connection is a fact not generally appreciated by North Americans. It is the obligation for military service in Argentina on the part of the children of Yankees born in the country. Automatically they become Argentine subjects and must do their bit in the army or leave the republic. The only escape is for their parents to declare them as North American citizens at a consulate.

In view of this medley of Spaniards, Italians, Germans and Russians, to say nothing of the Slavs, Jews, Welsh, Scotch, French, Irish and Turks—it would take a whole column to catalogue the rest—you may well ask, who are the Argentines? The answer is that all of them are. So intimately have the aliens entered into the life of the country that you never hear the expression "I am a German-Argentine" or "I am an Italian-Argentine." The hyphen is conspicuously absent throughout South America.

Even the Argentine aristocracy, descended directly from the original Spaniards, have intermarried with the foreigner. This has not prevented them from maintaining the feudal system of land ownership to which I have referred. They will not soil their hands with trade. As a result 72 per cent of the shop owners and 75 per cent of the proprietors of the larger commercial establishments are aliens.

The next striking immigration exhibit is disclosed in Brazil, where there are distinctive features. For the first time in our survey the negro is a factor. The North American also makes his appearance—it is the only one—as contributor to the melting of South American races.

There are three major elements in the population—the Portuguese, who discovered the country; the African negroes, who were imported as slaves for several centuries; and the native Indians. The whites, and the mulattoes who are the result of miscegenation, account for 80 per cent of the people; negroes from 12 to 15 per cent, and Indians the rest.

European Influx to Brazil

Until comparatively recent years Brazil had no color line as we know it. The general point of view was that complete miscegenation was inevitable and even desirable. More recently the line is being drawn in some quarters. This change is partly in response to foreign opinion on the question of the mixture of black and white, to which traveled Brazilians are increasingly sensitive.

The Brazilian negro is more morose than his American brother. He has added a note of pessimism and morbidity to the national character.

Apropos of the Brazilian negro is the little-known fact that for years an effort was made to establish a colony of North American colored people in the state of Matto Grosso. All arrangements had been made, when the movement encountered opposition in the Federal Congress and it was abandoned.

Until 1850 white immigration was practically swallowed up by the black element that came from Africa. Since that time no Africans have arrived. Instead, there has been a steady influx of Europeans, mainly Portuguese, Italians, Germans, Spanish, French and Turks. Immigration has not been on the same scale as in Argentina—the high tide was 192,683 in 1923—but in some respects, notably with the Portuguese and the Italians, assimilation has perhaps been more thorough.

In the aloofness of the old aristocratic families from commerce you find the same state of affairs as in Argentina. It means that foreigners control trade and finance. In the north the Portuguese, not descendants of the original settlers, but arrivals within the past five decades, are the masters of business. The central section, or rather the south-central portion, with São Paulo as the mainspring, is ruled by Italians, while in the extreme south the Germans are all-powerful. Whether Portuguese, Italian or German, the heads of the once alien families, who include most of the merchant and manufacturing princes, have become Brazilian subjects and their children are thoroughly assimilated.

One reason why Brazilian immigration has lagged behind the movement to Argentina is that it is under state, and not federal, auspices. In one of the preceding articles I pointed out that the various states comprising the United States of Brazil have much more authority, and are more self-contained and autocratic than our commonwealths. Moreover, public lands belong to them and not to the national government. The cession of large tracts of state lands to individuals has made the problem of placing immigrants extremely difficult.

It is interesting to find that most of the state presidents are opposed to organized immigration, as a questionnaire sent out three years ago showed. The head of Rio Grande do Sul, for example, replied that his state needed all its reserves of land for the future needs of the descendants of the present inhabitants, who are largely German or the offspring of Germans.

Brazil's Self-Made Italians

The only Brazilian state that organizes and encourages immigration is São Paulo, which imports thousands of Italians each year to work on the coffee plantations. This is one reason why the Italian is the dominant alien both in the city of São Paulo, where he comprises nearly 40 per cent of the population, and also in the hinterland. São Paulo, the community, is something of a replica of Buenos Aires in its Italian flavor. You see Italian names on signs everywhere. The Italian banks are the most powerful. Italian merchants and manufacturers lead in the commercial field.

Nowhere in South America can you find such an impressive group of self-made men as among the dominant Italians in the city of São Paulo. First and foremost is Francisco Matarazzo, who rose from peddler to be the Hugo Stinnes of that southern world. His chief industries are textile and sugar mills, potteries, foundries and food factories.

When I asked him to indicate the secret of his success he replied, "I look after everything myself." Here you have another parallel with the late German industrial overlord, who insisted upon carrying his office around in his hat.

Another Italian, Rodolfo Crespi, turned up in São Paulo as a poor immigrant lad. Today he is not only the cotton king of Brazil, for he owns a chain of textile mills, but is also an extensive farmer, livestock breeder, and large shareholder in the biggest coffee plantation of the state. So, too, with Nicola Pugliese, who went from poverty to eminence both as merchant and manufacturer. A fourth is Pinotti Gamba, also a one-time immigrant, who practically controls the flour situation.

Although former Portuguese immigrants are conspicuous in Rio business life, they have many Italian competitors. Matarazzo's rival for the title of Brazilian Croesus is Giuseppe Martinelli, who arrived in the federal capital without a cent in his pocket. After working as a stevedore, he started a steamship ticket agency and a small exchange business for the benefit of his countrymen who came back and forth. This led him into shipping. When the World War came Martinelli found his great opportunity. He organized, and still owns, the Lloyd Nacional, which operates a fleet of cargo steamers between Brazilian and Italian ports. He has many other interests.

A stock story told to every visitor in Rio relates to Martinelli's mansion, which is an extraordinary creation of towers, turrets and gables. There is a reason. Like many Italians, Martinelli is superstitious. Some years ago he consulted a fortune teller, who told him that he would die as soon as

(Continued on Page 197)

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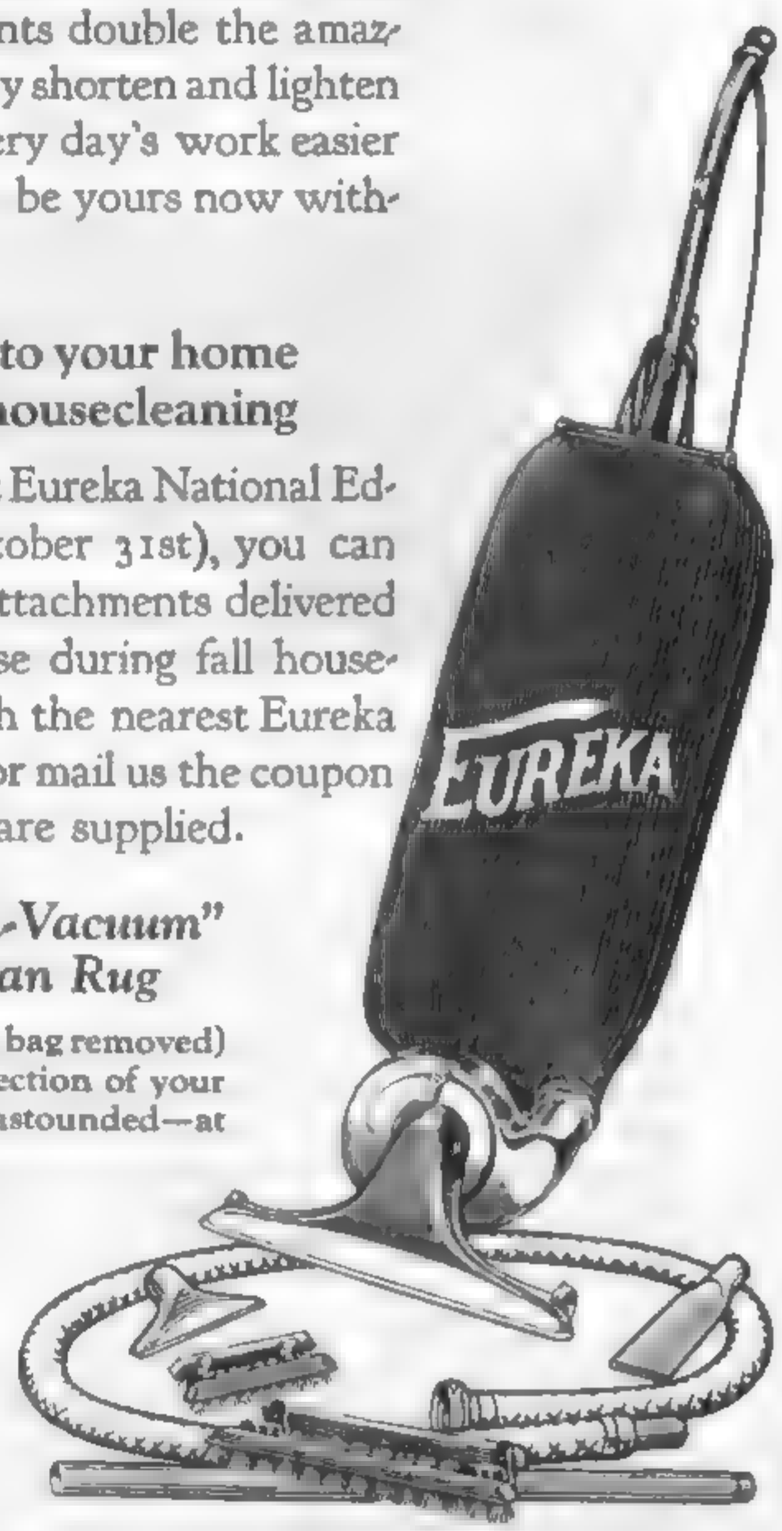

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And why? It is very simple when you stop to think of it. Building materials commonly used are heat conductors; that is, heat passes through them easily—which means hot rooms in summer, especially upstairs, and in winter, fuel waste, cold rooms, cold walls, and drafts.

But Armstrong's Corkboard is a *non-conductor* of heat. An inch and a half of Armstrong's Corkboard has the heat-retarding value of 24 inches of solid brick. Built into your walls and roof, it makes them practically heat-tight, and insures the protection from outside temperatures that makes a house a comfortable home.

There is an economic feature, too, well worth considering. The house that is insulated with Armstrong's Corkboard can easily be heated by a smaller plant and with a fourth to a third less fuel.

The cork lining of a house is easy and inexpensive to install. The methods recommended for different types of building are briefly described in the column at the right. Armstrong's Corkboard is non-absorbent and will not rot, mold, shrink or swell. It is vermin-proof and a fire-retardant.

Complete information on all phases of insulating houses with Armstrong's Corkboard may be obtained by mailing the coupon to Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company (*Division of Armstrong Cork Company*), 194 Twenty-fourth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. In Canada, 902 McGill Building, Montreal.

The practical utility of insulation is recognized by Arctic explorers and by the designers of ships for polar voyages. A world-famous explorer lined his cabin walls with cork, and a vessel now building for Alaskan waters is to be cork-insulated.

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GENTLEMEN:

You may send complete information about the insulation of dwellings with Armstrong's Corkboard.

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(Continued from Page 194)

his house was finished. He therefore keeps a staff of men constantly at work on alterations and additions.

As in Argentina, the French, or rather the descendants of the original French immigrants, have become powerful agencies in the development of Brazil. The most prominent, as well as the wealthiest, family today is descended from Eduardo Guinle, who emigrated from France in 1848 and set up a small tailor shop in Rio Grande do Sul, where he remained until he died. His son, of the same name, went to Rio with a schoolmate, Candido Gaffree, also the son of a French immigrant who came over with the elder Guinle. They established a brokerage firm from which sprang one of the great fortunes of South America. Gaffree & Guinle built the great piers at Santos, where the São Paulo coffee crop is transferred to an almost endless line of steamers.

The friendship between the first of the Guinles and the Gaffrees resulted in a continuous association of the families ever since. In addition to the Santos pier development, they built the most imposing office structure in Rio; they own public utilities in the states of Bahia and Rio de Janeiro, have immense realty holdings in the city of São Paulo, and half a dozen big cotton mills. The head of the Guinle family today, Guilhermo Guinle, whom I met in Rio, has been a frequent visitor to the United States and speaks excellent English. Until the General Electric Company launched its own business in Rio he represented them. He is head of the Gaffree and Guinle Foundation, which has erected various hospitals. Guinle expresses the last word in assimilation, because he is Brazilian in every respect.

One phase of immigration in Brazil must have a chapter all its own. It is the story of the founding of Villa Americana, which brings the North American—in this case it would be a sacrilege to call him Yankee—into the picture. Here is unfolded a little-known and dramatic adventure in colonization overseas.

To get the beginning we must go back to the dark days following the Civil War, when thousands of demobilized Confederate soldiers returned home, poor and disillusioned, after years of gallant and unavailing struggle. They found their lands laid waste and the still despised Yankee establishing himself in their midst.

Dixie Land in Brazil

Among the many Alabamans who had served throughout the conflict and who could not stomach the terrors of reconstruction, was Robert C. Norris. He looked about for a suitable place in which to settle and decided upon Brazil, where slave-owning still flourished. Accompanied by his father, Colonel William H. Norris, he set sail from New Orleans for Rio. They were almost the first North Americans to go there with the idea of settling.

From Rio the Norrises made their way to São Paulo by train. What is now the flourishing capital of the state of the same name was an overgrown village. Robert Norris could have bought property for the equivalent of one dollar an acre that is today worth a fortune. He rejected these opportunities. Loading his few goods and chattels in an oxcart he walked sixty miles to the north where he founded the community of Southerners which came to be known as Villa Americana.

Once established, Robert Norris sent for his family. They left New Orleans in a small sailing vessel and were seventy-nine days on the way, having been blown over to the Cape Verde Islands by adverse winds. For weeks they were given up as lost.

During the following six months fifty families, mostly from Texas, Tennessee and Alabama, followed the lead of the Norrises and settled in or about Villa Americana. So important did the community become that a North American consul was sent out.

The colonists were successful from the start. They laid out extensive sugar-cane, corn, cotton and bean plantations and became extensive cattle breeders. One of the original members of the colony, who was familiarly called "Uncle Joe" Whitaker and who had the proud distinction of never having shaved in his life, brought the first watermelon seeds known in Brazil. He and his associates pioneered what has become an important Brazilian crop. It got a tremendous jolt in 1898, when all the melons were seized and destroyed by the government because of the belief that the melons spread yellow fever.

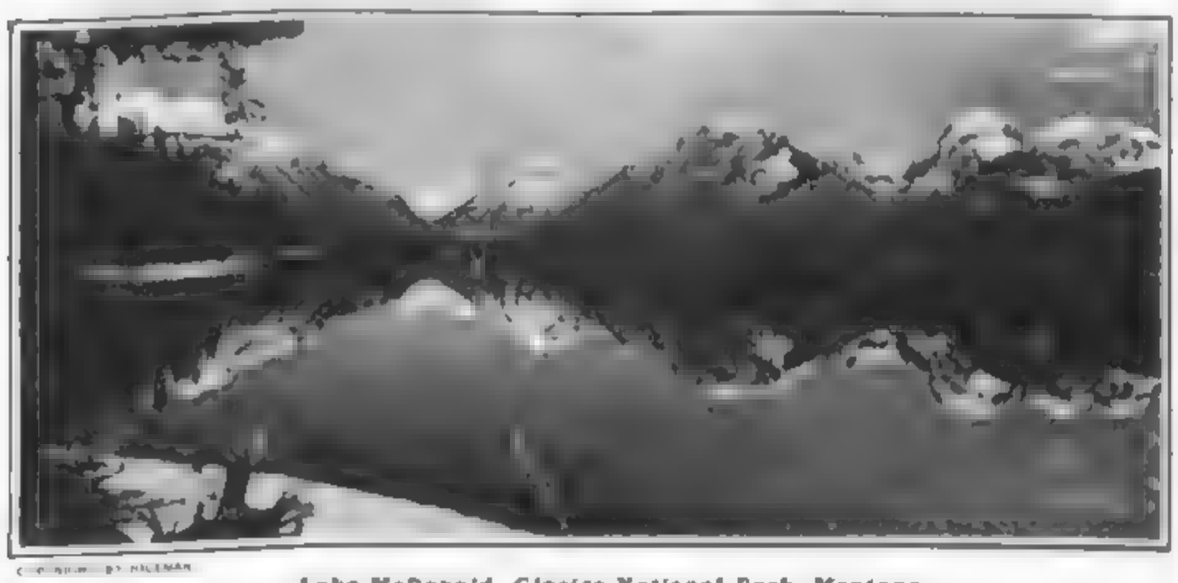
Today Villa Americana is a bustling town with railroad station, churches, shops and paved streets. It has lost much of its original North American character because, as elsewhere throughout Central Southern Brazil, Italians have swarmed in. Among other things they raise so many watermelons that any profit in the crop has vanished.

A Warning From Washington

The North Americans are now in the third generation and many of the children speak only Portuguese. I met the son of one of the original settlers at Rio and his English had a strong foreign flavor. Despite this assimilation, the descendants of those pioneers of the sixties still keep in touch with the United States. Many still operate the farms of the fathers. Others have achieved distinction in commerce and the professions. Dr. Franklin P. Pyles, the son of E. B. Pyles, who was a Morgan raider in the Civil War, and who was in the early group of colonists at Villa Americana, is one of the most distinguished surgeons of Brazil

A small band of former Confederate soldiers set up another colony at Santarem in Northern Brazil in the late sixties. They hailed mainly from South Carolina and Georgia and became sugar planters. Assimilation there has been more intensive than in Villa Americana. Some of the colonists married Portuguese, and English, as a language, has practically disappeared.

A North American Government official who visited this place last summer overheard an aged woman who had come out with the pioneers say in Portuguese, "God won't let me go back home to die." Although she spoke in a foreign tongue, the old South called to her.



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How flat this meal would be without our favorite beverage at just the right temperature. What a great improvement this UNIVERSAL Bottle has proved to be with extra cups and folding handles all nested in the cover

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POWER aplenty that folds 'em up like a rubber boot when they're ridin' high and goin' like sixty. That's what some shooters want. That's what you get in Ajax Heavies—the shells de luxe that are packed with the power of the thunderbolt.

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US Shot-Shells

A LOAD FOR EVERY PURPOSE
AND A SHELL FOR EVERY PURSE

More recent North American colonists in South America have not fared so well as the vanguard of the sixties, as the outcome of various land schemes in Peru and Bolivia indicates. Incredible as it may seem, scores of our Western farmers have been lured by prospectuses to sell out at home and start all over again in alien countries. In nearly every instance the enterprise has ended in disaster.

So numerous and unsuccessful are the propositions that have attracted North Americans to their financial, and often physical, undoing beyond the equator that the Department of Commerce has issued a special warning against them. It hit the nail squarely on the head with the following statement:

"Year after year these schemes unfold their luminous promises of quick wealth, exact their toll of the gullible and ignorant, and leave in their wake broken fortunes, ruined health and bitter memories. The Middle and Far West, particularly during the farming-depression periods, furnish the most fruitful field for their operations. The sponsors may be either deliberate rascals or poor deluded visionaries, but the inevitable results are the same. Their basic stock in trade is usually a fabulous acreage, located in some far-distant clime, far enough to make investigation difficult and to prove once more that 'distance lends enchantment,' title to which they have actually secured at a price rarely exceeding two cents an acre. The promoter's selling price is usually from two to four dollars an acre."

The usual reasons why these undertakings fail are that they are situated at too great a distance from marketing centers or railroads leading to marketing centers; unfavorable climate; doubtful title to the land; unfriendly native sentiment toward foreign agricultural settlers and ignorance of the language and customs of the country.

The Department of Commerce circular contained an instance of what frequently happens after colony collapse. It was sent in by a government official resident in a republic in which one of the North American farm colonies failed. Here it is:

"A typical case of what happens to English-speaking settlers in this country is afforded by a case of a farmer from Texas, who came here with a wife, family and $20,000. The father died and the family has sunk until they are below the level of the primitive barefoot Indians among whom they live They chew coca the plant from which cocaine is derived work at times for 15 to 20 cents a day, and are utterly degraded."

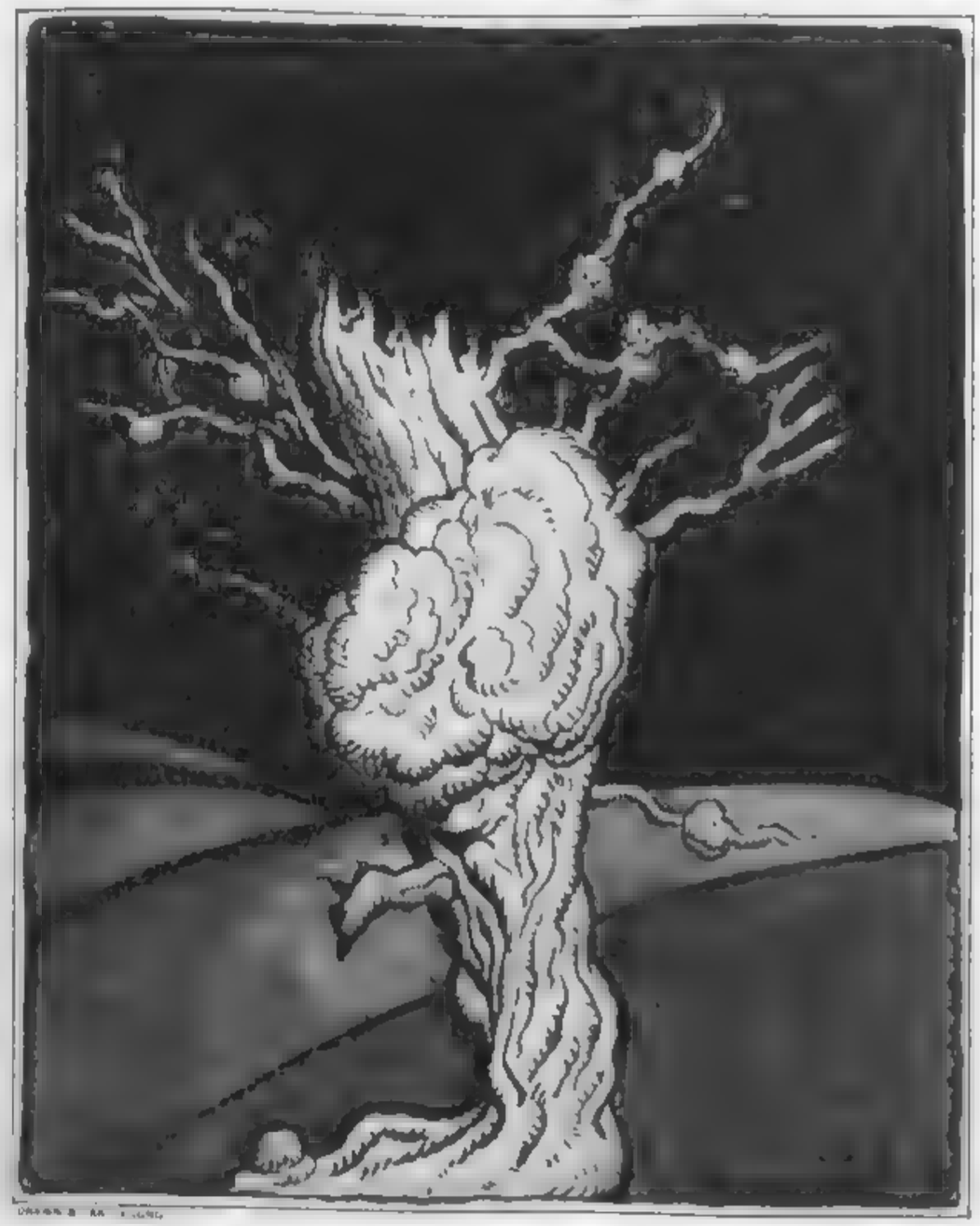
Though this article has already run its normal course, a final word is necessary regarding the Japanese penetration in South America. With approximately 100,000 Nipponese planted in Peru, Brazil and Argentina, the way has been cleared for a big movement. Peru for the moment is the principal objective. Neither here nor elsewhere is there any ban against their admission. São Paulo offers them inducements to enter.

That Japan regards all Latin-America as her principal stamping ground of tomorrow is evidenced by the many immigration companies that have been formed in Tokio, Yokohama and Kobe to finance individuals as well as groups who want to go there. Last year the Japanese Government sent a special mission to Mexico, Central America and the leading South American republics to investigate conditions preliminary to an exodus of their nationals.

What was said in the beginning may now be repeated at the end. Nowhere is there such a significant blending of races as in South America. All the peoples of the world are being linked with the populations of the vast continent to the south of us. This mixture of bloods is bound to affect all future progress.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South America. The next will be devoted to merchandising.

Trees at Night



Brains

Put UNIPOWER in your radio set — *and put an end to the most frequent cause of poor radio reception*

THE NEW UNIPOWER IS QUICKLY AND EASILY INSTALLED—AND FITS COMFORTABLY INSIDE MOST RADIO CABINETS

NO longer is it necessary for you to put up with the inconvenience of operating your set on dry "A" batteries—or the bother of charging a storage battery every week or so! No longer need your "A" batteries fail when you want them most. And that today is the most frequent cause of poor radio reception.

You can now equip your set with Unipower and have the thrill of *continuous, unfailing* "A" power of the highest quality and always at full voltage.

What Unipower is

Unipower is a compact, scientifically designed "A" power plant that automatically converts house lighting current into radio power. Unipower is *not* a battery eliminator and should not be confused with any other radio power device.

Unipower comes to you completely wired and assembled—all you have to do is connect two wires to your set and plug in on your house current. Unipower is equipped with an exclusive Balkite charger of special design. Unipower will last you for years, and there are no tubes, bulbs, lamps or working parts that require frequent replacement.

Off when it's on—On when it's off

A unique feature of Unipower is the master-control switch that governs the operation of your entire set. When the switch is ON, Unipower feeds your set rich, quiet power with neither hum nor noise. When the switch is OFF, Unipower *automatically* replenishes itself on a trickle charge and with a minimum consumption of house current.

Your radio dealer can supply you with Unipower. Ask him for a demonstration. The Gould Storage Battery Co., Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York.

The first cost is the last!

Unipower's first cost is moderate—and the first cost is the last because Unipower has no tubes, bulbs, lamps or working parts that require frequent and expensive replacement. Unipower will last you for years, and pays for itself over and over again

The standard Unipower operates from alternating current, 110-125 volt—60 cycle. The 4 volt type is for sets using UV-199 tubes or equivalent and retails for $35.00. The 6 volt type is for sets using UV-201-A tubes or equivalent and retails for $40.00. West of the Rockies, prices are slightly higher. (Special models, 25-50 cycle, are available.)

FREE—write for interesting booklet, "Unipower, a triumph in radio power."

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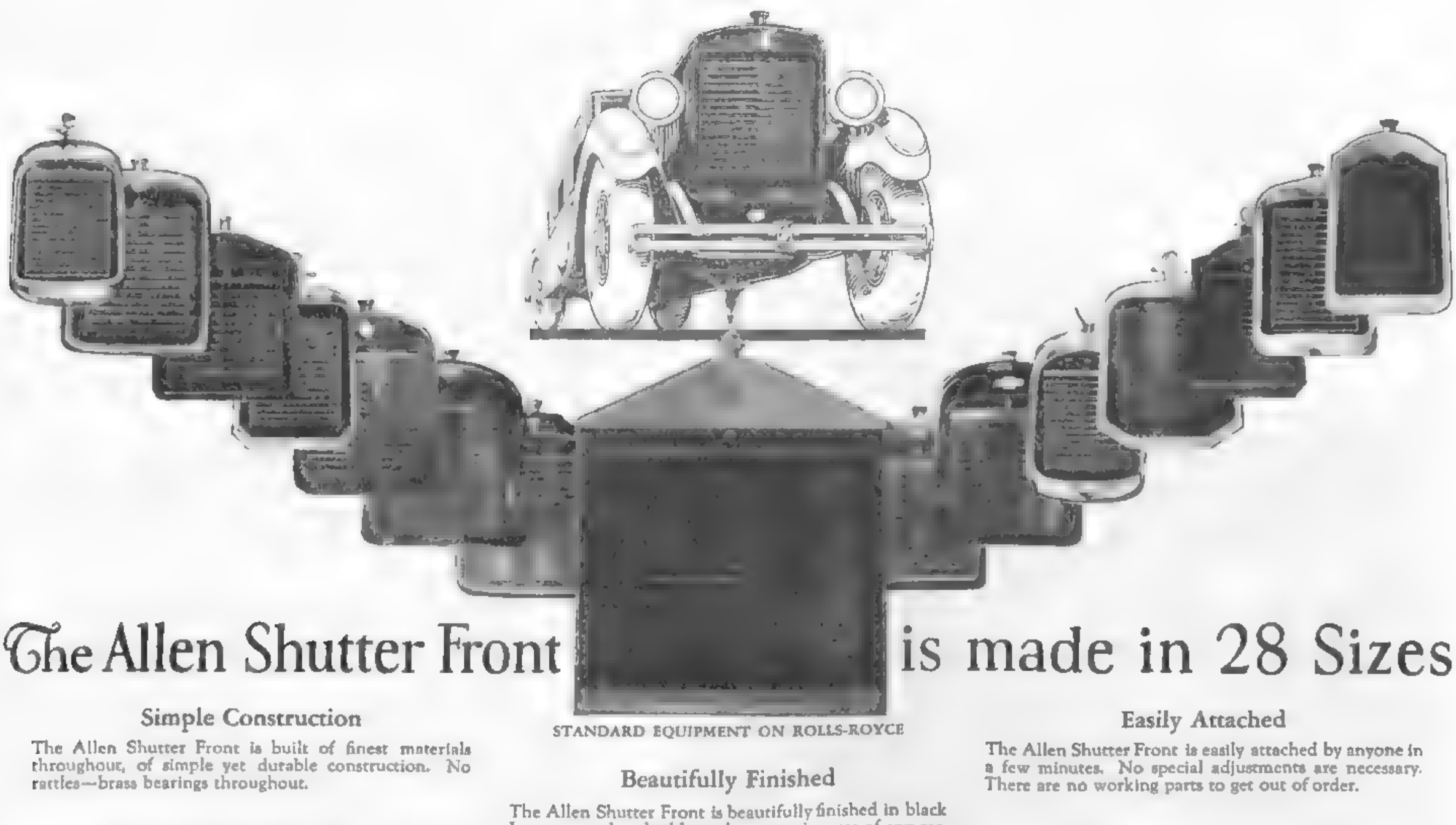
Off when it's on — On when it's off

A Shutter Front for Your Particular Car-



The Allen Shutter Front is made in 28 Sizes

STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON ROLLS-ROYCE

Simple Construction

The Allen Shutter Front is built of finest materials throughout, of simple yet durable construction. No rattles—brass bearings throughout.

Beautifully Finished

The Allen Shutter Front is beautifully finished in black Japan enamel and adds to the attractiveness of any car. The dash board control is nickel finished.

Easily Attached

The Allen Shutter Front is easily attached by anyone in a few minutes. No special adjustments are necessary. There are no working parts to get out of order.

THE question of whether or not a car requires a shutter front has been decided. It does! The evidence is on every hand. For maximum efficiency every motor needs the Allen Shutter Front.

The Allen Shutter Front permits perfect radiation at all times. Its full opening and positive hand control keep the motor at the right temperature at all times, whether running or standing.

When you stop, close the Allen Shutter Front *from the dash*, and retain the heat—your car is always ready for a quick start. The Allen saves gas, oil and all worry.

With the Allen, you cut down on carbon formation and add to the life of the car by minimizing oil dilution in the crank case.

Buy the Allen Shutter Front from your local dealer today—bring your car up to date.

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Albany Hdwe. & Iron Co., Albany
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GOODNESS GRACIOUS, AGNES

(Continued from Page 13)

that she must not do anything that would be misunderstood by our smart, sophisticated friends. Brother has a perfect horror of being thought provincial.

So that we were utterly unprepared for the astounding revelation she made that afternoon at tea. I shall never forget the shock of it. It was being such a perfect afternoon. The house—the whole picture—was perfectly charming. We had been fortunate in getting right on the bay front. The house had a wide veranda with some sort of tropic vine with pale-blue blossoms, and a green lawn leading to a sea wall and overlooking the water. There were tall feathery Australian pines and coconut palms, and with the tea table in the corner of the veranda and people sitting about in wicker chairs or floating about the lawn it was really lovely. There was a marvelous sunset beginning this evening, all a faint pearly rose color with long wandering streaks of silver on the wide floor of the water. Fortunately I had on a little rose silk, embroidered with silver roses, that was simply perfect with it. And some of the smartest people in town were there.

We had been very lucky in getting Buchanan Boggs, the famous cowboy poet, who came with that fat Mrs. Judson from Palm Beach. She was simply mad about Brother, but the trouble was she hadn't her divorce yet, so that he didn't really consider her seriously. Buchanan Boggs is so splendidly virile, with his soft tie and his great brown eyes and his way of looking at one. They say he makes nearly five thousand dollars a month, because his poetry is printed in nearly six hundred newspapers with his picture over it. Everybody was wild to meet him, so it was easy to get the right people.

There was the Countess di Ragusa, who came with the MacMahons, those nice inner-tube people; and Mrs. Wallace Dane of Dane's Cough Drops; and the Van Burgs, whose father started all those Van Burg hotels and are simply too marvelously cultivated; and Derry Trefry, the son of the Trefry cotton mills; and Terry Gilbert, who is poor but will be the next tennis champion; and some nice rich girls whose fathers' financial ratings were perfectly splendid, and who did nothing but sit around and look longingly at Brother. Madeleine Perkin, who was Brother's choice so far, brought her father, the tremendously rich meat and cold-storage man whom I really found very possible. He is fairly handsome, with a reddish pleasant face and iron-gray hair, and he has had his money long enough so that he knows what to do with a teacup. He is a widower. He simply insisted on sitting by me all the time I was at the tea table. It made me feel that even if Edmund Hill hadn't come the afternoon was a complete success. Edmund Hill was a man I hadn't met yet, but everyone told me he was the most eligible bachelor in Miami, perfectly charming, and making a lot of money in real estate. Rhoda Allen said she thought she could bring him that afternoon, but at the last minute she found he was too busy. Everyone was perfectly delightful, anyway. Mr. Perkin didn't talk much, but everyone else was gay and dashing and witty.

I was so proud of Brother. He was simply divine in a cream-colored silk suit, leaning languidly against one of the big white pillars where the leaf shadows fell interestingly on his face. He absolutely ignored all those girls gazing at him, and played idly with a pale-pink hibiscus flower, staring off over the lilac afternoon sea with the most fascinating expression on his face. He stood there dreaming all the time that Buchanan Boggs was telling us how he wrote his poetry, and what a wonderful sense of rhythm he had, and how he had never had to stoop to write about depressing or unwholesome things. I'm sure he would have been interesting if Brother had not been so much more so.

When Buchanan finished, Brother turned his eyes slowly so that he could look over Madeleine Perkin's head, and he began to speak in his subtlest voice, like slow drops of chilled honey. He said the most enchanting things about art and life, and how the true artist in living must have the subtlest emotions, unlike those of the herd, but as delicate and attuned as blue sounds and the touch of jade, fragile as Venetian glass, and fragrant with overtones as a porcelain bell touched lingeringly in starlight by a woman's littlest polished finger nail.

He let his words drop slowly in the breathless hush the women made, and his voice was a faint caressing murmur. When he stopped speaking there was a long silence, and Madeleine Perkin and Mrs. Judson and Rhoda Allen all took deep breaths and sighed. I slipped a glance from face to face and was so pleased to see that Brother had made a deep, deep impression. Buchanan Boggs was simply forgotten. Everyone looked absolutely enraptured—except Daniel Perkin. Somehow, although he was perfectly quiet and his face looked calmly interested, I got the impression as he looked at Brother that he wasn't quite as enraptured as the others.

That was the perfect, the exquisite moment, while Brother was still toying with the hibiscus flower, that I saw Daniel Perkin turn his head and stare at the doorway. There was a sort of flash in his eyes that made me turn and look too. And then the cold chills suddenly went all over me, for there stood Agnes. Not Agnes in inconspicuous white linen. No! In khaki trousers. And a crumpled khaki coat. And high boots. And a terrible hat. I was aghast. I couldn't say anything.

In that lovely hush she said in a loud definite voice, "Can anybody here milk a cow?"

I can't—I simply can't describe the awful result of that remark. I thought Brother would have fainted. He dropped his hibiscus flower. Everybody rustled and turned. It was perfectly ghastly, and to make it worse, I think Daniel Perkin laughed. Agnes buttoned her gloves.

"Good—goodness gracious, Agnes!" I said. "What can you mean?"

She pointed her nose and the blackness of her eyes full at me and said plainly, "I just thought I'd ask, Vivian. The president of the humane society telephoned me that there is a carload of cows on a siding in the railroad yards that haven't been milked for three days and they are miserable. I'm going to get some men and go down and milk the carload. If there's anyone here who can milk a cow I'll be glad of an extra hand. He can go along with me right now. I say 'he,'" she went on deliberately, looking around at the faces which somehow seemed to contract a little as she eyed them, "because I dare say there isn't a woman here, except possibly the Countess di Ragusa, who knows anything about cows anyway."

For one moment I thought Agnes must have gone insane. The countess simply went scarlet and I saw at least three people bite their lips. One of the first things they always tell you about the countess is that you must never, never mention anything in her hearing that would remind her that her first husband made his millions in a cheese factory. I could hardly speak. And while Brother was absolutely white with fury and two or three of the girls choked back little sounds that might have been coughs or gasps or shrieks, Agnes turned on her booted heels and strode back into the house.

To this day I cannot understand what happened to Daniel Perkin. He dropped his teacup with a crash and moved toward the doorway, saying loudly and clearly, "Hey, Miss Agnes! Wait for me. I used to be a champion milker myself."

Poor Madeleine Perkin. I thought she would go through the floor. She said

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"Daddy!" in the most horrified tones, but he didn't pay her the slightest attention. Brother stared at me and I stared at Brother. All around us people began talking with great animation and cheerfulness. Of course the afternoon, with all Brother's wonderful effect, was completely ruined.

Madeleine Perkin was frantic about her father. The Countess di Ragusa was furious and Mrs. Judson was wild because Brother paid so much attention to Madeleine. Everyone else wanted to go away and laugh, I know they did. They all trickled off. Brother got Madeleine and Buchanan to stay in spite of Mrs. Judson, and we went out to dinner together and some place to dance. The cowboy poet pointed out that his wonderful sense of rhythm made him a perfect dancer, but after a while I got tired and we all decided to go home for drinks. On the way back Buchanan tried to hold my hand, and I began to wonder if I would really like to sign myself Vivian Page Boggs. That was why I didn't notice, when we turned up the drive, that the lights were on in the kitchen. But as we got out of the car I heard the most curious sounds from there, loud singing and thumping. I couldn't imagine what it could be. But I didn't want Madeleine to think that any of the servants were drunk, so as soon as Brother had taken her to the veranda I motioned Buchanan to follow me and we tiptoed to the kitchen door and threw it open suddenly.

Well! There stood Agnes. She was still in her disreputable khaki things and she was at the stove making coffee and frying ham and eggs. Her hat was off, and the white lock in her black hair stood up and waved in a perfectly abandoned manner. If the color in her cheeks had not been so carelessly streaked I would have thought it was rouge. She was rattling the fork on the frying pan while two utterly impossible-looking men sat on the kitchen table and sang Little Annie Rooney. Really, if I hadn't noticed especially that there wasn't the slightest odor of alcohol, I would have said they were all intoxicated. One of the men I suddenly recognized with a shock to be Daniel Perkin, in overalls, with his gray hair rumpled. The other was a person I had never seen before, in khaki trousers and dreadful boots and a flannel shirt. He had reddish hair and the most impudent brown eyes I had ever seen in my life.

"Goodness gracious, Agnes," I said with hauteur, and they stopped singing to stare at me and at Buchanan Boggs behind me in the doorway. "I should think you had done enough for one day without disturbing the entire neighborhood."

She turned and positively grinned at me as if she was not and never had been a Page of Titherington, Massachusetts.

"Hullo, Vivian," she said cheerily. "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn. Come in and have a fried egg. Have two fried eggs. Eddie," she said to the reddish-haired person, "hew off some more ham. Come in, Mr. Boggs, and help us fill up the great open spaces. Danny"—she actually called Mr. Perkin 'Danny'—"how about another beaker of coffee for the champion milker of the Flower State?"

Well, I was only thankful that Madeleine Perkin was not a witness to her father's reversion to type. It was bad enough to have Agnes a cousin. All I could do was to stare icily at that Eddie person, who was staring at me most impudently, and leave the room in silent scorn. On the veranda Brother and Madeleine were deciding to go somewhere else to dance, but I was so disturbed I couldn't think of leaving the house with those men in it. Buchanan said he didn't want to dance, either, and when the two others left he began pacing up and down, flinging out his arms and telling me some other things about his wonderful sense of rhythm.

It was the most romantic setting one could want, if one wanted to be romantic. The long porch was streaked with white starlight, and beyond the black lawn the sound of the water was faint against the sea wall, and the silver threads in my dress glimmered in the shadow of a big chair. Buchanan Boggs looked splendidly virile pacing up and down between the great pale pillars and, of course, the conversation was awfully cultural and superior, all about poetry and art and life. And yet I was furious, because I was so angry with Agnes, and especially that reddish-haired person in the kitchen, that I wasn't properly thrilled with all this. It was a perfect shame that I had to go on thinking of cutting things to say to them, instead of what the cowboy poet was saying. I was just thinking how I would simply love to shame the impudence out of that person's brown eyes when I realized that Buchanan was halfway through a proposal. My first proposal in Florida and I had heard only half of it! Of course that made me more furious and before I knew whether I wanted to make up my mind to accept him, I was refusing him. So, of course, he went away insulted and I stormed up to bed feeling perfectly vicious.

The next morning Brother pointed out that, after all, the affair had made him consider Madeleine more seriously, and that our expenses were so large that we couldn't afford to ask Agnes to go home. As for Buchanan, Brother said I could do much better than that if I would only put my mind on it. Brother felt that I hadn't been putting my mind on it. He warned me that this Florida climate has a softening and romantic quality which must be guarded against. We must be icy and ruthless, he insisted, for after all, our careers are everything. Of course I felt that Brother was absolutely right. We decided to hope that Agnes had gotten rid of all her New England inhibitions in one wild upheaval and that she would now settle down in the state of mind which we had expected of her. And yet something warned my uncanny sixth sense that we had not seen the last of Agnes' extraordinary behavior.

We hadn't. Three days afterward the president of the humane society, she informed us, had had her made a deputy sheriff, and she and Daniel Perkin went out in the back roads to arrest negroes who were abusing mules in the county road work. Mr. Perkin told me about the way she did it, and how she stood up and talked to the judge in court about it as if it were the most wonderful thing in the world. Then, of course, there was a story in the local paper about it, with Agnes' picture and our name right out in print that made Brother simply rage. And yet, of course, he couldn't say anything to her about it, because Daniel Perkin was Madeleine's father and Brother felt that Madeleine was falling in love with him so much that it wouldn't be wise to be cold to her. But imagine! Negroes. Mules. In court. I was simply appalled. I decided to speak frankly to Mr. Perkin.

"Dear Mr. Perkin," I said to him, "Brother and I are so grateful for everything you are doing for poor dear Agnes. It means so much to her to have some attention from men. She's never had it, you know. Her life has been so cramped and restricted. But I do wish you'd tell me. You can speak frankly, you know. I'm her cousin. Do you really think Agnes could acquire any charm?"

It seemed to me that Mr. Perkin's face went a little pinker under his tan and his bushy gray eyebrows lowered over his eyes. I thought he answered me very strangely.

"Charm," he snapped so suddenly that I jumped. "My dear child, you small women do have the most peculiar ideas. I suppose by charm you mean kittenishness. Your Cousin Agnes has as much need of kittenishness as an automobile headlight has. She's a good deal like that, you know. One way, it blinds you, and in another way, you can't see without it. And I shouldn't worry about her life having been restricted if I were you."

"Oh, Mr. Perkin," I said. "Of course I wasn't really—I mean, of course, it's too late, now that she's so old. Only teaching Latin all one's life must make one just a little—well—peculiar, don't you think?"

(Continued on Page 205)

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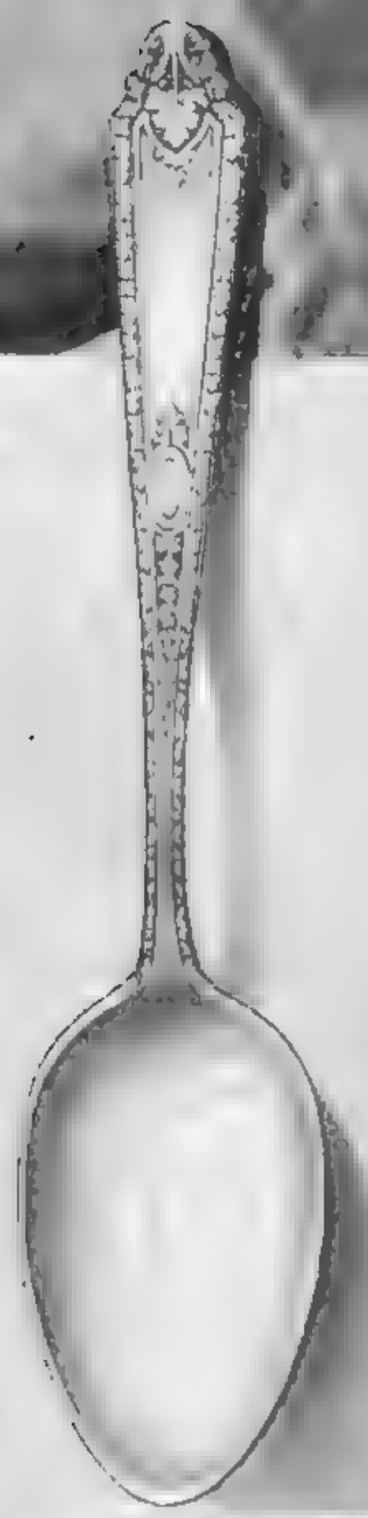

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(Continued from Page 202)

He didn't answer for a moment, just ground his cigar end, and then he said, "All of you seem pretty young to me. But about the Latin, I've been getting Miss Agnes to teach me Latin recently. I don't seem to get anywhere with all this art talk, and it's rather a comfort to get your teeth into a crusty old language like Latin. First sensible hard thing I've done since I've been in Florida. Those old Romans were he men. Practical too. If I'd known about the way Cato the Elder handled that Carthage affair, I could have broken the cold-storage combine two years earlier. I'm pretty grateful to Miss Agnes. And as for her being peculiar, well, she doesn't seem half so peculiar to me as all you skinny, sullen little girls."

Well, really! I thought Mr. Perkin must be pretty far gone deliberately to insult me like that. The awful thought came to me suddenly that perhaps he was getting really serious in all this. Perhaps he meant to ask her to marry him. How perfectly awful that would be for Madeleine. And there was Brother. Suppose Brother married Madeleine and Agnes wouldn't let Mr. Perkin settle enough money on them to keep Brother in the best marble. I decided to have a serious talk with Brother.

We decided to give a series of supper dances on our own front lawn, to bring in more eligible girls and men for us to consider. And really, it was time, for here was half the season gone and I hadn't even met Edmund Hill. We felt that as long as Agnes didn't dance there was nothing she could do to be conspicuous. I can't imagine why I thought that would handicap her. It didn't.

Everything began so beautifully that night. We had a few people to dinner, just Madeleine and Mr. Perkin, and a new man Brother was trying out for me. Agnes was quite quiet and possible all during dinner. She didn't quote Latin things that only Mr. Perkin understood, and that sounded queer anyway, and she didn't begin telling anecdotes about mules in that firm plain voice of hers. She just sat and smiled, looking, for her, really quite well. She was wearing her black satin evening gown with the V front that makes her shoulders look less square, and brings out the jetty blackness of her eyes and the smoky blackness of her hair with the startling white lock. I was pleased she looked so much like an early Roman, because Madeleine had given me a perfectly ducky silver-lace dress and she had a gold one, and they were both awfully thin and scant and marvelously smart in contrast to Agnes' solid black. It was just the right background for us and the men never took their eyes off us. Except, of course, Mr. Perkin, but you could hardly count him.

Out on the lawn the dance floor was a pool of amber under the lights in the trees, and the coconut palms were black against the stars and there was a moon coming up out of the bay and the orchestra was playing and all the smartest people were coming and there were two newspaper reporters and cameramen with flash lights. We had asked everybody we had ever met and Rhoda Allen had sworn she would bring Edmund Hill. I was simply walking on air and I made Daniel Perkin dance the first dance with me. He danced rather like the Washington Monument in a fog, but I was just showing him what a lot he had missed when he had chosen to be silly about Agnes, when I looked up and here he was staring over my head at the house, paying as much attention to me as if I hadn't been there at all.

"What's the matter?" I said without thinking.

"I don't see Miss Agnes anywhere," he muttered absently, and while I was furious with him for thinking about her just then, I was relieved that she wasn't in sight. I thought it was a sign that she wouldn't break out at that dance anyway. But he went on getting more and more absent-minded, until I gave him up in disgust and told him to go and look for her. I had to be back on the porch to speak to a lot more people who were arriving. It was really going to be a huge success. Everybody who mattered was coming and a lot more who hadn't been invited, and while that was a little awkward, still it is always a flattering sign that it is considered smart to be seen at your house.

There seemed to be any quantity of the most fascinating men whom Brother could weed out afterward. I was radiantly happy with the way everything was going until Daniel Perkin came up looking perfectly savage.

"Can't you find her?" I asked him absently, for I was staring at the most marvelous man coming along the veranda with Rhoda Allen. He was tall and his hair was a dull copper color and he looked perfectly adorably stern and cross. There was something familiar about him too. I was racking my brains to think where I had seen him before and all the time my heart was beating simply terribly, because it might be Edmund Hill. And it was. He looked down into my eyes, and just as the shivers were going down into my heels the most awful shock went over me. For he was the reddish-haired person that Agnes called "Eddie" in my kitchen. Edmund Hill! That one! I have no words to say how I felt. I was just floundering around in the most awful confusion, trying to think what I should think.

But before I could speak Daniel Perkin was glaring at Edmund. "You're the president of that humane society," he said, and everyone stared. "What do you mean by sending Agnes Page out alone to stop a dog-and-wildcat fight?"

"I didn't. What do you mean?" he answered.

"Well, she's gone. They say a phone message came for her. Didn't you send it?"

"Of course not. Think I'm crazy? When did she get it?"

"About an hour ago."

"And she left immediately?"

"That's what they say." Mr. Perkin breathed heavily through his nose. "Have you any idea where this fight is?"

"Out beyond Pleasant Glade Farm. Out in the glades. They promised me they'd call it off. Good Lord!"

"Well," snapped Mr. Perkin, "they must have called it on again. We're not going to stand here and argue about it, are we? I've got a car here."

"Good," Edmund Hill said. "May I borrow it?"

"You mean, can you go with me?"

"Who's arguing now? It'll take both of us. For heaven's sake, snap into it! That's a rotten crowd out there. I'll leave word for a bunch of deputies to follow us. Only we've got to beat it now."

"I'm with you," Daniel Perkin said, and they turned and ran toward the drive.

Well, you can imagine how I felt. Edmund Hill, the president of the humane society. Edmund Hill in khaki in my own kitchen, intimate with my own Cousin Agnes. Edmund Hill, the nicest man in Miami, dashing away from my party on account of Agnes. That was the thought that set me wild. And he was wonderful in a dinner coat.

I couldn't bear it. I simply left everybody staring and before I really knew what I was doing I was dashing down the veranda after them.

That is, I started to dash down the veranda after them. Suddenly a hand caught my arm and jerked me back and I looked up and it was Brother. His eyes were staring at me coldly, and the little white dents each side his nose, which show when he is in one of his cold rages, were coming and going.

"Vivian," he said, and gripped my arm, "what does this mean? You are forgetting yourself. You are forgetting me. Go back to our guests."

"Oh, Brother darling," I said breathlessly, trying to tear myself away. "Oh, please don't stop me. Please. That's Edmund Hill with Mr. Perkin, and they're going off to stop Agnes from stopping a

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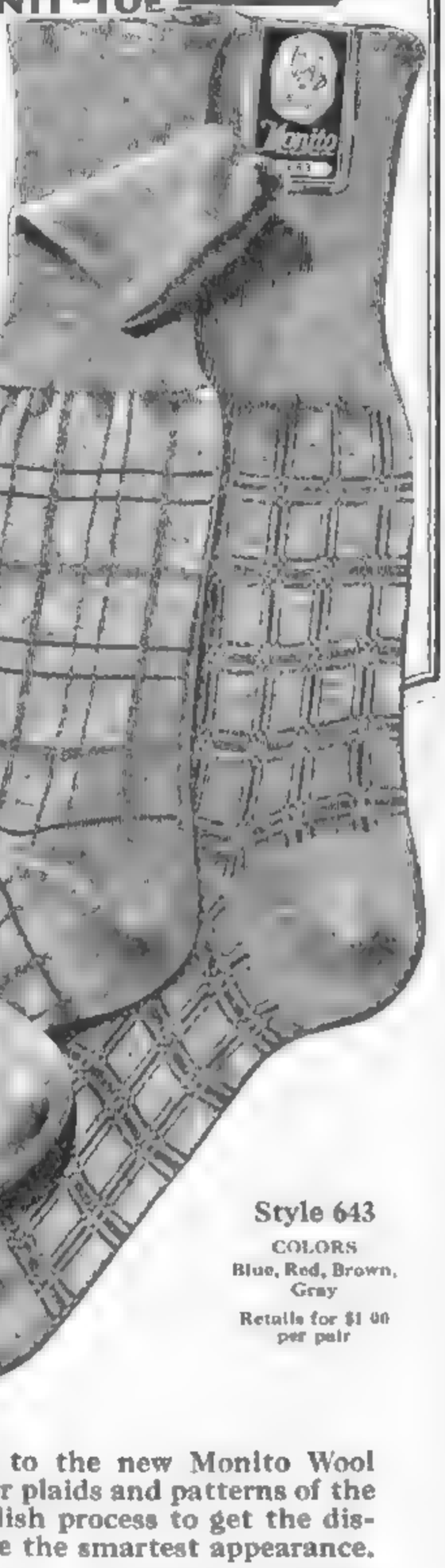

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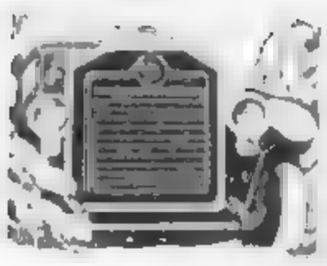

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wildcat fight and I—oh, I can't let him go without me!"

Really, Brother's eyes were perfectly frightening. They turned to little green slits.

"Vivian!" he said. "Pull yourself together. It is not possible that you are deliberately running after this Hill person. He isn't important to us. The big man behind him is Albert J. Swanson, who is coming here tonight. He is the one you want. He ——"

I don't believe in all my life I ever interrupted before, or deliberately disobeyed him. But this time it was as if he were suddenly only an unnecessary shadow in a Van Dyke beard who had not the slightest interest for me.

"Let me go," I said, and jerked my arm out of his grasp. "You're hurting me. Oh, they're starting the car."

And I ran down the veranda and down the three steps, forgetting his voice behind me even as I heard it. I was standing by the car and my only feeling was that I was glad I looked appealing and silvery in the moonlight.

"Oh, please," I said, "I want to come with you too."

It was utterly typical of the curious way that Agnes made men act that they did not instantly leap out and help me in. Edmund Hill was working the starter and never even looked up, but Mr. Perkin turned his head and said gruffly, "You can't come."

I was boiling. "But I want to come," I cried to him, over the beginning noise of the engine.

He never looked at me that time, just shook his head. "Don't want you," I think he said, but I didn't stop to find out. For as the car began to roll forward I made one leap for the rear door, opened it and fell in, just as it speeded up around the curve. It was a minute or two before I could pick myself up and get my breath, and then I couldn't tell whether those two men sitting stiffly in the front seat, outlined against the glare of the lights, knew I was there or not. My heart was thumping so loudly I should think they would have heard it, but I didn't dare to speak to them for fear they would take me back. I just glued my eyes on the awfully nice back of Edmund Hill's head and made up my mind that I wasn't going to be done out of anything this time.

Pretty soon it wouldn't have made any difference whether I made any noise or not, because the car was going at such a fiendish rate they couldn't have heard me anyway. In two minutes I had no idea where we were or in what direction we were going. First we were jerking through traffic, with the city lights streaming past on each side, and then we were on the Tamiami Trail, with the street lights blinking with alternate patches of dark, and then we were turning corners among more lights, and then we were going faster than ever on a horribly bumpy road, with no lights at all anywhere but the white lights of the car itself and the searchlight fixed on the edge of the road, with tall weeds and insects suddenly bright streaming through it. All I could do was to hang on tight and keep my lower jaw relaxed so that I wouldn't bite my tongue off when we hit a bump. The car rocked and creaked and shivered.

Out beyond the lights of the car there were fewer and fewer trees looming up blackly against the star dust of the sky, and there was a cool wet wind blowing and a sense of flat, dark vast-reaching country. Furious and bruised and beginning to be a little frightened as I was, I thought the wind smelled deliciously of dew on sun-dried grasses. And once when Edmund—I was thinking of him as Edmund by that time—went slowly because of a terribly bad place in the road, I looked out and saw the whole arch of the sky spattered with stars set over the level black saucer of the earth. It seemed to me we were miles and miles and miles away from everything and everybody, alone in the very middle of the Everglades. Once when they stopped the car dead to argue about a crossroad, I could hear the blood roaring in my ears, the insect noises in the nearest grass, it was so still. Imagine Agnes driving all this way herself and putting us to all this trouble. Why hadn't she at least taken Daniel Perkin with her? I remembered then that I had been dancing with him; but even so —— I felt then that I could have spoken to her pretty sharply.

Then we were off again, bumping and banging and rocking through the dark at an absolutely ridiculous rate of speed. Once when I was thrown violently forward I cried out to them not to go so fast, and Daniel Perkin started and looked around at me in astonishment, so I knew he hadn't known I was there. But that didn't make them go any more slowly. Away ahead of us the red light of another car was scooting and we were gradually catching up with it. I thought for a moment it was Agnes' car, and I hoped they'd catch it so that I could tell her exactly what I thought about dragging Edmund Hill away from my party, and yet when it turned out not to be hers I was glad, because I didn't want him to see her so soon.

The car ahead turned suddenly up a dirt road that ended in a dark group of buildings and switched its lights off. Edmund parked beside it and switched off his. He and Daniel Perkin waited, looking around them. There must have been a lot of dark cars in the yard. I could see them faintly humped against the sky. Across the yard a low dark building like a cow shed had gleams of light showing. They must have been cracks in window shutters. When the dark figures of two men went over to it and knocked on a door, only a narrow oblong of light showed where it was opened to them and where they squeezed through. Through the open door came the dull suppressed murmur of men's voices. That murmur, with a queer sort of excitement in it, and the horrid darkness of everything with just the hurried cracks of light, frightened me. But before I knew it Edmund Hill and Mr. Perkin were out of the car and walking quietly toward the building. First I could see them, and then their figures were blotted out against the bulk of dark. And there I was alone in the car, shivering in the cool Everglade air. Suddenly far away a dog barked, and from a shed near by, so horribly loudly that I almost screamed, some dogs began howling. It was perfectly terrible. I simply couldn't sit there alone.

But when I got out of the car and started out in my best silver slippers across that muddy ground, suddenly I had the most awful feeling I ever had in my life. It was as if all that dark stretched out and stretched out enormously around me, and the stars shot up a million miles away overhead and there I was alone and shivering in the middle of it. And nobody cared. My feet were wet and any moment I might have been eaten up by those horrible howling dogs and nobody would care. I felt awfully angry with Brother for letting me come like that. He should have stopped me. And then I had a sudden feeling that it didn't matter to Brother anyway. All he cared about was making a rich marriage, and he wanted me to make a rich marriage only because that would be good for him. I saw him then as if he were a tiny little figure seen down at the end of a long tunnel. Right then I knew I didn't want to make that kind of marriage. I didn't want all the awfully straining effort of it. I didn't even want to be artistic. All I wanted was just somebody to keep me from feeling so lost and so little and so awfully lonely. And he'd gone on after Agnes just as if I hadn't existed. I called once to Mr. Perkin, but all I heard was somebody saying "Sh-h-h" and those terrible dogs that were still howling and howling. So finally I had to run through mud and wet grass over in the shadow where Mr. Perkin and Edmund were. I found Edmund's arm and clutched it and he turned and looked down at me once and went on peering through a crack.

"What—what are you going to do?" I whispered.

"She isn't in there anywhere," he whispered back, and went on peering.

(Continued on Page 209)

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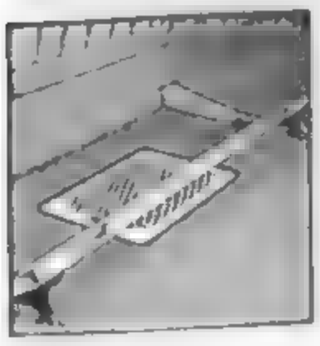

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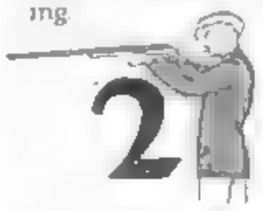

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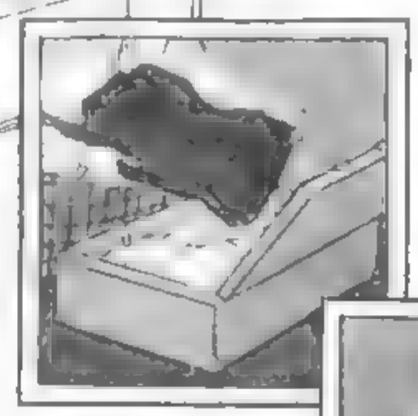
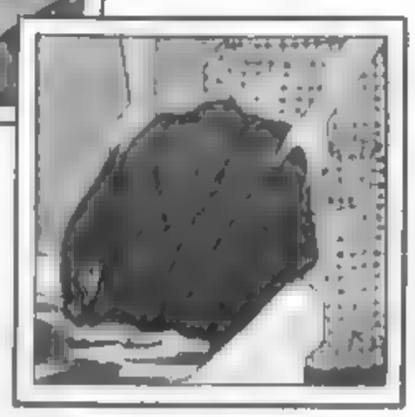
Because "travelo" is tailored to fit smoothly especially at the shoulders and neck. It can be worn under a coat without binding or bunchiness.

4

Because, in addition to all its comfort and style, "travelo" gives such amazingly long wear that its durability alone is more than sufficient to justify its very modest cost.



A "travelo" folds compactly into your travelling bag and insures warmth and comfort whatever the weather may be.



An occasional tubbing will keep your "travelo" always fresh, clean and new-looking. You can wash your "travelo" without harming the jacket.

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

(Continued from Page 206)

It made me furious. I caught at his arm again. "What makes you think she came here?"

"Shut up," Mr. Perkin said softly, on the other side. "Her car's here. Can't imagine where she is."

"But listen," I began out loud, because I was so exasperated with them, when to my utter rage Edmund put a big warm hand over my mouth and kept it there.

"Keep still, I tell you," he whispered. "There's a crack if you want to look, but for heaven's sake shut up."

Well, I tried to look through the crack. Of course I was simply wild with anger. I had never been treated like that in my whole life. It gave me the most confused feeling. I still felt small and lost and uncared for, and yet there was something so awfully definite about his hand, if you see what I mean. I know I stared through the crack for almost a minute before I could see anything at all. I could feel his sleeve against my shoulder. Then suddenly beyond the crack everything came real.

There was a crowd of men inside, I could tell that; men moving restlessly and talking hoarsely, with a kind of excited tension in their voices. At first all I could see was a bright patch of light surrounded by shadow, where small yellowish lights moved in uneasy circles. Then I saw that the bright patch was a sort of fenced-in place covered with sawdust under brilliant dropped electric lights. The small uneasy lights were cigar and cigarette ends. Our side of the building held only a few people and fortunately they didn't always stand in front of the cracks. At one side of the sawdust place I could see a big box with a wire-netting front. Within that something moved and I caught a glimpse within of two, small, round green fires that flared on and off as the dogs somewhere in the dark broke into a muffled louder yelling.

I nudged Edmund. "What's that, in that box?"

He leaned his head down to me, never taking his eyes off the crack. "The wildcat," he whispered. "Biggest I ever saw. It'll tear those dogs to ribbons before they kill it. I'll get this man Jake for this. But I can't do a thing until I know where Miss Agnes is. Here—what're you shivering for? They haven't brought the dogs in yet anyway." And still staring into the crack he absently picked up my hand and put it into his coat pocket.

Mr. Perkin leaned over and said across me, "Is there another door?"

"Two of them," Edmund whispered back. "The one in back connects with the shed where the dogs are. They'll bring them in that way. The other one is just opposite."

"I'll go around and see if she's there," Mr. Perkin said, and I heard him hit his toe against the wall as he turned the corner. My hand in Edmund's pocket, in his loose casual grasp, was the only comfortable thing about me.

"What can you do? What can you do?" I kept whispering to him.

He only squeezed my hand once, warningly. "Sh-h. That depends. That you, Perkin?"

"I went all the way around," he said. "She isn't anywhere that I can see. What ——"

"L-look," I whispered, nudging them. I had caught a glimpse through the crack. "They're bringing in the dogs."

In there, in the smoky shadows, you could hear the mutter of the crowd grown hard edged, tight stretched. The frantic barking of the dogs came to our ears suddenly unmuffled, as if a door had been opened. The flat green eyes of fire in the cage shifted and stared. I caught a glimpse of a huge furry paw with bright claws reaching beyond the wire, and a gleam of white bared teeth. Men were going by the cracks now, shutting off our view and we could hear the leashed dogs pulling and scratching as they passed. Their barking was deafening. Then they and the men with them had passed by, and we could see the sawdust again, empty and yellow, fenced in with boards on the other side, over which men's heads and shoulders showed plainly. They were betting and the voices of the men holding the dogs came to us clearly.

It hit me suddenly, as if I hadn't really thought of it before, that those men in there really meant to let that wildcat at those dogs, and those dogs at that wildcat. It made me cold and sick all over to think that they would like, actually enjoy, that cold, laughing deliberate cruelty. The thought of it swept over me suddenly as the bigness of the dark had, and for a minute I thought I should faint with the realization that life could be big and bitter and terrible like that.

I think I shut my eyes and buried my face in Edmund's coat sleeve, and I know I was saying "Oh, don't let them! Oh, don't let them!" over and over again.

But then suddenly, as if both men beside me had taken quick deep breaths, they said, "There she is. She came in behind the dogs." Mr. Perkin made a sound that was like a groan and started for the door. I opened my eyes and stared through the crack.

There stood Agnes. She was in there. In the middle of the sawdust patch, with the electric lights shining full on that white lock in her black hair, making inky shadows of her black eyes. It poured over her white calm face and over her white shoulders where her cloak had fallen back. Her black satin slippers were deep in sawdust. Beyond her was smoky darkness filled with cigar lights and men's angry faces; and in front of her, still leashed, the dogs raved. I could see them now, big deep-chested dogs, a brindle one and a white one with cropped ears, straining toward her, where she stood in front of the wildcat's cage. She stood there, tall and black and white, and suddenly I was so proud of her and glad of her, standing there like that, that I could have burst.

You could not hear anything over the noise of the dogs and the aroused, shouting voices of the men. I think she said something to the men who held the dogs, but I saw one shake his head, surly and watchful, and let the dogs straining against their chest straps reach a little nearer toward her with their scrabbling front paws. Men were yelling to her to get back, and two elbowed out of the crowd by the dogs and started for her. Outside by the door we could hear Mr. Perkin shouting and struggling with the door men. Edmund started toward the door, but I pulled him back. For through the crack, just as a man came near Agnes, I saw her move back a step or two, almost up against the wildcat's cage. She had made a slow gesture with one white large hand and I saw a revolver in it, shining and steady and purposeful. The crowd quieted down. The men quieted the dogs. We heard her voice, cool and confident, with an accustomed edge of authority in it, cover the dogs' choked whining.

"Take those dogs out of here," she said, and every syllable was distinct and impressive. "I am a county deputy sheriff and I order this fight stopped. Start going out that door at once and don't stop going. I want this place empty in five minutes."

There was a dead quiet. Then a man's voice cried suddenly over the heads of the crowd: "Take that gun away from her, Jake. She's alone. Don't let a woman fool you that way, Jake. Hit her over the ear and let the dogs in. We've paid our money."

"Let the dogs in! Let the dogs in!" the crowd yelled, growling and muttering and catcalling, and another burst of barking from the dogs drowned out Mr. Perkin's voice shouting at them from the door. Edmund was with him there now and they had locked arms and were fighting their way in, but the crowd did not know that yet. I was alone at the crack, sobbing and pounding the shutters and screaming "Agnes! Agnes! Agnes!" as if anyone could have heard me for the riot inside.

They were pressing in across the sawdust space toward her. A crouching man in a

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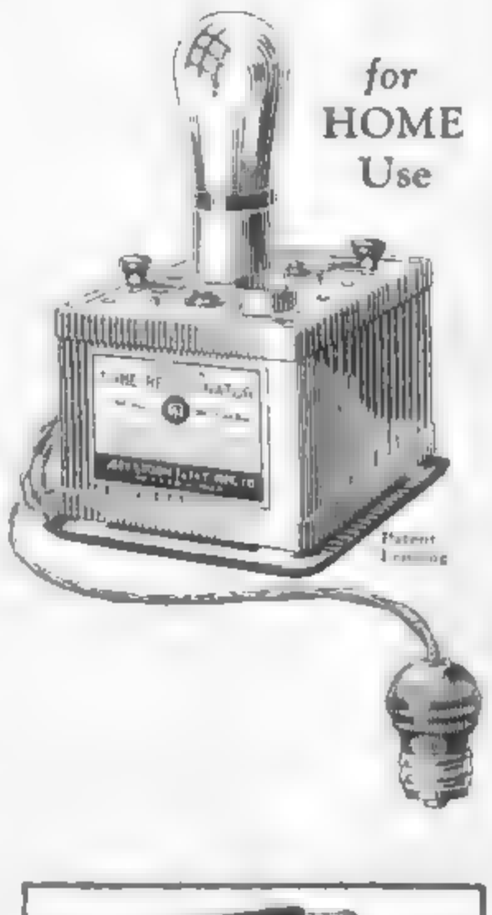

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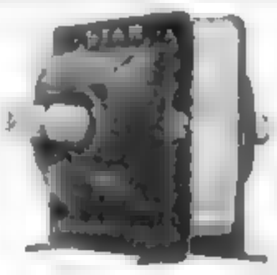

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cap and torn sweater worked nearer her, his eye on the revolver which covered him. I had the feeling that if she made any sort of motion, like hesitancy or fear or even aggression, he would be able to get the revolver away from her. But she stood like a rock, even her eyes motionlessly fixed on him, her hand and her braced elbow steady, her revolver a straight bar of light. Behind them the crowd shouted with wide-open mouths that cried indistinguishable words, and the dogs' feet sent up the sawdust in showers.

Then the man in the sweater jerked, as if to leap at her. The crack of the revolver was instant, stunning. The smoke swirled thick about her. The man in the sweater leaped back, swearing and grabbing at his foot. She had fired just beyond his toes. The crowd gave back. Agnes stood still before the cage, still motionless, and her eyes were like black light.

"Get back," she cried again. "The next time I shoot, somebody gets hurt. Get back and get out, now."

For a moment the men stood, defiant. But behind them the crowd was milling and struggling, crying something to the ones with the dogs. Shouts and the noises of a struggle came from where Mr. Perkin and Edmund were fighting their way in.

"Get out of here, every last one of you," Agnes cried again suddenly and raised her revolver, and at that the pep went out of the crowd as if she had turned the hose on a starched dress.

They just melted and faded and straggled away, out through the door, running across the yard, until behind me the yard was full of the sound of automobile starters and the noise of engines roaring and tires racing down the drive.

They were dragging the dogs away, the growling, struggling big brutes. Mr. Perkin strode across the sawdust toward Agnes and behind him I caught a glimpse of Edmund crashing a fist against a man's chin. But the queer thing was the white, still way Agnes stood against the wildcat's cage, looking at Mr. Perkin coming toward her.

I really thought he was going to put his arms around her then and there and kiss her, right under the electric light.

But the queer look in her face stopped him. "You're not hurt?" I heard him say. "Agnes, what is it?"

"It's this darned wildcat," she said slowly, staring at him as if she wasn't quite sure what she was saying, considering the way he was looking at her. "I backed up against this cage and he stuck his claws through the back of my dress. I couldn't have moved if I had wanted to."

But then Mr. Perkin really did put his arms around her. I stopped looking just then, for Edmund came out to get me.

"Gosh, what a woman! Magnificent, isn't she?" he said to me, leading me back to the car with a firm hand on my arm. "I should think you'd be awfully proud of her."

"I—I am," I said unsteadily, standing by him in the dark. And truly, I was. I was warm all over with being glad that I was related to her. But at the same time I was stabbed with jealousy that he should admire her so. Because he was wonderful too. Suddenly I could have cried, to think how big and wonderful and dear he was. I could have cried, because I hadn't done a single thing that he could admire, not one thing. It hurt deliciously, feeling so useless and humble there beside him. How could I ever expect to attract a man as wonderful as he was?

"Are you—are you fond of animals?" I said to him weakly, because I was really afraid I would cry.

"I like kittens," he said, staring over at the lighted doorway, where Agnes and Mr. Perkin were coming slowly, "and puppies. Little things. Warm, like your hand. Where is your hand, by the way?"

I don't know what he wanted it for. Perhaps he thought I was still cold. But then Agnes and Mr. Perkin were almost up to us in the dark, and she was laughing richly, as a happy woman will. It almost made me cry again. But Edmund put my hand back in his pocket and held it there, so of course I couldn't.

"Why, it's Vivian," Agnes said suddenly. "Why, Vivian, you splendid little sport. How corking of you to come out here with Dan and Eddie. Child, you must be frozen."

All of them were looking at me and Edmund was looking at me as if he hadn't really seen me before. I simply couldn't stand it, her kindness and their eyes.

"Oh, don't be nice to me, Agnes, please." I wailed and my teeth chattered. "I've been so horrid and snippy to you and you're so—so wonderful. You mustn't think I came out to help you. I came out because I"—I had to swallow hard and stare defiantly at Eddie, who was holding my hand even tighter—"I was jealous. But now—oh, Agnes, I'm so proud of you, anyway."

Suddenly they were all laughing at me and Agnes was patting my shoulder and Mr. Perkin was patting the other. Agnes shoved me a little nearer Eddie.

"Take her home, Ed" she said. "I always thought she'd be a nice child if you could get her alone. Now that I've accomplished my fell purpose of coming South to catch a rich and handsome husband, you'll have to teach her Latin, Ed. You know, it begins, '*Amo, amas, amat.*'"

"Good—goodness gracious, Agnes," I gasped, but they had already started off and Eddie was making me put on his coat in the most thrillingly masterful manner. And then I forgot Agnes, too, because I had to start in right then planning how I could possibly make him admire me as much as he did her.

Prospective Father-in-Law: "Can You Support My Daughter in the Style to Which She is Accustomed?"
"To be Frank: No." "Shake! Neither Can I!"

See these germs?

Look harmless, don't they? Yet they easily eat through hard enamel, a material that blunts the edge of tempered steel. These germs, small as they look here, are magnified hundreds of times. They are soft, yet they eat through the enamel of your teeth as easily as the dentist's powerful drill.

Tooth Decay *explained*

How germs pierce the hardest substance in your body as surely as the dentist's drill

By Ira Davis Joel, B. S., M. S.

TRY this germ-killing dental cream at our expense. But first read why it is necessary for teeth that germs be killed.

Germs are the cause of tooth decay. Two University of Michigan scientists examined a great many decayed teeth. In nine out of ten they found a certain germ. They turned this germ loose on sound teeth and in a short time it *ate through* the enamel. Kill this germ, they claim, and you immediately check decay. They made experiments. When teeth were treated with dentifrices that did not kill germs, the teeth decayed; but when the germs were killed, there was no decay.

Many eminent scientists attest the germicidal power of Kolynos Dental Cream. They find that it kills, *in the mouth*, 80 to 90 per cent of the mouth bacteria. And after using Kolynos, hours pass before there are again enough germs to damage your teeth.

Did you ever watch snowflakes collect upon a window-pane? That is the way germs collect upon your teeth. The first few find it hard to cling, but soon they build up rapidly. First *Bacilli Acidophili* lodge on the enamel. They are tiny, short threads of germs. In your saliva is a sticky substance called *mucin*. Little flakes of this adhere to the teeth. Thus a close, sticky, weblike film spreads across the enamel, a film of malignant germs that cause decay.

These germs multiply with amazing rapidity. Each produces tiny quantities of harmful acid. The film holds this acid against the teeth while it gradually eats into the enamel.

Kolynos checks this. To begin with, it *kills germs*. It breaks up the film. It washes away the film, with its multitude of germs. It leaves comparatively few germs in your mouth.

Doctors and dentists say that 85 to 90% of the health-destroying germs enter the body through the mouth. Kolynos helps to keep your mouth free from germs and automatically insures better health.

{ Kolynos comes in liquid form, also. Use it as a gargle and spray. It leaves the mouth and throat wonderfully clean and refreshed. }

Snug harbors for decay germs

It is much easier for your tooth brush to clean the more exposed surfaces of your teeth. It is in the crevices that the germs get in their fine work. Kolynos used in the mouth becomes a liquid which flows into the crevices and kills the germs which would otherwise start decay.

FREE

If this advertisement interests you; if you believe what it says; if you are anxious to keep your teeth and gums sound—the first step to take is to fill in the coupon below and send for a generous sample of Kolynos Dental Cream, enough to brush your teeth 22 times, ½ inch to the brushing.

See for yourself the result of killing germs. You will say to yourself, just as thousands of others have, "How clean my mouth feels!" So send for the free sample—or, what will be quicker, buy a tube at your druggist's.

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Her luncheons were greatly enjoyed because they were always

A bit out of the Ordinary

The compact and graceful Manning-Bowman electric [illegible] with Percolator No. 361 Price $[illegible]. The urn-percolator set comprising percolator, sugar, cream and tray as shown is No. 361030 designed by Manning-Bowman. Note its classic grace. No. 361030. Price $[illegible]

AFTERNOON luncheons can be unusual without being difficult to prepare. They can be highly enjoyable without being elaborate. With Manning-Bowman electric table appointments so many things suggest themselves. Things which can be prepared with a minimum of time and effort—and, too, with those distinctive little touches which so frequently evoke the pride of the hostess and the admiration of her guests.

Waffles. A suggestion for tomorrow's luncheon! Make them with a Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron, right at the table while your guests are seated and conversation flows uninterruptedly. No inconvenience. A minute or two and you have a serving of waffles for four. Before one serving is eaten another is ready. And such waffles as these are sure to be! Piping hot, golden brown, thick and tender. And with your Manning-Bowman electric percolator also right at hand and just as ready to make the coffee—amber-rich and delicious—the occasion is certain to be a complete success.

Manning-Bowman electric heating pad No. 683. Needed in every household. Simple, comfortable, economical. Heat degrees adjustable Price $8.50

The Manning-Bowman waffle iron is deeper than most waffle irons; while a self-adjusting hinge lets the top rise with the batter. This top, too, is heated, and the result is a plump, light waffle evenly done on both sides. Then there's the grooved edge to catch stray drips of batter. The tray to protect table or cloth. The top arranged to prevent tipping over. The switch in plug for conveniently turning current on or off. Construction and finish that make it easy to keep the iron clean and attractive.

The same thoughtful consideration of details has attended the designing of Manning-Bowman percolators. In fact it has characterized all Manning-Bowman products for more than seventy years. It shows that Manning-Bowman household appliances are designed, first of all, from the viewpoint of the woman who uses them. Yet, besides utility, they have a grace of line and beauty of finish to match the appeal of the finest silverware.

In addition to waffle irons and percolators, Manning-Bowman household appliances include table stoves, toasters, laundry irons and heating pads. All are made in a pleasing variety of styles. They are obtainable at stores selling electric appliances of the better kind, and are everywhere identified with this significant and easily remembered phrase—"*M-B means best.*"

"Alluring Luncheons." We'd like every home-maker—especially the woman who entertains—to have a copy of this interesting little suggestion booklet we've prepared. "Bright Breakfasts" is another. Write to us for either or both. Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn.

M Means B best

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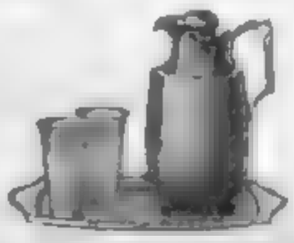
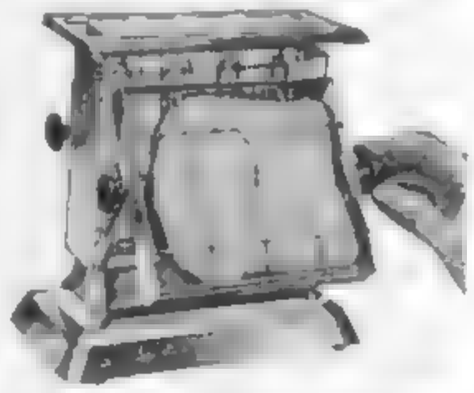
Quality Ware

Household and Table Appointments, in nickel and silver plate. Hotakold Vacuum Bottles, Jugs, Carafes. You'll see them in the stores.



Manning-Bowman
Electric Appliances



The convenient reversible doors make the Manning-Bowman electric toaster extremely handy, quick and efficient. Handsomely designed. No. [illegible]. Price $[illegible]

THE FIRES OF ISLAM

(Continued from Page 15)

not a protectorate—goes along with it, and likewise her protectorate in Tunis, where she is already having considerable difficulty to keep the tricolor flying. The French colonial empire of North Africa is one of the greatest projects of modern times. Vast, with tremendous potentialities, with still a trackless waste of fertile soil that only needs attention to make it one of the great gardens of the world, it is well worth fighting for, and the French must fight for it to the bitter end.

Can France afford to keep her present forces in Morocco throughout the winter sitting tight on advanced lines? Unfortunately the rains begin about the same time that a socialistically inclined parliament reconvenes in Paris. It is a parliament that persisted in regarding the war as a little affair in the colonies until the same thing that happened to the armies of Spain almost happened to the French. It was a long, thin, worn and battered line that General De Chambrun commanded, when France began thinking in divisions instead of battalions.

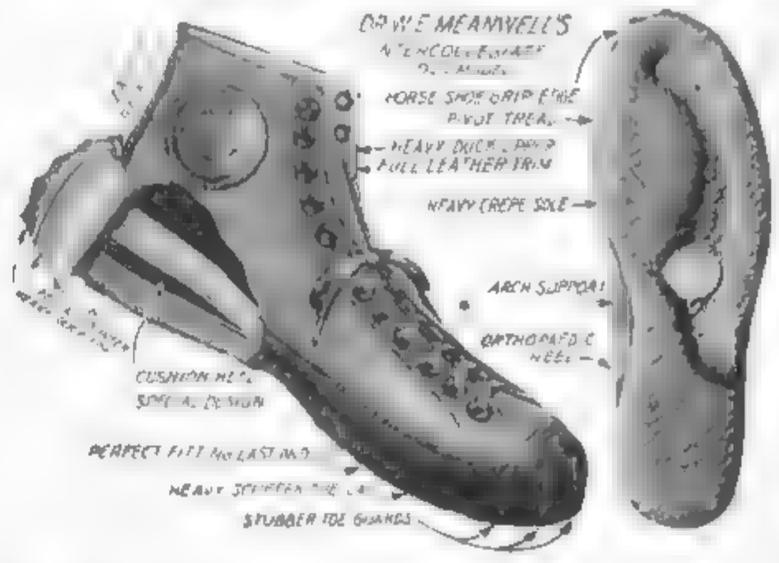
General De Chambrun, born in Washington, District of Columbia, direct descendant of Lafayette, which makes him a citizen of the United States as well as of France, brother-in-law of Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of our House of Representatives, resides at Fez, in a splendid Moorish palace that once belonged to a caid. After Marshal Lyautey, the Governor General, he was the Grand Seigneur of Morocco, until the night of April seventeenth, of this year, when the Riffian hordes first attacked the French posts. Then the gay parties faded from the beautiful patios, arbored with grapes and tinkling with many fountains. Overnight, De Chambrun became the hardest working general of the French army. The forces under his command comprised but 12,000 men. He bombarded the War Office at Paris with insistent demands that help be sent and quickly. But post after post in the French zone fell into Riff hands. The railway line between Fez and Taza, the only gateway into Algeria, was cut. De Chambrun hurled in the Foreign Legion, that had already received an army citation for heroic resistance, and the Taza line was free. Then Fez was threatened, a sacred city of Islam. Had it fallen, it is probable that all the great caids to the south would have joined forces with the Riff, whose advance guards were only five miles from the city. But De Chambrun's line miraculously held. Now the French Government thinks in units even greater than divisions. It is operating in Morocco with a full army corps.

The American Archangels

The *beau geste* of certain Americans aided the French Government considerably in their work of stirring up popular enthusiasm at home. Headed by Colonel Charles Sweeney, redoubtable soldier of fortune, and veteran of many wars, a dozen American aviators offered their services to France. The Quai d'Orsay mulled over the matter for a long time before the light broke upon them. France could not accept the offer, officially, for fear of what Washington might think, and say. But under the auspices of France, the Americans might be accepted to serve the most exalted servant of Allah, His Majesty, Mulai Yusef, Sultan of Morocco, whom the French are nominally defending in the war against the Riff. Morocco was not a real state, only a protectorate. Washington would probably ignore the matter. Washington would, perhaps, not even take the trouble to wash its hands of its gallant sons, or take any notice of them whatsoever. So the cymbals were beaten and the drums and tom-toms sounded. The French press, in big, front-page stories, illustrated with manly photographs, announced to the French public, one and all, that American archangels had offered to aid France in the new fight for civilization. There were luncheons, dinners, official banquets, a presentation at the Élysée to the president of the Republic, a reception tendered by the prime minister, with all the reporters present. As guests of French aviation, and piloted by aces of the World War for whom as yet there was no pressing necessity in Morocco, the Americans were then given wonderful and colorful days in Spain, more days and nights of receptions and speeches when the Spanish tom-toms sounded, and the press announced the glorious news that after nearly three decades, American and Spaniard would fight side by side. Then, at Rabat, the political capital of Morocco, the Americans were formally received by Mulai Yusef, with all the pomp and glory of Africa. They marched to the palace through solid lines of the famous Black Guard of the Sultan, mounted on veritable Arab chargers, gorgeous in flowing cloaks of green, scarlet and gold. Bands played in the outer and inner compounds. Marshal Lyautey in person performed the introduction. The Sultan then announced, however, that his budget, unless he could make an additional touch on France, would not permit the Americans to draw pay until April of next year. Since then they have been permitted to work. As an afterthought, the initials U. S. which had been ordered for their uniforms were replaced by the star of the Sultan's Sherifian Empire. One American has already landed in a base hospital. Others may be killed.

Blockhouse Warfare

The French war against the Riff, naturally, has been vastly different from the Spanish brand. The French study every military question scientifically and they fight carefully, quite aside from the fact that they have the finest army in the world today. But this is a war that has taken them back decades before the World War. This is again the war of the open movement, of cavalry, and with a line of blockhouses rather than trenches as the marked front. None of the discoveries of the World War are of much use, and nothing has been shown that will probably ever be employed as new in any future war between up-to-date powers. A trench front in the Riff country would occupy all the forces of France, and besides the Riff will not fight in such fashion; so trenches are useless except to surround the forts and blockhouses. The Riff uses trenches for his own posts, and his trenches are, in fact, the only improvement upon any device employed in the World War. The story has gone abroad that the Riff army is being guided by Berlin, as well as financed by Russia. This is but another cock-and-bull story, part of the usual propaganda campaign. The French officers in Morocco are the first to scoff at it. They only wish the Riffians were officered by Germans. They have fought the Germans, and know the Germans' methods thoroughly. The Riff methods of warfare are so old that to this modern army they are entirely new. As a matter of fact, the only Germans with the Riff are a few score deserters from the Spanish Foreign Legion. These men were at once used at one of the best tasks the German soldier knows how to perform—namely, trench making. But the trenches, made by the Riff themselves, that have been taken by the French, show an advance over anything ever found on the German lines in France. The salient difference between the Riff and German trenches is that the former nearly all have overhead covering that makes them completely invisible from the air. They are usually built against hillsides, scooped out from the front, leaving a natural roof of rock or dirt, then built up again in front, the men inside firing through loopholes.



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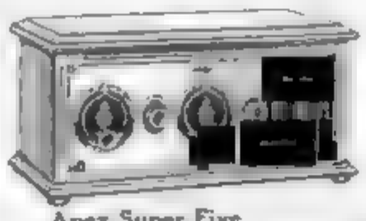
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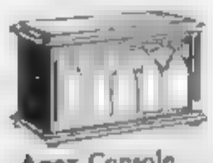
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The Riff has also improved upon the barbed-wire entanglements of the World War. The barriers in the immediate no-man's land before his trenches are rows of cactus plants, that make his operations quite invisible, and are extremely hard to cut through. The Riff soldier, in fact, is a marvel to the European for his ability to take cover. His mountain ranges aid him, naturally, but even in the plain he is as elusive as a phantom and disappears as quickly as a rabbit into his hole. A most embarrassing feature of the entire operation in the Ouergha valley, where most of the recent fighting has taken place, is that the Riffians have seldom been seen at all, and then only on horseback at great distances, ready to move quickly out of range before a mountain battery can get into action. The entire country is covered with dwarf palm that gives it, under the burning African sun, the appearance of a giant leopard skin. At a hundred yards a man sitting in this scrub is invisible. The effect of gas shells in such difficult country is admittedly problematical; but, anyway, the French have not used them. The Riff have no gas, so there are no gas masks in Morocco to add to campaign impedimenta already almost unbearable in such terrific heat. The French maintain that they have not used gas because they are a civilized nation, belonging to the League of Nations, and have signed the covenant forbidding this method of war. But it is also a fact that the use of such a devil's invention would certainly have had a bad effect upon many fanatical caids, especially those in the Taza sector, already influenced sufficiently by the successes of Abd-el-Krim.

Abd-el-Krim's Home

Abd-el-Krim and his brother, Si Mohammed, live in native, straw-covered, mud huts in the village of Ajdir, the Riff capital, which is situated almost on the Mediterranean coast, directly opposite the island in the bay of Alhucemas, which is one of the few remaining Spanish strongholds. It has been suggested that one reason why this island has not been attacked by the Riff is because it is a base for food supplies which the Spaniards are permitted to send to their countrymen still held as hostages by the enemy.

On fine days when the weather is cool, Abd-el-Krim and brother Si pitch a tent on the beach just across from the island, from which they may hurl Arab curses at the enemy, and invite him over. Now that Spain has agreed to act with France there has been much big talk in the press that a large Spanish landing—50,000 men is the figure mentioned—will be attempted at Alhucemas Bay.

But Abd-el-Krim has shown no disposition to change his capital and move away from that vicinity because of these reports. Abd-el-Krim has undoubtedly heard the story of how the bandit, Raisuli, when he held prisoner the Greek-American, Perdicaris, viewed the declaration of the late ex-President of the United States that he would have "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." On that occasion American battleships entered Tangier harbor, then not an international, but a purely Moroccan port. The vessels looked formidable and threatening. Raisuli watched with interest from a near-by hilltop.

"But have they wheels that they can come up here?" he asked.

They had no wheels, alas, and had marines landed they would probably be reposing now in the rocky ravines behind Tangier. America paid the $50,000 demanded as ransom.

Worrying Not at All

The situation of the Spanish army would be about the same, even should they take Ajdir and destroy it. They might land on the beach without a shot fired. Abd-el-Krim might even signal down to ask "Boys, are you all here?" Then he and brother Si, safely installed in another native village of straw-covered mud huts, but with the same underground telephone posts as at Ajdir, would signal for the Riffian festivities to begin. At Melilla, farther along the coast, the Spaniards lost 10,000 dead. At Alhucemas they would lose many more. Alhucemas might become known as the Gallipoli of the African war. The thousands of Riff riflemen in the surrounding hills are the finest marksmen in the whole world. They shoot only to kill and aim at the whites of the eyes. It is believed that the wiser military minds on the French side will not permit such a tragedy to occur.

French airmen bomb Ajdir occasionally, which worries Abd-el-Krim and brother Si not at all. One mud hut is as good as another. There are plenty of mud huts.

Boats for Morocco are Loaded With War Materials

Very little grows in the Riff, so the army, even on a peace basis, has frugal fare. The farmers raise some wheat, barley and maize, but very little suffices. There are mountain goats, a few herds of cattle, and vegetables are planted where the soil permits. The present year has seen the best crop that the Riff have produced in several seasons, despite the war taking the entire time of every able-bodied man. This, coupled with the fact that Abd-el-Krim still has enormous stores and much money taken from the Spaniards, sharpens the suspicion that any truce now concluded would not be heartfelt, but really only temporary, giving time for the Riff missionaries to circulate through all Morocco. A Riffian looks and dresses exactly the same as any other native. One cannot tell the difference, whether he wander in the public places of Fez or Ajdir.

The Riff army also is troubled neither by a complicated service of supplies nor hospital corps. Each soldier carries his own food necessary for a long march, and whatever

(Continued on Page 217)

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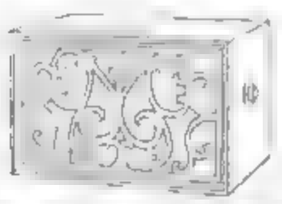

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EXPERTS IN RADIO ACOUSTICS SINCE 1908

(Continued from Page 214)

he personally considers necessary in case he is wounded. No military tailor measures and cuts his uniform. The ordinary Arab peasant dress and the enveloping burnous shield him from the sun by day and warm him against the mountain winds at night. War here, even modern war, has become again a simple operation. Abd-el-Krim has an airplane, captured from the Spaniards, but has not troubled to try it out. The captured cannon have been a trifle beyond him, but the machine guns taken from the enemy he has used with withering effect. The entire population of the Riff is about half a million. The French estimate the strength of the Riff army at about 50,000 rifles. Abd-el-Krim states that never at a single point has he mobilized more than 20,000 men.

The Reason of the War

Abd-el-Krim is not a bona fide Sherif, or descendant of the Prophet Mohammed. He is a self-appointed leader. He was not even the legitimate Caid of the Riff, but a usurper who proved stronger than his predecessor. It is unknown whether he has ever been in Europe, but he did receive an excellent Arabic education at the University of Fez, and a working knowledge of Spanish at Melilla, where he worked in a minor capacity, some years ago, in the government offices. A fall from a horse when a boy gave him a permanent limp, and incapacitated him for active road work, so he leaves the soldiering to his brother. He secludes himself even from his own people, preferring to assume the oracular rôle, appearing at dramatic moments, speaking few words, and granting short audiences even to his emissaries. He writes voluminous letters in beautiful Arabic script, many of which are sent outside the Riff to certain persons through whom he keeps careful tab on the mentality of Europe. He is but forty-two years old, is short and somewhat dumpy in stature, and wears a scraggy, semicircular black beard, after the rube style of the vaudeville stage. Also a long, drooping mustache, concealing a cynical smile. His brother, Si Mohammed, attended the Spanish engineering school at Madrid, and has otherwise traveled abroad in European attire, which has never been worn by Abd-el-Krim. Si Mohammed is several years younger than Abd-el-Krim, is a handsome type of Berber native and far the more commanding figure.

What is the real reason of the war? Is it the Holy War, as whispered, or is it a national war, inspired by the fourteen points of Woodrow Wilson? Is it a war of race, the white against brown, to determine which form of civilization shall endure, or is it a war begun merely for the sake of war and the love of it, as might be the case, judging from the way these mountain tribes battle with each other when they have no greater adversary?

It is indeed a strange mix-up of the servants of God and Allah. The Riff chieftain inflames the tribes to overthrow "the dogs of unbelievers." The French communiques speak solemnly about Christianity, meanwhile using native troops, humble servants of Allah, in every action.

Yet the native troops seem completely loyal. There has never been a sign of unrest in their ranks. The American flyers, working only for France, are in the official pay of the Sultan. The great caids of the High Atlas mountains who have never been subdued by the French—they have, in fact, carefully refrained from the task—do not yet answer the call of Abd-el-Krim to bring their hordes of wild tribesmen to his aid, thus so hemming in the French army that its position would scarcely be tenable anywhere in Morocco.

The French maintain that it is not a Holy War.

A story told in Fez is that it actually began for the comparatively banal reason that Abd-el-Krim, when working in Melilla, aspired to the affections of the same lady that had captured the fancy of General Sylvestre, commanding the Spanish garrison. The general ordered the native to desist in his suit, finishing a long tirade by slapping Abd-el-Krim on the face. The Riffian resigned his position, but promised to return. He went back to the Riff to begin plans for a revenge that later was complete. The *cadre* of his first Riff army was but twelve hundred rifles. With these warriors he secured the submission not only of his own, but of neighboring tribes. His first serious battle with the Spaniards was at Melilla, where General Sylvestre, after his crushing defeat, committed suicide rather than return, disgraced, to Spain. But aside from the number given of the original Riff army, and the suicide of Sylvestre, this is only a story.

Abd-el-Krim now opposes Mulai Yusef, in the rôle of self-anointed caliph of Islam. He declares that the Sultan is a fat cow—he certainly is fat—and a mere tool in the hands of the French.

Although his proclamations read that the French are a species of "dogs," his first quarrel would apparently be with the Sultan, with the French as incidental. But on this point the French do not delude themselves.

A Nightmare of the Future

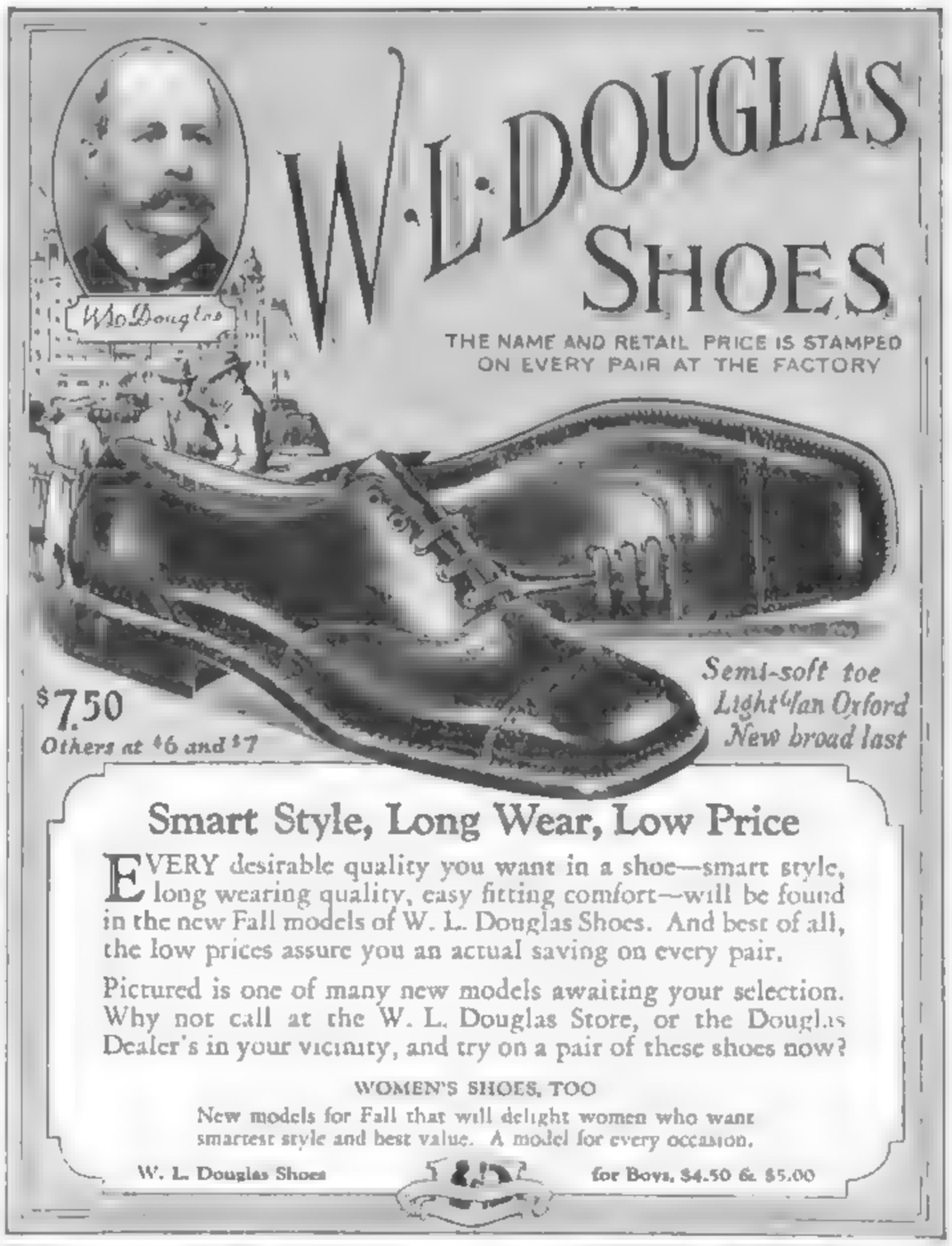
War, apparently, has been instilled into the Moslem soul. The warrior, slain in battle, goes straight to the happy hunting ground. There are no white-robed angels playing on golden harps in the Moslem heaven, but perfumed gardens, houris, eternally beautiful, the pomegranate and the plentiful vine.

The Holy War, in the sense that is most feared, is a nightmare of the future; nevertheless, the Moslem religion is spreading rapidly, and with it comes the specter of the brown rather than the white man eventually in control. Islam now embraces practically all of North Africa. It has millions of supporters in India and even in China and the French colonies of Indo-China. All Islam watches the fighting in this northwest corner of Africa with tense interest. The French have a saying that in the desert news travels faster than the telephone. It is uncanny how the proclamations of Abd-el-Krim and the results of his operations are known to far-off tribes just as quickly as they appear in the Morocco press. Therefore, the fires of Islam, first really lighted by Mustapha Kemal Pasha, rekindled by Abd-el-Krim, now threaten to break out elsewhere like new volcanoes.

The civilization of the Arab is just as satisfactory to himself as that of Europe to the European. At present, perhaps, Islam does not watch with such fanatical eyes as alarmists would have the Christian world believe, but under such blows as Mustapha Kemal Pasha and Abd-el-Krim have dealt, the prestige of the white man declines.

And so, down in Fez, where the General Staff of the French army in Morocco has its headquarters, there is more than the actual day-by-day war, even with its present successes, more than the terrific African heat—the thermometer is often 130 degrees in the shade—to cause profound reflection. The unknown is often terrifying. The unknown always causes uneasiness and restlessness at night. The gardens of the Hotel Bellevue are brilliantly lighted and gay with the white-and-gold uniforms of officers. The orchestra plays the latest jazz, although there are few women to participate in the occasional dance.

But there is another Fez, quite apart and unknown to the 4000 population that, including the military, make up the European quarter. There is the Fez of Islam, sacred and holy city of Morocco, with its teeming thousands, a city of learning, with marvelous schools where Europe came more than a thousand years ago, a city that today crouches behind its great crenelated walls, and smiles, and plots—perhaps with stiletto already drawn—awaiting Allah's will.



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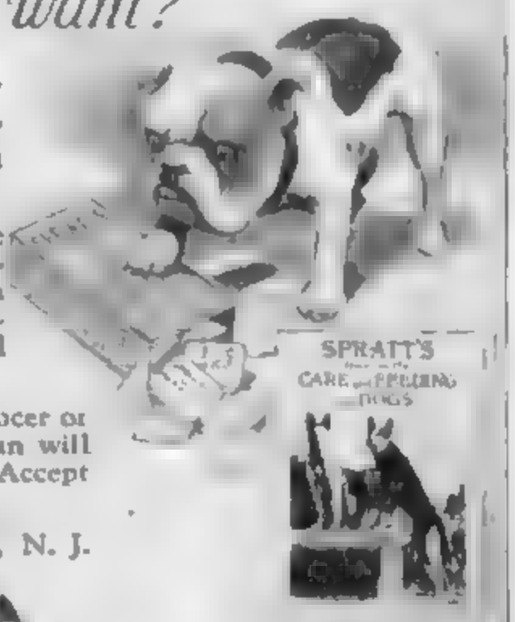

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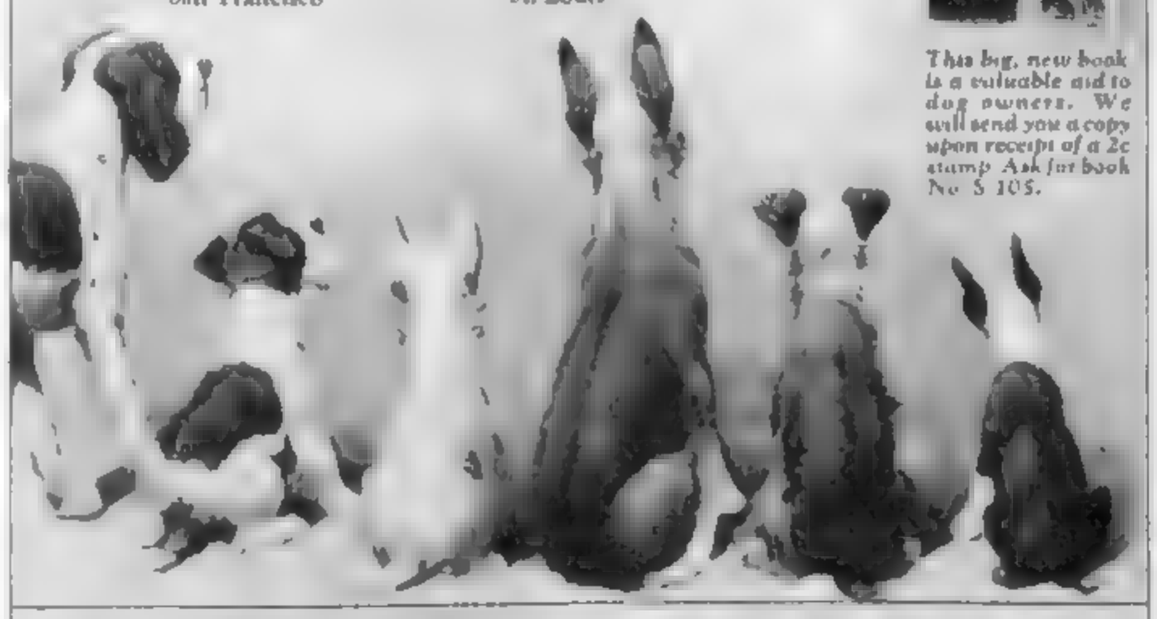

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The DYMAC is built exclusively of time-proved, DYMAC-made parts. Cabinet is walnut finish mahogany with ebonized panels.

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Loud Speaker Unit, $5
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Sub-panel Socket, 75c.

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TAX REDUCTION AND THE PUBLIC DEBT

(Continued from Page 33)

$5,000,000,000 of reduction, in all probability will not recur as factors in the future. The likelihood of further surplus will have been removed, or the surplus so greatly diminished, by the forthcoming reduction in taxes, as to be an unimportant factor in future retirements. The general fund or working balance of the Treasury has been decreased gradually as the expenditures of the Government have been reduced. It has, therefore, reached a point of stabilization, and little, if any, support for debt retirement can be anticipated from it. The miscellaneous sources may be relied upon to some extent, but they are more or less insignificant compared with the huge total involved. The two main reliances in future debt decreases will be our sinking fund and the payments which may be made by foreign governments on their indebtednesses.

Our present sinking fund covers only a portion of the public debt. It was made operative commencing with the fiscal year 1921, and was based upon the retirement of approximately $10,000,000,000 of debt over a period of twenty-five years, which will culminate about 1946. The amount of this sinking fund was arrived at by deducting from the total amount of Liberty and Victory Bonds outstanding in 1920, the sum which represented the cash advances to foreign governments allied with us during the war. Those advances approximated $10,000,000,000. It was evidently contemplated that by establishing a sinking fund for the $10,000,000,000 which represented our expenditures, we would, through the payments by our foreign debtors, have another sinking fund to cover the extinguishment of the $10,000,000,000 which was loaned them.

The unusual situation during the past six years in having approximately $2,750,000,000 available for debt retirement from the surpluses and reduction of the working balance has put us along much more rapidly in the matter of disposal of the debt than was looked for. On the other hand the availability, for curtailment purposes, of only $621,000,000 from payments by foreign debtors has not advanced us as much from that direction as it was proper to hope.

The loans which we made abroad, augmented by unpaid interest accumulations and by sales of surplus war supplies, and so on, have brought the total due to something more than $12,000,000,000.

Foreign Debts Already Funded

A representative figure of our public debt at its peak was roughly $25,500,000,000, as of June 30, 1919. Our own sinking fund is designed to take care of approximately $10,000,000,000 of that by 1946. We have, however, gone beyond that rate of disposal by slightly over $3,500,000,000 through the use of Treasury surpluses, reduction in the working balance, foreign payments and minor items. We, therefore, have provided for the retirement of $13,500,000,000, leaving $12,000,000,000, which is the approximate amount that is due us from foreign governments. To state the situation in another way, our public debt on June 30, 1925, was $20,500,000,000, of which $8,500,000,000 will be covered by our own sinking fund by 1946, and the other $12,000,000,000 could be offset by the amount now owed us from Europe.

Five nations have completely arranged the funding of their debts to us—Great Britain, Poland, Finland, Hungary and Lithuania. The arrangement with Belgium has still to be ratified. The total amount involved in these five fundings is approximately $4,750,000,000. The remainder of the $12,000,000,000 owed and unfunded is approximately $7,250,000,000.

It may be fairly assumed that the agreements which may be negotiated with those governments which have not funded their debts will not be upon any less favorable terms than those which have been agreed upon in the British and other settlements. The payments in these cases are generally extended over a period of sixty-two years. The amounts of principal payments are graduated in annual sums, commencing with the smallest payment in the first year of the payment period and increasing steadily each year until the last, when the largest payment of principal will be due. The reverse is true in the case of interest. The largest interest payment comes in the first year, and those payments will decline as the principal is decreased so that the smallest interest installment will probably come with the last payment of principal. The interest rate for the first ten years of the agreements is 3 per cent, and thereafter the rate is 3½ per cent. In the case of Great Britain, which has the largest funded debt, the first payment of principal was due in December, 1923, in the sum of $23,000,000, and the interest payment for the year was approximately $135,000,000. The last payment by Great Britain, unless she chooses to pay off at a more rapid rate, would come in 1984, in the sum of $175,000,000, and the final interest payment would be about $6,000,000.

The Use of Principal Payments

An application of the principles of the British settlement to the whole of the $12,000,000,000 of foreign debts would in effect mean an approximate initial interest payment of $360,000,000 and a total initial payment of principal of $65,000,000. The principal payments would increase during the life of the agreements and the interest payments decrease. When the end of the sixty-two year period should arrive, the final payment of principal would be in the neighborhood of $465,000,000 and the final interest payment about $15,000,000.

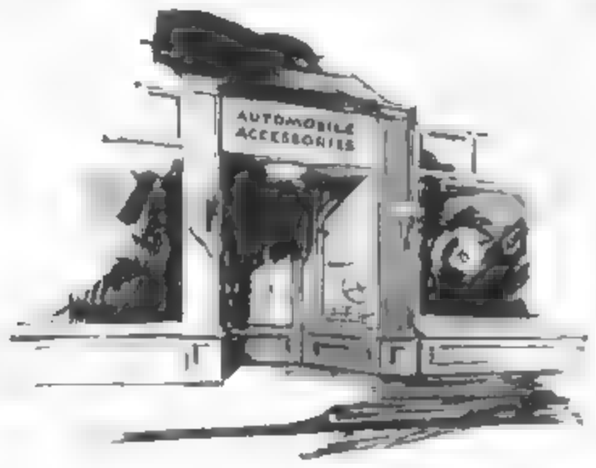
It has been suggested in some quarters that the sums which are to be paid us by foreign governments, either as principal or interest, instead of being devoted to the retirement of our own debt, should be turned into the general cash of the Treasury and used to effect a greater reduction in taxation. Such a use of payments of principal is unthinkable. They should, without variation, be used to retire our outstanding debt. If they should not be used toward retirement of the debt and should be devoted to reducing taxes, we should be in the situation of the man who borrowed money to make a loan to a neighbor. When the neighbor repaid the amount, the lender, instead of using the money to pay off the note he had given, would divert the proceeds to paying the ordinary running expenses of his family. He would still have his note to pay, with no offset in sight. He might survive such a financial transaction for a time, but ultimately it would induce extravagance, impair his credit and bring disaster. The United States cannot afford to embark upon such an unsound and risky policy. The payments of principal as received should be devoted religiously to the redemption of those bonds which were issued in order to raise the very money that is represented by the payments. The payments of principal in the early years of the funding periods no doubt would be too small to be much of a factor in connection with a reduction in taxes.

The question of whether we should use interest payments from our foreign debtors to effect a reduction in the public debt, or devote them to general running expenses of the Government and thereby effect a decrease in taxation, presents a different proposal.

What would our public debt situation be, assuming that the entire $12,000,000,000 due from foreign sources should be funded

(Continued on Page 221)

To the Automotive Trade of America



FAST increasing hazards of motoring place a responsibility on you of extending the use of necessary safety devices. For you are in the business of selling *protection* for automobiles as well as the accessories of convenience and comfort. *Protection means protective devices*—tire chains, bumpers, spotlights, rear view mirrors, windshield cleaners, headlights. Each of these promotes the motorist's safety. The need for them is greater today than at any other time in twenty years.

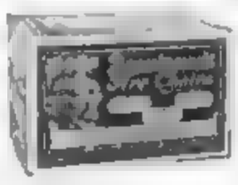
The Dreadnaught Cabinet

Eighteen million cars on the road have multiplied traffic dangers. It has become imperative that motorists equip their cars with every effective safety device which helps prevent accident and loss of life. It is up to you, therefore, to remind your motorist customers of the risk they run due to lack of protection and to suggest the purchase of safety devices, particularly the greatest safety device of all—tire chains.

The biggest season for tire chains is almost here. If ever you had a full stock of chains you should have it now. Furthermore, you should display chains in your windows and let every possible user *know* you have them.

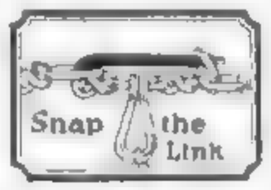
We have made it easy to buy—and to sell Dreadnaught Tire Chains. The handsome Dreadnaught steel cabinet puts them on display in your store neatly boxed and labeled.

In this cabinet, the various sizes and types of Dreadnaught Chains are visible in colorful, clearly-labeled cartons in which the motorist can carry away his chains. Repair cross links are shown in a bin at the top so the buyer can select any size or type of cross chain he wants. The use of this cabinet is free to you.



The Attractive Carton

The attractive carton for each set of Dreadnaught Chains is made of strong, waterproof fibreboard, which protects the chains from dirt and weather until used. Customers much prefer these clean cartons to bags. They also are easier to store and easier for the buyer to identify.



The Blue Boy Fastener

Tire chains have been considered hard to put on and take off. The Blue Boy Fastener on Dreadnaught Chains eliminates this objection. An examination of this Fastener shows motorists that with one motion it catches the hook, draws up the slack, and snaps the link.

With this Fastener it's easy to put on and take off Dreadnaught Chains—without breaking fingernails. The Blue Boy Fastener locks the chains so securely to the wheel they can't drop off.

Dreadnaught display cabinets are now moving out fast, demonstrating clearly that merchants who want business are getting ready for the tire chain season. Will you be ready? Will you have a cabinet which both stocks and displays chains? Ask your Jobber about our proposition, or write us direct.

Dreadnaught Chains are made for all sizes and types of Balloon, Cord and Truck tires—*Balloon chains for Balloons*, and the famous *Dreadnaught Double Duty Chains* (Three Cross Chains Always on the Ground) *for Cords*.

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3 Cross Chains Always On The Ground

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If You Burn Oil or Gas—

More necessary still is the Minneapolis type of automatic regulation on gas-fired boilers and oil burners—for no type of heating plant is more in need of exact regulation than these systems that provide quick, intense heat.

But now it becomes increasingly important for you to understand the Minneapolis Heat Regulator; and to know the vital differences between the Minneapolis and other types of control.

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Accuracy Essential

1. *Economy demands that you get a regulator that will automatically keep your house temperature within one degree of the mark you set it for.*

Clock Type Thermostat
(LOW VOLTAGE)

2. *You need a regulator that will automatically shut down your fire at night to a lower temperature and raise it back to day-time normal before you arise in the morning—for the sake of economy, comfort and* SAFETY!

Permanent Dependability

3. *You need a regulator that will keep on functioning with accuracy indefinitely—without the need of adjustment or replacement of parts.*

The Answer

The only automatic regulator that will perform these functions is one that is actuated by a low voltage clock-type thermostat in which the sensitive element is a thermostatic bi-metallic coil. Our own laboratories, years ago, proved the wisdom of making only this one type of thermostat which has always been the Minneapolis standard.

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Town and State _____

(Continued from Page 218)

along the approximate terms of the British settlement, and payments of principal and interest spread over sixty years?

We should have a number of alternatives to choose from in arriving at a policy toward the retirement of our public debt. First, we could continue our own sinking fund as it is now functioning, whereby $10,000,000,000 of the debt will be redeemed by 1946, apply the $12,000,000,000 of principal from foreign debtors to the elimination of the remainder of our own debt during the sixty-two-year period, and devote the payments of interest from abroad to current operating expenses of the Government, and effect a further decrease in taxes. Second, we could continue our sinking fund as at present constituted and planned, apply the payments of principal and interest from our debtors toward the retirement of the remainder of our debt, and thus extinguish the entire outstanding amount much before the time when the last of the payments are due from Europe at the end of the sixty-two-year period. Third, we could readjust our sinking fund to make it cover a period of sixty years instead of twenty more, utilize payments of foreign principal to reduce our own debt, and apply the sums released by the readjustment of our own sinking fund and the amounts received as interest payments to effect a larger decrease in taxation.

The third alternative is mainly objectionable because it would involve a change in our sinking fund. We have accustomed ourselves to it as a budget item, it is not an unduly heavy burden on us, and by carrying it to a successful culmination in the retirement of $10,000,000,000 of the debt by 1946, we should then be in a position to deal with such part of the debt as might unavoidably be thrown back upon us by the failure of any of our debtors to live up to the agreements which they had entered into, and the proceeds from which we had counted upon for retirement purposes.

Looking Ahead Sixty Years

The second alternative has one serious drawback. That part of our outstanding public debt not covered by the provisions of our own sinking fund, $12,000,000,000, is equal to the amount of principal due us from the war loans. By applying these payments of principal to the retirement of our own debt, all of it would be eliminated at the end of the sixty-two-year period without any recourse to taxation of our citizens for that purpose except, of course, for our own sinking fund and for such cases as might be brought about by the failure of any of our debtors to meet their obligations. However, by adding to the payments of principal the amounts received as interest, and using both to decrease our public debt, it would disappear much more rapidly. We should have received sufficient sums as principal and interest to wipe out our debt many years before the last of the payments of principal and interest were due from Europe. When we bear in mind the fact that in the funding of $12,000,000,000 over a period of sixty-two years along the terms of the British agreement, the total of the last payments should approximate $500,000,000, the situation which would exist during the latter part of that sixty-two-year period will be readily apparent. That sum and those which preceded it for a number of years would be free revenue of the Government at that time to be used either for tax-reduction purposes or for expenditure for expansion of the Government. Would that be a healthy situation to place the Government in, and would it be just as between the taxpayers of the present and the taxpayers of the future? Certainly it might not be conducive to good administration of the Government in the future. Large sums coming in out of a clear sky might result in extravagance accompanied by waste and other unfortunate occurrences. The injustice of the situation would lie in the fact that all the sacrifice would have been performed by the present generation of taxpayers. They carried the burden of heavy taxation for the war, they would have borne the load of retiring the debt, they would have preserved the Government and its libertes, and not only would have turned it over to the future generation of taxpayers debt funded but would also have bequeathed to them the large assets under the unpaid foreign debts from which they would receive annually for a number of years a substantial sum. The occurrence of such a situation would be something unique in the financial history of nations. It might not be inappropriate to suggest that if that sort of condition came about at some future date, it might even prove a hindrance to the collection of some part of the amounts then still unpaid.

Interest Payments

The first alternative is the one which deserves serious attention. For the present, at least, our own sinking fund should remain unchanged. The payments of principal under foreign debts should be devoted as received toward the redemption of such of our debt as may be outstanding at the time. The disposition of incoming interest payments should remain an open question for the present, to be discussed calmly and studied thoughtfully.

The interest which we have to pay each year on the bonds and other obligations which are outstanding as our public debt, forms an interesting topic which is more or less intimately related to the interest payments which we may receive on the money that we have loaned. During the past fiscal year we paid out as interest to the holders of interest-bearing government securities approximately $880,000,000. This represents interest on the entire public debt, irrespective of whether the proceeds from the bonds which constitute the debt were loaned to foreign nations or used for our own expenditures during the war. The money necessary to make this large interest payment came out of the Treasury as the result of current taxation. The interest payments during the past fiscal year from the foreign nations which have already funded their debts amounted approximately to $135,000,000. This sum was not placed in the Treasury as an offset to the interest outlay of $880,000,000, but was applied to a retirement of the principal of the debt.

The debt settlements effected thus far provide for interest at the rate of 3 per cent for the first ten years, and thereafter at the rate of 3½ per cent. The average rate of interest paid by the Government on the bulk of its bonds outstanding is slightly over 4 per cent. It can be seen, therefore, that the difference between what we might reasonably expect to get as interest from the $12,000,000,000 which is due, and what we are paying the holders of our bonds on the same amount of debt, is in excess of $100,000,000 annually. This margin, of course, will narrow as we refund our bonds at a lower rate of interest and as the payments of principal from Europe grow larger. The illustration is demonstrative of the probable situation which cannot be avoided for the present.

There is much to be said in favor of a rapid reduction of the public debt, and there may be some differences of opinion as to what constitutes rapidity. The more speedily we reduce the debt, the less interest we shall have to pay each year. That in itself is a relief to the taxpayer unless the money released from interest payments leads to its expenditure for some unnecessary object.

The whole matter simmers down to the problem of what we shall do with interest payments as they are received under debt settlements. Is it more important to apply them toward a further reduction in the outstanding principal of the public debt, or to use them to grant further relief to the present generation of taxpayers? If we use this interest to further the reduction in the public debt, we shall decrease the annual interest charge which must come from current taxation, we shall bring about a situation whereby our debt will be entirely liquidated before the last of the larger payments are due

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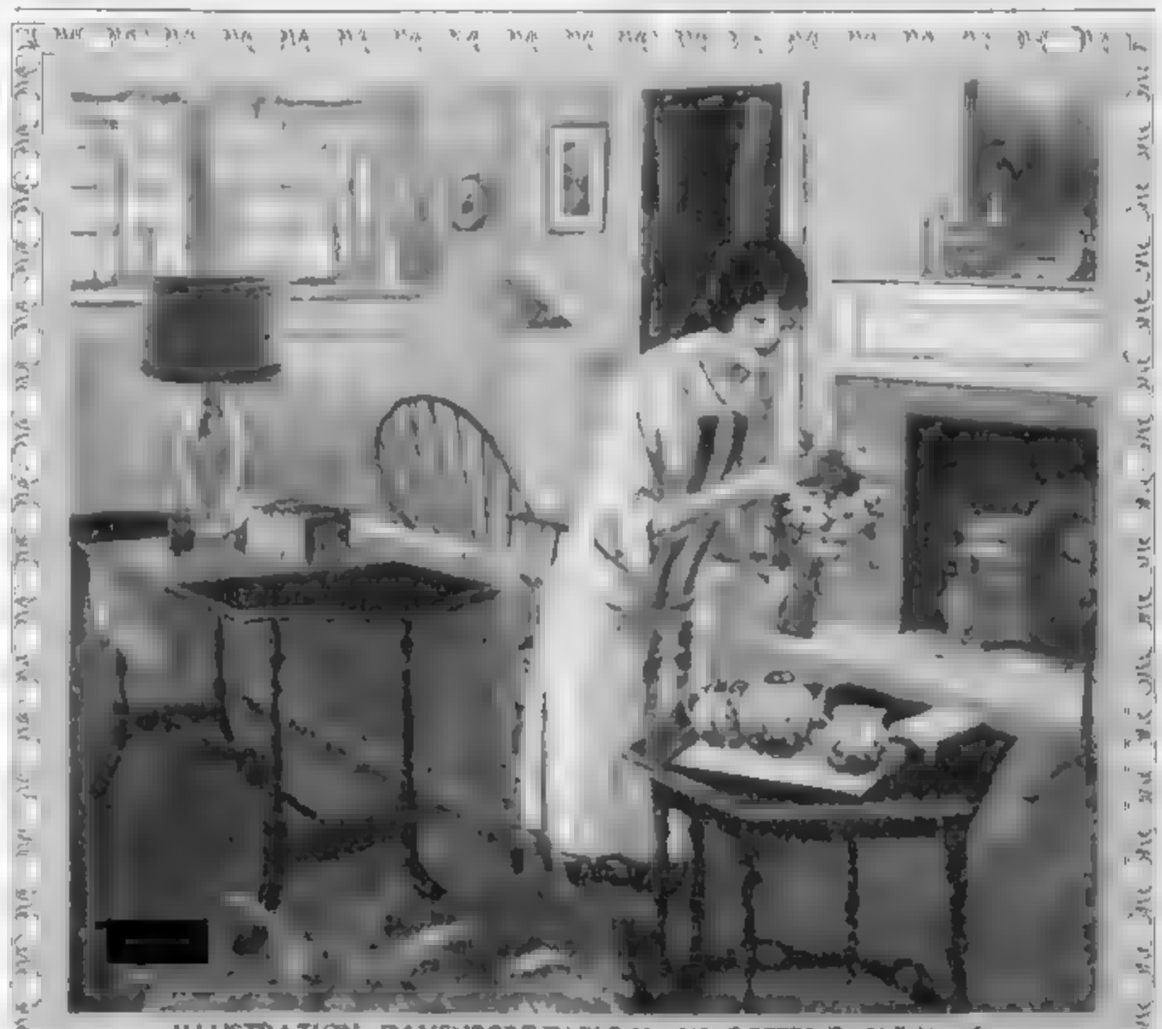

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under debt agreements with foreign countries, and we shall give to the future generation of taxpayers the greater share in the benefits with none of the burdens. If we use this interest to effect a further decrease in taxes now, we shall probably give the present generation more equitable treatment than they would otherwise receive, we shall stop debt retirement as a burden upon current taxation by 1946, we shall let the principal payments over the remainder of the sixty-two-year period complete the redemption of the public debt, and we shall bequeath to the future generation the smaller payments of interest which will be due during the then remaining years in such diminished sums as not to be a temptation to unwise expenditure.

There are many important details to be considered in connection with such a determination. Problems of maturities of our own outstanding securities, regularity or irregularity of payments under the funding agreements, interest rates on refundings of our own bonds, payments of principal and interest under the agreements, in the form of United States securities at par and accrued interest, instead of in gold—these and other intricate factors will need serious consideration.

It would seem the part of wisdom not to make any radical change in our debt retirement policy for the present. It has already been slowed down by the removal of those unusual sources of debt reduction which were available to us during the period of the fiscal years 1921 to 1925, inclusive. The question of utilization of interest payments by our foreign debtors is dependent upon the settlements to be effected with the debtor nations which have not funded. When those terms are accepted all around and we know our position, it will be time enough to conclude what we want to do with the proceeds from the payments of interest. There is no room for discussion as to what should be done with payments of principal; they should go without quibble toward the retirement of our public debt.

National discussion of the problem will be helpful, and serious thought should be given to it by the best minds in the country to the end that when the proper time arrives we may not take an unwise step. It does not seem probable in any event that the amount of tax reduction to come at the next session of Congress can be influenced in any appreciable degree by foreign-interest payments, even if it should be considered advisable to use them for that purpose. Debt-funding negotiations sometimes require a long time. There are a number of nations to settle with. The agreements, when entered into by the negotiators, in many cases must be ratified by their home governments. We may well await complete and positive adoption of the terms and base upon them whatever action may be thought advisable. Action, even then, in some degree must be speculative, for no one is sufficiently prophetic to foresee what the future may bring. The best we can do is to seek a solution based upon what in our humble judgment, and in the light of all the available facts, would seem to be for the best interests of posterity, and at the same time equitable and honorable as between the present generation and the one which will succeed it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

October 17, 1925

Cover Design by Haskell Coffin

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Goliath—*F. Britten Austin*	8
Goodness Gracious, Agnes—*Marjory Stoneman Douglas*	12
Dirty Work in the Argonne—*William Hazlett Upson*	16
The Old Fighter's Children—*Henry Milner Rideout*	20
Wind-Blown—*Dana Burnet*	22
Starring Stupe—*Sam Hellman*	24
Woof-Woof!—*Frank Condon*	26
Me and Beany Write a Book of Poims—*Henry A. Shute*	40

ARTICLES

Riding the Circle on Hanging Woman—*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	6
My Stupid Dogs—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	10
The Fires of Islam—*Wythe Williams*	14
Own Your Own Flat—*Frank Parker Stockbridge*	18
Tax Reduction and the Public Debt—*Martin B. Madden*	33
Lions With the Bow and Arrow—*Stewart Edward White*	36
Fashions in Flowers—*Elizabeth Fraser*	38
The South American Melting Pot—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	45
Human Nature and Gems—*As Told to William O. Trapp*	48

SERIALS

A Man of Plots (In five parts)—*Ben Ames Williams*	3
Cousin Jane (Fifth part)—*Harry Leon Wilson*	28
Spanish Men's Rest (Conclusion)—*Donn Byrne*	30

MISCELLANY

Editorials	32
Short Turns and Encores	34

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For women, girls, and small boys. Nickel case; guaranteed movement. $3.50

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The *jeweled* Waterbury with luminous figures and hands. Metal dial. $6.50

Fire leaping from roof to roof to roof recently destroyed 584 homes in Berkeley, Cal. A similar fire destroyed 1440 homes in Paris, Texas. Hundreds of similar cases are on the fire records.

Fire statistics come home to roost

COLD statistics of millions of dollars lost through roof fires, mean little to the man who has never been "burnt"—but every year thousands of home owners pay the bill.

Fire authorities blame inflammable roofs for a large proportion of America's fires and plead for fire-safe roofings. They have endorsed asbestos roofings as the sort of protection vitally needed by every roof.

The safety of a Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle roof costs less in the long run than the risk of inflammable roofings. Beauty and permanence make these shingles a lasting improvement that adds greatly to the value of your home.

We make many types of Asbestos Shingles and Roll Roofings for all kinds of buildings. All are durable, fire-safe and economical. Mail the coupon in the corner for valuable information.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles withstand even the intense flame of the blow torch. Let them protect your roof against flying sparks.

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(Name)

(Address)

S. E. P. 10-17-25

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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Triumph Pattern
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$3.10
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How well could any one play on a keyboard like this ?

A piano with half its notes, a violin with half its strings, muted or missing. Could they be played? Yes, but the performance would not be as good as it should be. In *any present form of reproduced music* there are many notes which do not "register" or do not maintain their proportionate volume.

The genius of Paderewski, of Kreisler, Caruso, Stokowski, as it has been given to the world in the form of Victor Records has been a thing of beauty and delight in spite of restrictions under which all artists were compelled to perform. The day has come when the finest results hitherto secured will be surpassed beyond belief.

Incessant, and it seemed interminable, labors have found a way to make use of another scientific fact. An entirely new principle and an entirely new approach to the whole problem of reproducing music have created an instrument which in performance and in principle is entirely new.

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